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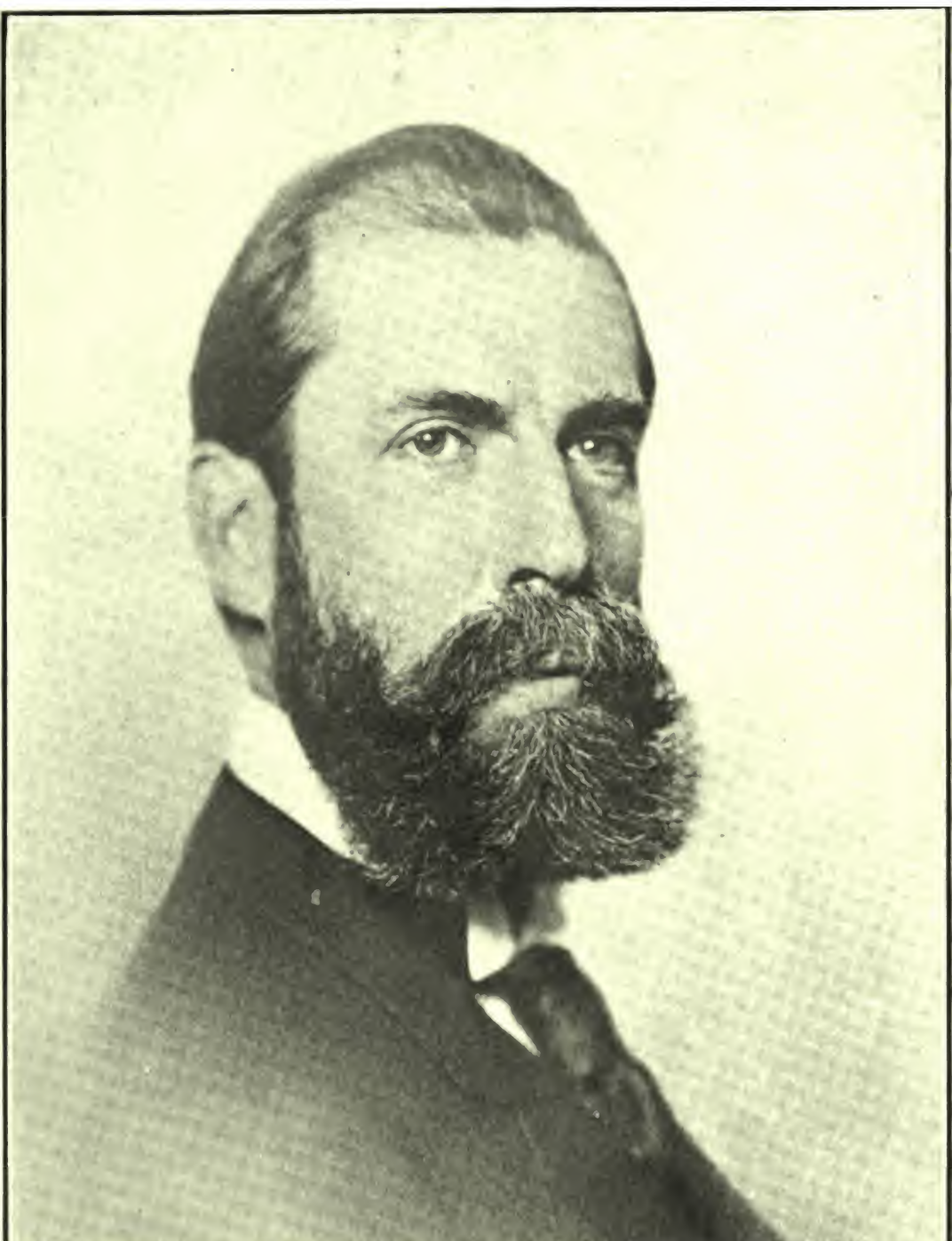
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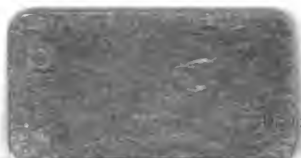
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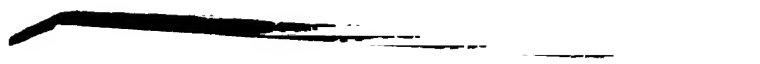
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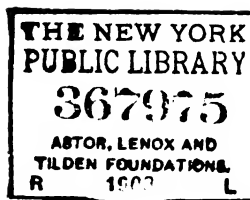
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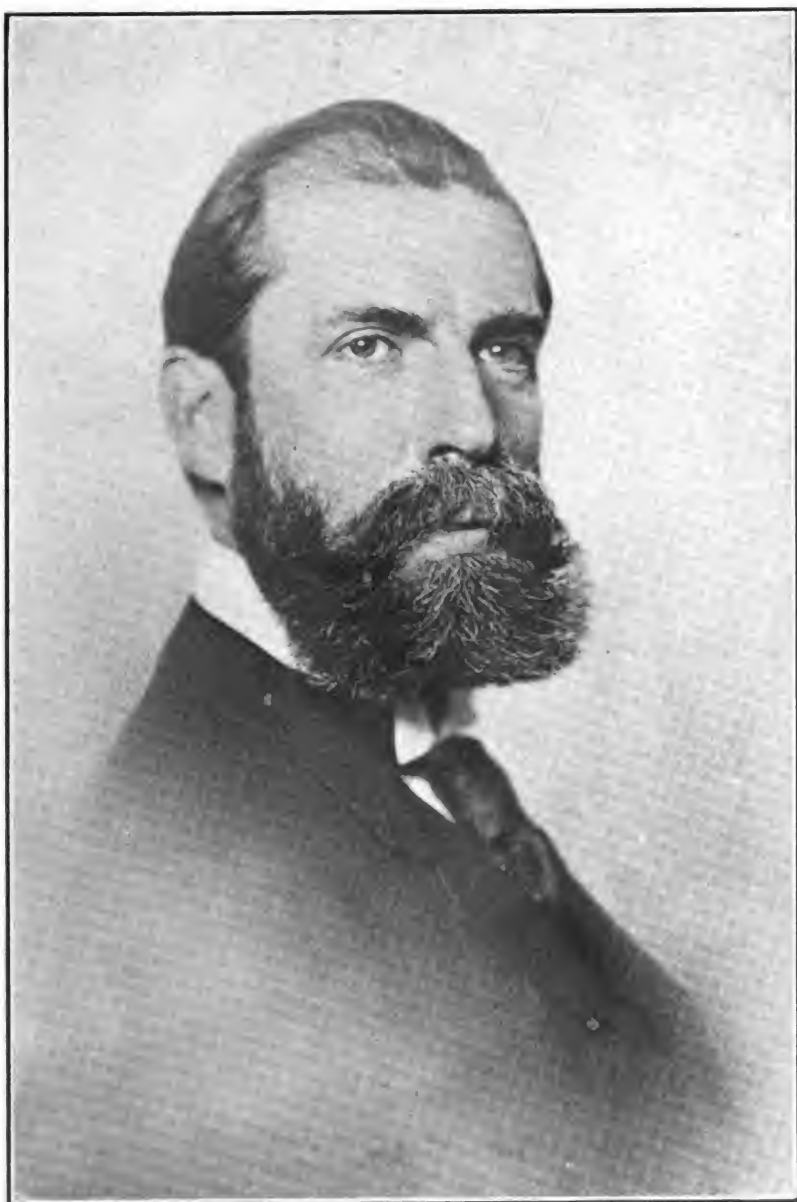
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CHARLES E. HUGHES.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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No. 1.

In the Great Dismal Swamp.*

By CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!"

"YOU are going to the Dismal Swamp?"

Y

"Yes."

"Will you be there at night?"

"I think so."

"I wish you wouldn't. We had a cousin, a young man, who went there at night. He contracted some mysterious disease which developed immediately, accompanied by strange discoloration of the skin. Within a week he was dead!"

This was serious and somewhat complicated matters. A nice question of ethics took possession of my mind. Should I, or should I not, repeat the gruesome tale to my colloquial friend, the Sailor, who had promised to accompany me to the swamp? I feared to lose him, but conscience conquered

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a criminal tendency to silence, so I frankly told him what the Norfolk lady had said.

"Charles," he remarked between tugs at a recalcitrant corncob, "there are but two propositions in this world that I fear—an angry woman and a snake. That bunch has got me beaten to a frazzle. The swamp for ours."

I temporized with my conscience to the extent of failing to tell him that the Dismal Swamp was, as he would have expressed it, somewhat long on snakes. At least, so I was informed. It being mid-May, the serpents might still be in retirement. So I held my peace.

The Dismal Swamp captured my imagination in early childhood. Having saturated my young soul with Moore's ballad, the very name of the region fascinated me, largely on account of its horrible beauty. Within its mysterious depths, in thought,

"through an alley titantic
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul—"

I have since thought that Poe should have written the epic of the swamp, and that Moore's ballad is immortal largely because of its alluring title. It is certainly unworthy of his great genius, notwithstanding the fact that it has made the Dismal Swamp famous wherever the poetry of love and life is read. When in later years I found myself in "Old Norfolk Towne," the mystic impression of my childhood became an obsession. As I lay awake listening to the ceaseless noises of the night, the Dismal Swamp called me, as long ago it called the unhappy young lover—so I went to it.

As an antidote to my somewhat morbid temperament, I asked my friend, the man of the sea, to go with me. Apart from his fear of snakes, there was no nonsense about him. In case we had to spend one or more nights in the swamp, I would fall back on his common sense as a shield against its ghosts and familiar spirits. Besides, he was a good sailor and eke an engineer. I could rely on him in canoe, rowboat or launch.

It is a strange anomaly that anything dismal should be regarded as an asset. Least of all, when the dismal thing is the most dismal of all dismal things—a swamp. An asset, however, the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia undoubtedly is; on account of its beneficent influence on the climate and also because of the material things of value that it yields. There is at this writing a bill before Congress whose purpose is the complete draining of the swamp with a view to transforming it into farm lands. This I believe to be a great error which might afterwards be fraught with serious consequences—namely, the substitution of drought and disastrous fires in a wide region now blessed

with rain and the salutary dampness of the swamp. The great arid interior of the continent of Australia would to-day have its value increased a million-fold could this or other great swamps be transplanted there, to cause the desert to blossom as the rose.

The idea of draining the swamp and utilizing its rich soil for agricultural purposes is the first thing that comes into the head of an enterprising man who becomes interested in the subject. But there are two sides to every question. We know that Tidewater Virginia within the sphere of influence of the Dismal Swamp is one of the best truck farming regions in the world, with a plentiful supply of rain. With the swamp drained and turned into



CANEBRAKE ALONG JERICHO DITCH.

farm lands, we know not what climatic changes would take place, but a lessening of rainfall would necessarily follow. When Professor Shaler, the geologist, advocated the draining of the swamp in a report published sixteen years ago, there was seemingly but one side to the question.

Now, however, men who have studied the subject doubt the advisability of such draining and regard the swamp as of great and lasting value to agriculture. Captain William F. Wise, a prominent trucker of Norfolk County, vigorously protests against the proposition to drain the swamp. He sent to the government at Washington a statement of the theory long ago advanced

by Commodore Barron and Captain Sam Watts, that the Dismal Swamp protects this rich agricultural territory of southwestern Tidewater Virginia from droughts; and this theory Captain Wise supports with a remarkable daily record of the weather in this section. This record has been kept without intermission for seventy-four years, first by Captain Wise's father, and then by himself.

The protest of Captain Wise appears to be so reasonable and interesting that I cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it. He says: "The swamp and lake have prevented injury from drought in the truck fields of Norfolk until recently drained by the canal. Captain Watts, one of Virginia's best informed public men, and Commodore Barron, after careful study, concluded that Lake Drummond had a decided effect upon local rainfall at Norfolk.

"Captain Watts stated that the influence of Lake Drummond over local rainfall in the territory about five miles east and west across the lake and extending north in a comet shape to Hampton Roads, showed that there was never a serious loss of crops from drought. No other locality in the Union has such a record.

"When the water in Lake Drummond a few years ago was lowered by improvements in the canal, the effect was looked for. It resulted in the first loss of a cucumber crop since the Civil War. If Captain Watts and Commodore Barron were right in their theory, what can we expect when the lake is drained?

"The draining of Lake Drummond would probably injuriously affect the water supply of Norfolk City. If the rainfall is lessened, the water supply of Norfolk, entirely dependent upon the rainfall, may be seriously hurt. To drain the Dismal Swamp would be to subject most valuable property to destruction by fire. Before the swamp could be gotten beyond the hazardous danger line (a few years' cultivation), one fire would make the entire property a barren waste.

"The swamp produces with the greatest rapidity a maximum amount of lumber, and is itself a magnificent forest reserve. When juniper is cut, it readily springs up in a new growth. The swamp now supplies hundreds of telegraph and trolley poles of this juniper. This forest reserve was recognized by George Washington, and large acreage there was secured by him for timber, not for agriculture. Nowhere in the country does a tree grow faster than in Eastern Virginia."

The Virginia Department of Agriculture and Immigration states that the swamp may properly be accounted a natural wonder. It is an extensive region

lying mostly in Virginia, but partly in North Carolina, and covered with dense forests of cypress, juniper, cedar and gum. It is a remote, weird region inhabited by many wild animals. Its silence is broken by resounding echoes of the woodman's axe in hewing its trees that are of great value for the manufacture of many varieties of woodenware, for shingles, staves and ship timber. In the middle of the swamp is Lake Drummond, the largest lake in the State. It is noted for the purity of its amber colored water, the hue being derived from the roots of cypress and juniper.

The Dismal Swamp before the war was often the retreat chosen by runaway slaves for the purpose of hiding where none sought to follow. In its deep recesses were secret hiding places to seek to find which would have been certain death to the uninitiated. These spots were hidden in the deepest and most nearly impenetrable portion of the swamp, surrounded by treacherous quagmires and heavy undergrowth of swamp plants. The tortuous paths were well concealed by rank growth of cane and thick foliage, where the fugitive was beset by gnarled and tangled vines and roots in that dank fen where

"The copper snake breathed in his ear."

Many are the tales of slaves who, fleeing from the penalty of their crimes or from some other cause, sought to hide themselves in the swamp, thus escaping from one form of punishment for another far more horrible. Some of these men were said to have been hidden in the dread morass for more than twenty years. The negroes who were engaged in cutting shingles from the cypress trees were sometimes the friends of the outcasts. The runaways helped the shingle cutters in their labors and the latter reciprocated with provisions and ammunition. The masters knew the slaves were in the swamp and in some cases made no special effort to capture them.

The limits of the Dismal Swamp are not very clearly defined, as the line of demarkation of its edges varies with the rainfall and the presence of the swamp flora. It varies in altitude from twelve to twenty-two feet above mean tide level and slopes gradually upward, its highest portion lying in the southwest. Lake Drummond, which lies near the center of the swamp, while not a perfect circle, varies but slightly from it, and is four to six miles in diameter, according to your authority.

The depth of the lake, which prior to the deepening of the canal was fifteen feet, now averages a little more than six. Its floor is covered with sand, which would be white but for the brown water, tintured with vegetation. This water has for more than a century borne the reputation of being medicinal and is said to be perfectly wholesome. It has no especial taste and

no odor. It is noted for its keeping properties, and the lake has been used for generations for supplying ships with water for long voyages.

The lake is surrounded by a dense forest and its edges are marked by the stumps of cypress trees, while a number of these trees are still growing in the water near its shores. There are extensive canebrakes through the swamp, whose principal flora consists of bald cypress, juniper, red maple and black gum. The soil to about a depth of twenty feet consists of vegetal accumulations. Examination has shown it to be composed of about ten feet of peat, filled with roots and tree trunks, overlying about eight feet of clear peat, which merged with the overlying beds, and this in turn was underlain by fossiliferous sand.

In Virginia the field in which the Dismal Swamp lies is a billowy plain which is sharply bounded by an escarpment formed by the sea when the surface of the continent was about twenty-eight feet below its present level. This ancient sea bench extends from near Suffolk, Virginia, southward with a perfect line of demarkation to Albemarle Sound.

The eastern boundary of the swamp district is determined by low dune-like elevations which only attain a height of a few feet and serve in a measure to retain the swamp waters upon the surfaces, upon which they lie. They are unimportant, compared with the effect produced by vegetation in this district. The swamp deposits indicate in a general manner that the beds are of the Pliocene age. There can be no question that the deposit is likewise of pre-glacial age. The nature of the strata underlying the swamp points to the fact that they were accumulated in shallow but quiet water.

Large swamps like the Dismal Swamp, whose area is measured by square miles, usually possess a fauna peculiar to themselves. The characteristics exhibited by the animals which occupy such morasses are related to the nature of the vegetation and the degree of moisture of the earth. Nutbearing trees being rare, the arboreal rodents are generally absent. The inundated nature of the soil makes it unfit for occupation by the subterranean forms of that group. Serpents of a species which have accustomed themselves to dry situations are generally absent from the swamp. Such predacious mammals as the fox and wolf find marshy land unsuited to their needs. Birds that rest upon the ground are rare. Swamp fishes present peculiarities, not found elsewhere except in caves. In times past bears have been remarkably abundant in the Dismal Swamp. Formerly there were at least two hundred killed each year. Abundance of deer was also to be found. A small variety of black wild cattle, feralized from domestic herds, used likewise to abound. They are said to have had frequent combats with the bears, the fortunes of war

varying at different times. It is a notable fact that the wild cattle are obliged to do without salt, there being none in the Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal Swamp Canal was built to afford a line of ship communication between the bay district of North Carolina and that of the Chesapeake. It was, moreover, to furnish a means of access to the vast and then virgin forests of juniper, cypress and pine which there abound. There is now another canal nearer the coast. By a system of locks, which have a total lift of twenty feet, the water in the canal is maintained at a higher level than formerly.

There are, also, hundreds of miles of trenches in the swamp made in the days when slaves were held in this part of the country. The trenches



SENTINELS OF LAKE DRUMMOND.

were dug without system or any special surveying, but merely for the convenience of the diggers. The canal, which dates back to the close of the eighteenth century, was justly regarded as a remarkable achievement and one of the most considerable hydraulic works undertaken in that century. The canal, doubtless, had an influence in partly draining the swamp, whereby portions of its edges have been won from it for agricultural uses. The canal connected the waters of James River at Deep Creek, Virginia, with the waters of Albemarle Sound, near South Mills, North Carolina.

The Dismal Swamp was once the favorite hunting grounds of the In-

dians. Arrow heads, knives and hatchets have been frequently found there. Formerly it was thought that five navigable rivers and some creeks rose in it and that the sources of these streams were hidden in the swamp, no trace of them appearing above the ground. Hence the belief that there must be plentiful subterranean fountains to supply these streams. Towards the south and east there is a large tract of country covered with weeds without any trees which, being constantly green and waving in the wind, is called the Green Sea. This tract, however, is not an integral part of the Dismal Swamp. An evergreen shrub called the gall bush, bearing a berry, which dyes black like the gall of an oak, grows throughout the swamp.

The curious "knees" of the cypress develop only where the roots upon which they rest are beneath the surface of the water during the growing season of the year. In the case where the tree is altogether removed from the chance of inundation, the roots bear no knees whatever. The black gum secures a similar result with its roots by another contrivance—that is, the roots merely curve upward sufficiently to lift a portion of themselves above the water. In the case of both trees it is nature's way of assuring to them the air which is necessary, in order that they may live.

Much inquiry in and about Norfolk failed to elicit any clearly defined method for seeing the Dismal Swamp. Occasional excursions are made to Lake Drummond by way of the Dismal Swamp Canal and its feeder. Those making the trip this way usually go in a launch holding fifteen or twenty persons, and after a sail around the lake, return to Norfolk the same day. While this method of visiting it gives a glimpse of the edge of the great morass, it is little more, and not sufficient for one who is drawn to the swamp by a sense of fascination and longing. Besides, a gay party of men and women distracts the attention from natural objects. The best way to observe nature, is to observe it alone. Therefore, I determined that my first visit should not be made in the conventional manner. The map informed me that the Jericho Canal emerged from the swamp in the neighborhood of Suffolk; that this canal was about ten miles long and that it led through the heart of the damp forest to Lake Drummond. I concluded that the Jericho Canal would be a good medium through which to study the famous swamp, so early one Sunday morning the sailor and myself journeyed by rail to Suffolk, a distance of twenty-three miles from our base at Norfolk.

At the hotel in Suffolk I inquired as to the best way to get into the swamp. The clerk informed me that I would have to drive to the Washington Ditch, where I might be able to obtain a small boat, in which to thread

the ditch or canal to Lake Drummond. He went on to tell of his own experiences in the morass. How he was beset by snakes innumerable, which dropped into his boat from the trees, and how bears robbed his lonely hut by night. I would have stayed to listen to his literary lore—how some “feller” had written a “piece” of poetry about a drowned woman in a white boat—but the snake stories had visibly affected my friend, the sailor, so we fled from the loquacious if not veracious narrator. In the street we found a negro who guided us to one “Jim,” a black jehu, who agreed to drive us out to Washington Ditch.

Behind Jim’s two willing but overdriven roadsters we covered the seven



OVERFLOW DURING WET SEASON

miles that lie between Suffolk and the spot where the ditch enters the Dismal Swamp. A synopsis of the things seeable en route would indicate a comparatively deserted road through pleasant truck-farming country. We passed picturesque negro cabins, luxurious fields of dark red clover, bluish cabbages, oats and timothy. Plebeian razor-backed hogs grunted, and blackberry blossoms smiled at us as we sped by. The road narrowed towards the end and we drove through water several inches deep at the edge of the swamp, crossing an aqueous “thank you ma’am” that came up to the hubs of the wheels. We crossed several corduroy bridges that would be death to a stranger to ne-

gotiate in the dark, and drew up before an old-fashioned farmhouse surrounded by shade trees which suggested the idea that it would rather be picturesque than comfortable.

Here we were well received. A wholesome and comely matron, the daughter-in-law of the farm, informed us that she, her husband and pretty babies had spent the night in a hut in Lake Drummond in the swamp. This was consoling, as she and her children looked healthful and happy. We arranged with the farmer for a flat-bottomed boat, and commandeered a smiling negro who said he could paddle and pole, but did not know the ditch. Thus recruited, we started for a half-mile walk through alder-fringed lanes past fragrant racks of split pine and unfragrant hog pens for the landing, from which we were to embark. There we found moored a little brown batteau which we got into, and paddling vigorously, entered at once the Dismal Swamp.

Washington Ditch is a narrow canal of varying width and depth. It is probably ten feet wide at its most narrow places. It is named after General Washington, who is said to have surveyed the swamp and owned part of it. He was likewise the organizer of the company that built the first canal. Ditch is an ugly word to use in connection with this beautiful waterway, but it is official and, therefore, unanswerable. If Lake Drummond were a perfect circle, the Washington Ditch would represent a straight line leaving its northern edge at a tangent and running northwest through the swamp for five miles. The Jericho Canal, which is similar in character, leaves the lake at the same point, but takes a more northerly direction. After a few miles it dips to the westward. It is about ten miles long and emerges from the swamp near Suffolk. Both of these canals have been greatly neglected as waterways, and the voyager meets with such obstructions as fallen trees and dense foliage. This adds to the difficulties of navigation, but much increases the picturesqueness of the route.

The first impression conveyed to the mind on entering the swamp in the way here indicated is that of supreme beauty. The title of the region is a misnomer, for here is a veritable fairyland—a perfect setting, if there were dryer spots for repose, for a midsummer night's dream. The forest is wildly luxuriant, and the richly leaved branches of the noble trees meet and interlace above the stream. The undergrowth is profuse, but does not here form a jungle. Trumpet flowers and bramble blossoms line the canal and add to its natural charm. The water is of a light brown color. The swamp has no odor, save that caused by the luxuriant vegetation, at which the senses ache.

Long, ropelike vines of tropical appearance reach to the lofty branches, or lie knotted and gnarled in rich and picturesque tangle.

Far ahead as the eye can travel lies the bright stream, flashing back so much of the sunlight as filters through the leaves. Huge logs, rich in color and the changeful verdure of decay, lie in careless confusion and profusion on the banks or in the stream, covered with fairy moss, forming miniature forests. The note of a solitary woodthrush rings full and true through the majestic aisles. All else is silence.

We paddled along without a word, entranced by the rare beauty of the place. Dismal the swamp may be at times, but it is certainly glorious on a bright morning in May. The trees are worth coming far to see. Giant gums, junipers, cypress, wild elms and red maple mingle their variegated foliage which present every shade of green from almost yellow to deepest olive, while their roots reach far into the moist earth. Those of the cypress, not content with nurturing the strong and dignified trees, revel in the luxuriance of life at their base, forming innumerable efforts at further production and the craving for air, in the shape of curious cypress knees.

Presently we come out of our day dream with a start. Our black boy, Walter, announces the presence of a snake on a moss covered log which we are passing and the sailor becomes deadly pale. The little creature which we had awakened from his siesta, glides silently into the mysterious regions of the morass. Further down stream Walter kills one with his paddle, whereupon that stalwart sailor man falls into my arms a fluttering mass of human terror, thereby nearly upsetting the frail batteau. A little lower down the stream we discovered yet another serpent—a dead one—which closed our account with reptiles for the day, if I except a tiny chameleon whom I met later sunning himself on the shore of Lake Drummond.

For two hours we paddled and poled through George Washington's miniature canal. As we drank in the fantastic beauty of the forest, Walter regaled us with the yarns which the gentle stranger must ever suffer for his sins. Eliminating Darwin and Tyndall, I never take my science from scientists, but go direct to the unlettered Walters of the world. The tales of this negro made the Dismal Swamp doubly precious to my mind. Snakes formed much of the burden of his song.

But there were other things, indeed, besides snakes. The waters of his mind, if not of the swamp, teemed with most interesting fish. White shad, raccoon perch, red fin perch and chub, peopled his fancy, if perch can be called people. Game? Lots of it. There were grizzly, gray and black bears, wild

cattle, wild hogs, wild cats, coons, 'possums, rabbits and squirrels galore. There was quail in abundance, and as for wild turkey, well! One day Walter was threading the swamp when that bird dog o' his'n said something. He warn't payin' much attention, but he looked up, an' there set nine wild turkeys all in a row! Truly the Dismal Swamp is the place for sportsmen.

As we proceeded, the trees appeared to get larger and grow farther apart, so that more light was admitted into the forest. At the end of the two hours mentioned above, we came to a full stop at the Jericho Locks, about a hundred yards from the shore of Lake Drummond. The locks, so-called, is a primitive dam, over and around which the waters of the Washington and Jericho Canals, which here converge, pour into the lake, the fall being about two feet, the stream forming rapids for the short distance.

Here stood the crazy and neglected cabin, in which our friends of the farm had passed the previous night—a picturesque ruin. Even so, it was the only sign of human handicraft in that wild place. Here we dragged the bateau over a short carry and entering the rapids, were shot almost instantly onto the broad surface of Lake Drummond. The wind had freshened and kicked up an awkward sea in the shallow waters, making navigation difficult for such a craft as ours. Nevertheless, we paddled well out into the lake and rested awhile to view the scene.

Lake Drummond is said to have been named after its discoverer, who, says the same tradition, wandering in pursuit of game with two companions, was lost and in his rambling came upon this lake. His comrades failed to find their way out of the morass, but Drummond escaped therefrom and gave an account of the sheet of water which has ever since been called after him.

It was in 1803 that the poet Moore made a tradition of the lake the subject of his famous ballad of "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." This poem was written in a house in Norfolk which is still standing, virtually unchanged since the poet's day. The ballad is based on a legend which tells of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved; and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

The theory has been advanced that the basin, in which Lake Drummond lies, was formed by fires, which occurred in some remote period. In proof of this hypothesis, it is pointed out that during dry seasons patches of the swamp a few acres in extent have been seen to burn to such a depth as to

form a place for the accumulation of permanent water. This theory of the formation of the lake is rejected by Professor Shaler. The lake must, therefore, be considered as belonging to the type of peat enclosed lakes, which are common in the small morasses of the glacial area.

The keynote of Lake Drummond is desolation. Despite the beauty of its densely wooded shores, where wild elm, cypress, juniper and gum struggle for supremacy, the general effect of the lake is depressing. As we looked on it, no sail broke the monotony of its dark waters of the sombre hue of burnt umber. No sign of life disturbed its solitude, if we except an isolated turkey buzzard sailing high in majestically graceful circles near its edge. The rough-



CYPRESS TREES AND "KNEES."

ness of the water, out of all proportion to the breeze, added to the sense of strangeness that here affects the beholder. It may be that tradition, playing curious tricks with the imagination, influences the mind adversely regarding this strange lake, and that subconsciously one feels that which he does not see. As I sat in the little boat and looked out upon the broad expanse of turbulent water, the feeling came over me that we had

"Passed to the end of the vista,"

and that at night this wraith-haunted lake of the Dismal Swamp

"where all night long by a firefly lamp
She paddles her white canoe,"

must be positively uncanny. In the mind's eye the characteristics of the wild region become distorted until it represents the apotheosis of desolation. This suggestion becomes accentuated as the eye wanders to the shoreward shallows, where, standing grim and gaunt, are seen the naked and time-mangled corpses of giant cypresses long since dead. As a rising bank of dark cloud throws the lake into deep shadow, mystic words come to me like the burden of a song:

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Wier—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber
In the ghoul haunted woodland of Wier."

In the ruined cabin I met the old man who had come down to the lake to fish by way of the Jericho Canal. The roughness of the water spoiled his sport for the day, but he and his companion, a white-haired negro, were preparing to camp in the hut for the night, hoping for better luck next morning. He told me that the lake was full of chub. He knew a gentleman, he said, who came to the lake every year and spent a week or more there drinking its waters as an antidote to malaria. It made him immune, he said. The negroes and woodmen, he told me, who live in the Dismal Swamp and drink its waters continually, never have malaria. According to the old man, the waters of the swamp and lake constitute a beneficial tincture of medicinal herbs.

After this conversation, I wandered off into the swamp forest for awhile, alone, as no amount of persuasion would induce the sailor to go with me. He remarked that he hadn't lost any snakes and did not propose to look for them. I might easily have lost myself in the strange tangle of the morass, but for the proximity of the lake and getting my bearings from the direction of the wind. My most active impression, while alone in the depths of the swamp, was the fear of sinking in the morass, together with a vague and indefinite sense of dread.

It was a place in which the imagination plays strange tricks with its victim. Retracing my way to Jericho Locks, I found the practical minded sailor indulging in a few emphatic remarks sotto voce. It would soon get dark, he said, and serpents—whom he designated a bunch of poisonous grafters—are nocturnal in their habits. He admitted that poetry was all very well in its way, and that, doubtless, as a swamp poet, Poe had Tommy Moore skinned

a mile. We had eaten nothing since daylight and could not continue to live on tobacco, or perpetually stave off the pangs of hunger by taking new reefs in our belts. His peroration—so far as translatable—was to the effect that it was to be the nearest tall hotel for his.

The fact that the nearest hotel was twelve miles away by land and water did not, however, depress us as we started to return over our course of the morning. Fatigue and hunger lengthened the miles intolerably, but the unusual beauty of the place grew with the setting of the sun. The reflection of the trees in the water was mellowed by the warm and tender tints not possible in the garish light of midday. Shadows became deeper and longer and the forest took on fantastic shapes. I caught the bright whistle of a red bird and replying occasionally in kind, the unseen songster accompanied us for miles, cheering us on our way.

As we neared the edge of the forest, the crimson and gold on the water's surface deepened into violet and purple; then melted into sombre gray. The wind died out, the red bird ceased his song and nothing stood between the outer world and the depth of the dank forest but silence—a silence so dense that the dip of the paddles in the stream carried far, and the ticking of a watch became painfully audible. Even the garrulous sailor was for the time eloquent with silence. The forest now no longer possessed definite shape or form.

The vaguely outlined trees surrounded us as an army of weird, gray shadows, fading into a vast and fearsome phantasmagoria that the imagination did not dare to follow. Innumerable fireflies, like souls released from cypress trees, began to appear, their fitful gleam of tremulous light making a beautiful mockery of illumination. It was well that we were emerging from the forest of the Dismal Swamp, for night had fallen.



The Shibboleth of "Restraint of Trade."

By GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE.

THE phrase "restraint of trade" which we read on every side in the press and which was a universal slogan in the late political campaign has been doing duty for scores of things outside its actual meaning. To mention in a stump speech the name of a "trust" and follow that with the statement that it was acting in "restraint of trade," was always sure of a salvo of indignant disapproval of the "trust"; although any schoolboy could tell and every listener knew that the great effect of the combination which the speaker was hammering had been to increase and extend trade in every direction. Of the four hundred "trusts" now flourishing in the United States, all of them organized in good faith under the laws of the States, not one has, in actual experience, brought about a reduced output for its product. Where they have survived the natural vicissitudes of business (and "trusts" invariably fail like other businesses if they are mismanaged), the result has been a vigorous onpush in manufacture and commerce. But your stump speaker and your profound editor will tell you that the whole, healthy process of combination is against the law, and as plainly a thing of hoofs, horns and spiked tail as any demon in a medieval tale. Though you know better, he will tell you it is in "restraint of trade."

Our President, moreover, who has been understood by most people to be in deadly opposition to "trusts" and combinations, evidently has his misgivings. In his latest message to Congress he says:

"The actual working of our laws has shown that the effort to prohibit all combination, good or bad, is noxious where it is not ineffective," which means that the less of such sweeping laws the better. He goes on: "Combination of capital, like combination of labor, is a necessary element of our present industrial system. It is not possible completely to prevent it, and if it were possible, such complete prevention would do damage to the body politic." It would indeed. It would "restrain trade" with a vengeance. It would make chaos the condition, and universal ruin the result to all our great industries.

There are, for instance, now pending against the Standard Oil Company four suits brought by the States of Missouri, Ohio and Texas, and by the United States, to enjoin the company from continuing business. The ground of each suit is the allegation that the Standard Oil Company is acting in "restraint of trade." The petition in the federal suit prays that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey (which, in 1899, acquired all the stock of the subsidiary corporations) and seventy other corporations and partnerships, and seven prominent directors of the company, be adjudged an unlawful combination acting in "restraint of trade." The question, therefore, is pertinent; What, in the dry legal import of the phrase, is "Restraint of Trade?"

Scarcely a generation after Chaucer's death, English judges had begun to use the phrase "restraint of trade." At a time when medieval society was disintegrating, and vagrancy and lack of employment seemed increasing dangers, the Plantagenet courts looked with disfavor upon any contract by which an active artisan might be withdrawn from trade and possibly might become a public charge, or might diminish, by his withdrawal from business, the amount of employment, and the output of commodities useful to the public. Accordingly, the rule was stated that no contract, by which a person bound himself not to exercise his trade, would be enforced by the courts. The result of this rule was to prevent the enforcement of contracts, by which a tradesman attempted to sell the "good will" of his establishment and to refrain from starting a similar business within a fixed time or within a specified locality.

The unfairness of this rule was soon observed and the courts began to uphold contracts that restrained competition for merely short periods of time or within narrowly limited localities. During the last century, the arbitrary test of limitations of time and space was abandoned, and the test applied by the law was simply the reasonableness of the restriction. A contract to sell a modest tailoring business was upheld, although the seller agreed not to open a rival shop in the same city; but if the seller agreed not to engage in a similar business in the same country, the contract was unenforceable. A contract to sell a machine gun factory, which sold its product to the governments of many nations, was upheld, although the seller agreed never to engage in a similar business at any time or in any place. Contracts which imposed merely reasonable restraint upon trade were enforceable at law. Contracts which effected unreasonable restraint of trade were not criminal, nor were they cause for punishing the parties to the contract, but they were unenforceable by the courts. Such was the common law regarding "restraint of trade" until the first anti-trust legislation.

Let us see what that legislation was.

In 1889 Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and the Territories of Idaho, Montana and North Dakota passed anti-trust laws; and the new States of Washington and Wyoming introduced similar provisions into their constitutions. In 1890 Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri and South Dakota passed anti-trust laws. In 1891 Kentucky and Missouri introduced anti-trust provisions into their constitutions, and Alabama, Illinois, Minnesota and the Territory of New Mexico enacted similar laws. New York and Wisconsin followed in 1892; and in 1893, California forbade combinations in live stock, and Nebraska forbade combinations in coal and lumber. Thirty States and two Territories subsequently passed such laws, and in seventeen States anti-trust provisions were inserted in the State constitutions.

In 1890, Congress passed the Sherman anti-trust act, which declared illegal, "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations." A summary of this legislation will show the extent to which the definition and legal consequences of "restraint of trade" were stretched by statute.

In twenty-one States it was criminal for two or more persons to enter into an agreement—regardless of whether it were reasonable or unreasonable—whereby free competition in production and sale was prevented. In seventeen States it was criminal conspiracy for two or more persons to agree to regulate the quantity or the price of any article to be manufactured, mined, produced, or sold—regardless of whether prices were raised or lowered. In sixteen States, it was criminal for two or more persons to attempt to monopolize any commodity. In Missouri, it was criminal conspiracy to maintain a trust, pool, combine, agreement, confederation, or understanding to regulate prices or to fix the premium for fire insurance. In Mississippi, it was criminal conspiracy not only to regulate prices, but also for two or more persons to settle the price of an article between themselves, or between themselves and others.

In Texas these practices were punished by imprisonment of one to ten years in the penitentiary, by a fine of \$200 to \$5,000 for each day of the offence, or by both; and if the offender were a corporation, by a fine of \$200 to \$5,000 and by forfeiture of its franchise.

"Reasonable" and "unreasonable" were mixed up regardless of the voice of history or the dictates of common sense. No provision was too drastic for an "anti-trust" law.

Under the Sherman anti-trust act, every person engaged in "restraint of

trade"—reasonable or unreasonable—was punishable with a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or with imprisonment not exceeding one year, or with forfeiture of the subject matter of the transaction and must pay to the aggrieved party treble damages, the cost of suit, and the reasonable attorneys' fees.

Framed for the purpose of destroying existing combinations, these statutes went far in their express language toward literally prohibiting innocent forms of business organization. Under the common law, which prevailed before these statutes, contracts in partial "restraint of trade," whenever reasonable, were upheld. Under these statutes, such contracts, although reasonable, were not only unenforceable but subjected the parties to punishment for criminal conspiracy.

Throughout the nineties, the courts were busy defining "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in these anti-trust statutes. Under the anti-trust act of Missouri, seventy-three insurance companies were deprived of the right to do business within the State, because their agents through an association, enforced uniform rates of premium. In accordance with the same act, the National Lead Company, a holding corporation controlling the manufacture of 75 per cent. of the white lead of the United States, was forbidden to collect the price of goods purchased by its customers in Missouri.

Under the New York anti-trust act, a corporation which had bought eighty-five patents of various harrows and had contracted with the owners, under restrictions regarding the selling price, to continue manufacturing, was not allowed to enforce its contracts. A member of the Rochester Coal Exchange, which fixed its schedule of prices for its members, made a contract with a customer to supply in the future, large installments of coal at schedule price; after receiving part of the coal the customer refused to accept the rest; and under the anti-trust act the contract was held unenforceable.

The furthest extent to which anti-trust legislation was carried was in Texas. A brewing company, which had agreed to supply a combination of dealers in El Paso, to the exclusion of others in the city, was allowed to recover nothing, either for breach of contract or in payment, for the beer already furnished. A contract of lease of premises for five years, with provisions that no one beside the lessee should be allowed to carry on a similar business on the land and that the lessor should issue to his employees checks redeemable in the lessee's business and should take as rent a fixed share of the profits, was held unenforceable. A manufacturer who had supplied his customer with a delivery wagon and a storage vault, on condition that the customer handle goods of no other manufacturer, was allowed to recover nothing for the goods he had furnished.

In 1897, and again in 1898, the Supreme Court of the United States defined "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in the Sherman anti-trust act, and held the act thus interpreted, to be constitutional. A number of interstate railways had combined in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and the Joint Traffic Association "for the purpose of mutual protection by establishing and maintaining reasonable rates." In its opinion, declaring these agreements a violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, the court held that the act forbade all agreements, whether the restraint was reasonable or unreasonable, and that such an act was within the power of Congress.

The results of this legislation, which penalized "restraint of trade" and then included within the definition of the crime almost every form of business organization, proved satisfactory to no one. In 1902, the Industrial Commission, appointed by the President of the United States to collect information and "recommend legislation to meet the problems presented by labor, agriculture and capital," reported: "In the United States there has been much legislation regarding industrial combinations, but very little seems to have had much effect. Under the common law, our courts have quite generally declared the contracts in 'restraint of trade' invalid, whenever these contracts were general, or whenever they were unreasonable. * * * The common law is sufficient to enable learned judges to protect the welfare of the people against monopolies that can be clearly proved against public policy. * * * Possibly the fear of a new form of business organization may have led to the extension of legal interference in private business beyond what the public welfare demands. Some of the statutes, if read literally, would seem to forbid many perfectly innocent associations among individuals, but the courts have generally assumed that only monopoly—at least virtual monopoly—was attacked, and the decisions have been made accordingly."

In 1904, the Supreme Court of the United States decided the Northern Securities' case and held by a majority of five to four that the combination effected through the Northern Securities Company was within the prohibition of contracts in "restraint of trade." One of the majority justices, however, expressly stated his opinion that "restraint of trade," as the phrase was used in the statute, meant merely *unreasonable* "restraint of trade"; and, upon this point, the four minority justices by implication concurred in his opinion. The door has, therefore, been opened for the return to a definition of the phrase "restraint of trade," which shall be in agreement with well settled law and consistent with innocent business expansion and organization.

Anti-trust legislation, as already has been shown, has served to regulate trusts only in so far as it has restated previously settled law. In so far as it

has overstepped the common law, and declared combination, in *reasonable* "restraint of trade," illegal, it has provided a weapon too dangerous to the innocent to be freely used against the guilty. Until a narrower meaning of the phrase was suggested, in the Northern Securities' case, "restraint of trade" was merely the shibboleth, wherewith the penalties of denunciatory statutes could be invoked against almost any unpopular business organization which the public prosecutor might choose to pursue.

Such a state of the law, in this twentieth century, exceeds in barbarism the medieval rule of "restraint of trade," which the Plantagenet judges repented of and altered, five hundred years ago. Since the extension of the phrase "restraint of trade" has failed of its purpose, and has already been questioned in the highest court of the land, it is hoped that its elimination from the law may soon come.

And President Roosevelt is rapidly approaching that view. Returning to his message where he addresses himself to the Sherman antitrust law, he says:

"It is a public evil to have on the statute books a law incapable of full enforcement because both judges and juries realize that its full enforcement would destroy the business of the country."

Could any comment on a defective and dangerous law go further?

ST. ANDREW'S.

By TOM QUAD.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

A shining sweep of yellow sand,
A foam-flecked sea of gray,
The crimson glow upon the land,
The blue hills far away.

The great gray walls, the ghostly spires,
The soft mist rising far,
The paling glow of sunset fires,
A solitary star.

The splendors of the sunset die
On headland, burn, and lea;
The silver clouds reflected lie
Far out across the sea;

And over all the deep'ning gloom
And length'ning shadows fall,
On broken tower, deserted tomb.
On ruined arch and wall.

They clothe the land in somber gray,
They dim the crimson west;
The darkness falls upon the bay,
The great world sinks to rest!

The Voyage of the Scotia.

By ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE dawn of the twentieth century will always be memorable, more especially from a geographical point of view, for the great interest that was evinced throughout the world in the renewal of a systematic and well-arranged scheme, having for its object the thorough exploration of the hitherto almost unknown region—amounting to no less than ten millions of square miles—that surrounds the South terrestrial Pole.

It is true that during the last decade of the nineteenth century small, and unimportant, expeditions were dispatched to the South Polar seas, principally to report on the prospects that offered for establishing whaling and sealing industries in the far south. These enterprises added little to our geographical knowledge, but they served the useful purpose of whetting our scientific appetites, and thereby stimulating the general thirst for obtaining further information regarding a portion of the world, so little known, and which had, hitherto, received but little attention. The practical result of these minor voyages was the dispatch of several expeditions from various countries, some on a scale of greater magnitude than others, but all well arranged, carefully organized and skillfully conducted.

Among the nations interested were England, France, Sweden, Belgium, and last, but by no means least, Scotland. Some of these expeditions received financial support from their respective

governments, the majority were largely assisted—some altogether—by public and private subscriptions, while all received the unhesitating approval and support of eminent men of science, and other distinguished and influential men.

At the suggestion of Sir Clements Markham, who at the time was occupying the distinguished position of president of the English Royal Geographical Society, the South Polar Region was divided into four quadrants, not only for convenience of reference, but also because the exploration of the different quadrants could be allotted to different expeditions, so that the proceedings of one expedition should not interfere with, or overlap, the work of another. These quadrants, each of 90 degrees of longitude, were named the Victoria, the Ross, the Enderby and the Weddell.

It was the last-named quadrant that was selected as the scene of the operations of the Scottish Expedition. Its history is now before us, under the modest and unassuming title of "The Voyage of the Scotia." It has been written, not by the commander of the expedition, but by three members of the scientific staff, who have, very properly, dedicated the work to their "Leader and Comrade." It professes to be a true and faithful account of the life and work of the members of the expedition, and, as such, will be read with the keenest interest by those who delight in the perusal of narratives of

adventurous voyages, to parts of the world that have hitherto been somewhat wrapped in the veil of obscurity. Although written in what might be termed a popular style, it is also a very complete and useful record of scientific information, especially in its relation to high southern latitudes.

The last great explorer in those regions, Sir James Ross, who was the first to penetrate, in the interest of science, the ice-clad seas of the Southern Ocean more than sixty years ago, was a Scotsman. His deeds the Scottish navigators of the present day wished to emulate. He was the example they had set themselves to copy. Scotsmen at home and Scotsmen abroad—and it is proverbial that a Scotsman is to be found in every part of the world where life can be sustained—will hail with delight the account of the cruise of the *Scotia*, and will be well pleased and proud of the achievements of their countrymen who served in the Scottish Antarctic Expedition of 1902-3; and this pleasure and pride will also, in a great measure, be shared by those who, fortunately or unfortunately for themselves, live on the south side of the Tweed.

Steam, as a motive power for ships, has wrought a great revolution in ice navigation since the days of Ross: the position reached by that navigator, only after great difficulty and no small danger, in his clumsy old sailing ships, can now with ease be attained by a well-founded steamer, properly constructed and skilfully handled. This has been fully demonstrated in both north and south polar seas during the last thirty years.

The *Scotia*, the ship selected for the enterprise, was a Norwegian whaler named the *Hekla*, and perhaps, under the circumstances, no better selection could have been made, for she was originally designed and built for navigating among the heavy ice floes of the Arctic seas. Many alterations, however, had to be carried out in order to adapt her for the special service on

which she was to be employed, and these were all most satisfactorily executed by the celebrated yacht designer and builder, the late Mr. G. L. Watson, who gave his services gratuitously. The cost of the expedition was defrayed partly by public and partly by private subscription, while gifts of stores, clothing, etc., were generously and liberally supplied by those interested in the welfare and success of the enterprise. The final dispatch of the ship, however, was due to the munificent liberality of Mr. James Coats, of Paisley, who not only guaranteed the funds requisite for the continuance of the work for two seasons, but also generously consented to hold himself responsible for the provision of the money that would be required for the examination of the rich scientific collections that were brought home, and for the subsequent publication of the results.

The *Scotia* was a steam vessel of about 400 tons, bark-rigged, and capable of steaming in smooth water from six to eight knots.

The leader of the expedition was Mr. W. S. Bruce, a gentleman possessing high scientific attainments, and who had already obtained considerable experience both in the North and South Polar Regions. He had also for two years—namely, 1894 to 1896—been in charge of the high-level meteorological observatory station on the summit of Ben Nevis. The remainder of the scientific staff were all specially selected for the practical and theoretical knowledge they possessed in the various branches of science which they were severally appointed to make their special study. The captain of the ship, Capt. Robertson, of Peterhead, was an experienced whaling captain, and had seen much service in polar seas in both hemispheres. The remaining officers of the ship were also experienced ice navigators.

On the upper deck of the *Scotia* various houses had been constructed, and so lighted as to facilitate the delicate

microscopical examinations that would have to be made. All the latest and most up-to-date instruments and apparatus for carrying out systematic oceano-graphical, magnetic, meteorological and other observations were provided, and the vessel was in every way thoroughly prepared, and equipped, for the interesting and important service on which she was to be employed.

Everything being ready, the ship sailed on her eventful voyage on November 2, 1902. A stay of a few days in Kingstown harbor enabled the little vessel to supplement her stores, etc., by the purchase of a few necessaries that, in the hurry and confusion incidental to fitting-out, had been inadvertently omitted.

Their short visit to Madeira, after a boisterous and turbulent passage across the Bay of Biscay, was marked by a somewhat amusing incident, causing a display of ignorance on the part of one of the port officials regarding the historical emblem of Scotland! The official in question, after granting pratique, which implies permission to land, said that the quarantine flag might be hauled down. "What quarantine flag?" was asked. "Why, that yellow flag up there," was the reply, pointing to the mast-head. He had mistaken the glorious ensign of Scotland, a red lion rampant on a yellow ground, for the flag that is invariably hoisted to denote that some infectious disease is prevalent on board! In consequence of the absence of wind the flag was hanging listlessly up and down the mast, and only the yellow in it was visible! Of course a profuse apology was offered by the official, and readily accepted by those on board.

Madeira was left on the 23d November, from which date a system of regular and continuous observations was commenced and recorded, which was never relaxed until the end of the voyage. The towing net was in constant requisition, and war was ruthlessly waged on all marine animate, and in-

animate, life that was to be found on, or near, the surface of the sea. The density and salinity of the water were carefully recorded, so that a proper knowledge of oceanic circulations might be obtained in order that the direction of the flow and depth of the currents could be accurately established. Meteorological observations were periodically registered. Soundings were occasionally obtained; and, when opportunities offered, the dredge was employed in bringing to the surface rich and rare prizes from the depths of the ocean.

St. Vincent was reached on the 1st of December—the barren, sterile aspect of the island affording a striking contrast to the rich and luxuriant vegetation that clothed the slopes of the hills of Madeira. A run of ten days from the Cape Verde Islands brought the Scotia to the isolated rocks of St. Paul's, situated in the middle of the Atlantic, a few miles north of the equator. They are not more than half a mile in circumference, and about sixty feet above the level of the sea. From a geological point of view, they are of the greatest interest; but a sailor regards them from an altogether different standpoint, and invariably gives them a wide berth. The formation of the rock is of a variety that is nowhere seen in any other part of the world. It is a moot-point with geologists as to whether it is of "volcanic or of deep-seated plutonic origin." In consequence of the heavy sea breaking over them, it was impossible to make a close inspection of the rocks in order to obtain specimens. A landing was attempted, but with dire results, as the following account will show. The geologist, Dr. Pirie, was given the honor of being the first to make the attempt. He says:

"The whale boat was packed in as close as was possible and I jumped—but just a fraction of a second too late; the boat had begun to fall with the swell, the take-off was bad, and instead of getting a firm footing, I fell down,

down into the water literally swarming with sharks which had followed the boat up to the rocks. The men were pushing them off with oars and boat-hooks when I came up, luckily, right underneath the boat, and was hauled in by the scruff of the neck by Davidson ere the boat was dashed on the rocks by the succeeding rise, but it was a narrow squeak for all concerned."

The Falkland Islands, which were reached on the 6th January, reminded the gallant navigators of their own dear Scotland—a feeling that was intensified when, on entering Port Stanley, they saw "the peat heaps crowning the heights behind the town, and smelt the peat reek mingled with the fresh odor of land!" A stay of three weeks was made in this far-distant English colony, during which time a series of magnetic observations was taken, coals and provisions were laid in, and all final arrangements made prior to their departure, for they realized this would be the last civilized port they would call at for many a long and weary day.

Inclement weather was experienced after leaving the Falkland Islands, culminating in a gale of hurricane violence, which necessitated the ship being hove-to under reduced canvas, and oil bags were put overboard in order to assist in breaking the violence of the sea. In spite of these precautions, the weather bulwarks were stove in, and the ship sustained other minor damages.

On the 30th January several icebergs were seen, most of them of the tabular form that are characteristic of Antarctic bergs. Constant soundings were taken in depths varying from 1600 to 2700 fathoms. Samples of the bottom were found to consist of diatom ooze, containing hornblende, mica, felspar, and other minerals. On the 2d February the pack ice was reached in lat. 60 deg. 28m. S. and long. 43 deg. 40m. W., becoming, as the ship made progress to the southward, more heavy and

compact, necessitating great skill and caution in handling the ship. Two days later, Saddle Island, in the South Orkneys, was reached and visited by some members of the expedition, who had the gratification of thus claiming to be the first people who had landed on the island since the visit of Dumont d'Urville in the French corvette *Astrolabe* in 1838. Here a large number of ringed penguins were seen, as well as many other birds indigenous to the locality, the island being a favorite resort for the birds in the breeding season.

Continuing their course to the southward, they experienced much difficulty in penetrating the pack, but patience and perseverance were eventually rewarded, for on the evening of the 18th they had the satisfaction of crossing the Antarctic Circle with "all sails set and in a sea clear of ice." All went merrily for a couple of days, when they found the pack so cemented together by young ice of recent formation, that they were reluctantly compelled, in order to avoid the risk of being beset, to retrace their steps to the northward. They had then reached the latitude of 70 deg. 25m., being the most southern position attained that year. The days getting perceptibly shorter, and the nights increasing in length in a corresponding degree, combined with a marked fall of temperature, were sure indications of approaching winter, and it therefore behove them to use every endeavor to find good and secure winter quarters for their ship, as speedily as possible.

During the following six days, the pack was of such an impenetrable nature, they only succeeded in advancing thirty miles in a northerly direction, although they covered a distance of about ten degrees to the west, by adopting, as their course, the line of least resistance from the ice. On the 11th March they recrossed the Antarctic Circle, and after some difficulty and constant buffetings with the pack, they at length succeeded on the 25th in

reaching a large bay on the south side of Laurie Island in the South Orkneys, which appeared to offer all the requisites and advantages of good winter quarters, and here they decided to pass the winter. No better place could have been selected, for in addition to its being a safe and well-protected anchorage it also offered special advantages for the prosecution of scientific research, as we read:

"For meteorology the place was well adapted—on the verge of the winter ice-bound sea, and only some 800 miles from Cape Horn, two circumstances which made it a spot whence observations would be of great importance. Biologically, its position on the border of, and still within, the polar ice, promised collections of peculiar interest both in seals, birds, and marine fauna."

These promises were more than realized and their most sanguine expectations fulfilled.

An exceedingly interesting description, although perhaps somewhat more rosy than the actual facts warranted, is given of their winter quarters; but we get a little insight into the true character of the place from one of the officers of the ship, who, in spite of the glowing eulogium recorded on the natural beauties of the island, stated with perfect candor and honesty, that, in his opinion "the real use for the South Orkneys would be as a penal settlement. For that purpose they were almost ideal. In the summer the convicts would be employed in house building, and in the winter he would keep them busy shoveling snow off the glaziers!"

The writer of the chapter naively concludes it with the remark that "It," the officer's scheme, "is an excellent one, with much to commend it!"

The harbor in which they passed the winter was very appropriately named Scotia Bay.

Three days after their arrival the pack-ice, actuated by a strong and continuous southerly wind, drifted into the bay, and to such an extent as to

cut the ship off from the open sea. A heavy fall of snow had the effect of solidifying the pack in which the Scotia was now completely imprisoned, and she remained held fast in its icy grip for the ensuing winter. This was a great disappointment to all concerned, for it was hoped, and expected, that climatic conditions, and the state of the ice, would not materially interfere with the carrying out of dredging and trawling operations from the ship under weigh, taking into consideration that the position of their winter quarters was more than 300 miles north of the Antarctic Circle. This hope—a very reasonable one—was not fulfilled, for the vessel remained inextricably fixed in the ice, from the early part of April until the following November.

The winter passed pleasantly enough, and was spent in much the same way as is invariably experienced by the members of polar expeditions. Their first object, of course, was to make the ship snug and secure, and as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The sails were unbent, upper spars and all top hamper sent down, boats lowered on to the ice-floe, the engines disconnected, the water pumped out of the boilers, and everything that human ingenuity, or experience, could suggest, was done before the long polar night set in and winter seized them in its frozen grasp. A regular routine of scientific investigations was immediately commenced. By an ingenious, but simple, contrivance dredging operations were frequently carried out, and with very important results, new animals being repeatedly brought to the surface, illustrating very conclusively the fact of the existence, to a very large degree, of marine fauna in Antarctic waters.

"All was fish that came to their net!" nothing was overlooked or thrown away; even the apparent refuse in the dredge was carefully preserved, because it was more than likely to contain minute crustacea, and other marine or-

ganisms. Every one was kept busily employed; during the working hours there was not an idle man on board. Traps, somewhat resembling lobster-pots in their construction, were periodically set at a depth of from 20 to 50 fathoms. These were generally baited with the carcasses of penguins and they yielded valuable prizes, not only from a scientific point of view, but also as new and succulent additions to the daily fare of the members of the expedition, for we are told that "even the greed of the zoologist found satisfaction, and when the cook asked for a supply of fish for breakfast, the zoologist showed himself open to human temptation after all, and several days a-week we all committed the sacrilege of feeding on what was an animal new to science!"

During the month of April thousands of penguins passed, flying northward, and many alighted on the island. A great number were killed for food; their skins were also found useful for clothing, etc. The killing of these birds was only indulged in as a necessity, and was not regarded in the light of sport. We are informed that "the most depraved sportsman could find no sport" in the slaying of these helpless and inoffensive birds killed by a murderous blow on the head with a club; and we are thoroughly in sympathy with the writer who tells us "It was sheer cold-blooded, unskilled murder, whose only excuse was that we were hungry, and needed fresh food to keep us alive and healthy." The killing of seals was also, very properly, regarded in the same light. A careful study of the geological formation of the islands was carried out by Dr. Pirie, who, in spite of many difficulties with which he had to contend, was rewarded by the discovery of interesting fossiliferous impressions and petrifications in the rocks in the neighborhood of Cape Dundas.

The flora of Antarctic lands is limited to only a few lichens and mosses, and therefore botanical research did

not yield any valuable results, in spite of the diligence and energy of the botanist, Mr. Brown. The magnetic and meteorological observations were carefully and systematically carried out during the winter, under the direction of Mr. Mossman, ably assisted by other members of the staff. Tidal measurements were duly recorded, and a survey of the islands, including the adjacent group called Murray Islands, was undertaken during the spring.

On the whole, a pleasant winter was passed. Thanks to the kindness of various publishers at home, they were provided with a good supply of books, sufficient, we are told, to afford them reading occupation for "several years"! They lived in a little world of their own, absolutely indifferent as to what might be occurring at home or in other countries, ignorant of international intrigue, and regardless of wars or political disturbances.

Although they lived in the utmost harmony one with the other, they were not sorry, occasionally, to be employed on some duty or work that necessitated a little solitude. Not, we are carefully informed, because "we are tired of our fellow-creatures, for we all lived on the most amicable of terms, but the occasional solitude which every one requires was seldom obtainable in life in so small a ship as the *Scotia*. We were practically always in sight and hearing of one another."

They went so far as to look upon their inability to escape from the presence of their shipmates as one of the greatest hardships they had to endure! With the exception of one or two American expeditions to the Arctic seas, this so-called "hardship" does not seem to have been experienced by the generality of polar explorers.

In consequence of the intention to leave a small party on the island on the departure of the *Scotia* the following summer, so as to continue without interruption the scientific observations made during the winter, and to render them more complete and therefore more

valuable, it became necessary to construct some sort of habitation in which those left on the island could be accommodated. Fortunately an ample supply of stones lay ready for their use, and by utilizing these they were able to build a stone house some 14 feet square. The services of every member of the expedition were called into requisition in the construction of this building. The walls were no less than 4 to 5 feet thick, so as to "insure safety and permanence," and these were supported by buttresses at each corner. The roof was a very serious consideration, for they were not provided with a plentiful supply of timber.

The difficulty was, however, solved by scraping together various scraps of wood derived from empty boxes and packing-cases, and dovetailing them all together, with which, with the exercise of considerable ingenuity, they contrived to make a fairly efficient roof. The house, when completed, only contained one room, a little over 14 feet square, and from 6 to 8 feet high. It had a small, narrow entrance, and two equally small windows. The floor was made from one of the hatches of the ship, and the furniture was improvised from old packing-cases! It proved a most serviceable, we will not say comfortable, edifice, and the designers and builders were both pleased and proud of the result of the architectural skill and work displayed in its construction. It was called Omond House, in honor of Mr. R. T. Omond, a gentleman who had always taken the keenest interest in the expedition.

Another building, in close proximity to Omond House, to be used as a storehouse and coalshed, was also erected, the walls being composed of filled biscuit boxes, which being all alike in pattern and dimensions were easy to work with! An old whaleboat, which had been condemned by the captain as unseaworthy, formed the roof of this building! On the 1st of November all the meteorological and other instruments were transferred from the ship

to the places prepared for them adjacent to the house, and the hourly observations, hitherto taken on board the *Scotia*, were from that date recorded from the new positions.

The weather during the winter was not altogether all that might be desired—May and June being especially stormy months, with heavy falls of snow. *Scotia* Bay being situated some six degrees north of the Antarctic Circle, those on board the ship, even during the shortest day in the year, never experienced less than five hours of daylight; but the long hours of darkness were quite sufficient to restrict outdoor work, and had a very depressing effect on them all. They do not appear to have experienced any intense cold, but the fluctuations of temperature, due to sudden changes of wind, were very trying. Sometimes a rise, or a fall, of 40 degrees of temperature would occur in a few hours, which had the effect of making the lower temperature appear to be far colder, and the higher far warmer, than they really were.

It is a curious fact that the highest temperature recorded during the time the *Scotia* was in the Antarctic regions was at their winter quarters on the 31st May, only three weeks before the shortest day in the year, and, consequently, midwinter. On this occasion the thermometer registered as high as 46.8 degrees. This abnormal condition of the temperature was, in all probability, due to a Föhn wind that was blowing from the Northwest—a purely local phenomenon caused by the wind being forced down from a high altitude, thus becoming compressed, and consequently warmed. In the spring, sledging expeditions were organized, when some valuable geological information was obtained and some useful surveying work was accomplished, but little of geographical interest was achieved.

Toward the end of August the seals began to collect in large numbers for breeding purposes. They were at that particular time most aggressive, and offered a strong contrast to the lazy,

inoffensive animals that were met with in the autumn. On the approach of any one, they became at once alert and ferocious, and if any attempt was made to capture their young, the parent would rush forward and snap viciously at the intruder. Attempts were made to rear some of the young seals on board the ship, but with no success, for although carefully tended, and fed with preserved milk sucked through an india rubber tube, they invariably died after being in captivity a few days.

Another great event at about the same time was the return of the penguins, which not only gave life and animation to their hitherto dreary surroundings, but was the cause of a very welcome addition to their daily fare in the shape of meat and eggs. Of the latter, the men would collect several thousands in the course of an afternoon, some of which were stowed in barrels for immediate use, while the remainder were packed in salt, and preserved for a future day. They were looked upon as a great luxury by the men, who certainly indulged to a very large extent in their consumption, for we are informed that whether they were boiled, fried, cooked, or raw, in omelettes or scrambled, they would consume on an average as many as fifteen per man per diem! A very interesting description of the habits of the penguins, especially during the pairing and breeding season, is given by Mr. Brown. Their love-making is thus described:

"As soon as the birds arrive at their rookeries, the mates are chosen, and this involves much display and showing off on the part of the male. He stands erect, drawing himself up to his full height, with head thrown back and neck craned upward, then he slowly and impressively waves his flippers several times and emits a long loud cackle; this over, he resumes his normal somewhat squat position, and looks around him to see what impression his charms and powers have had on the onlooking females. This process re-

peated a few times generally results in a couple being paired off, and nest-building then begins. Another very favorite demonstration of affection on the part of a couple is like this: the two stand facing one another, and stretching forward cross their beaks, and then proceed to sway from side to side in unison, uttering the while a shrill, harsh cry."

On the 6th of August a gloom was cast over the little community by the death of their engineer, Mr. Ramsay, who for some time had been suffering from heart-disease, and who passed away peacefully on the above-named date, mourned and regretted by all his comrades. This was the only loss, through death, that was sustained by the expedition.

Although the heavy and constant gales of wind experienced, even as early as the month of August, had a distinct effect on the ice in Scotia Bay, causing a perceptible swell that could be felt in the ship, and which naturally raised the hopes of all on board of the prospect of an early release from the ice, it was not until the 25th November that the pack cleared away and set the little ship free, after an imprisonment of eight long weary months. Leaving a party of six men, including two members of the scientific staff, to take up their abode in Omond House to continue the scientific observations so zealously and so consistently prosecuted during the winter, the Scotia put to sea on the 27th November, and making her way to the northward, without much impediment from the ice, reached the Falkland Islands on the 2d December, where they had the immeasurable pleasure of reading home letters, and gathering information regarding the events that had been happening since their departure ten months before.

A very pleasant week was spent at Stanley, when the Scotia again put to sea, and after experiencing the excitement of taking the ground, and remaining hard and fast for a couple of days at the entrance to the River Plate, they

arrived safely on Christmas Eve at Buenos Ayres. The cause of the grounding of the ship was due to the removal of one of the lightships at the mouth of the river, and their not being aware of this important fact. A month was spent very profitably at Buenos Ayres, where the ship was docked, repaired, coaled, provisioned, and completely refitted, and also in making plans for the prosecution of another summer voyage to the Southern Seas, in order to further extend the work so happily and so prosperously commenced the previous summer.

Satisfactory arrangements were also made with the Argentine Government to take out three gentlemen belonging to that country to reside at Omond House, with the view of establishing a permanent meteorological station in the Far South. This commendable decision of the Government of Argentina was in a great measure due to the energetic enthusiasm of Mr. W. G. Davies, the head of the Meteorological Office, who fully realized the importance of such an establishment in a high southern latitude. On the 21st of January, 1903, the little *Scotia*, with her complement augmented by the three Argentine scientists, again put to sea. The Falkland Islands were revisited, and a most interesting general description of those islands is given by Mr. Brown, more especially with reference to the natural history of the group.

Scotia Bay was reached on the 14th February, and those on board were rejoiced to find the party they had left at Omond House all in good health and spirits, and very pleased to see their comrades again. A week was spent at their old winter quarters, during which time they were fully occupied in landing the stores for those who were to be left in possession, fixing a new roof to the house, and otherwise making the place comfortable. Dr. Pirie and his party returned on board, being relieved by Mr. Mossman, the three Argentine gentlemen, and one of the crew of the *Scotia*, all of whom had volunteered

to remain in the South Orkneys for the ensuing winter.

Chapter XI., written by Dr. Pirie, gives an account of the landing-party from the time the *Scotia* sailed until her return. Much useful scientific work was accomplished, and much valuable information in many branches of science was obtained during the time they were landed. In his notes concerning the penguins he estimated that, at a moderate computation, each "rookery" (the name given to their breeding-places) contained at least 200,000 birds, and as there were many "rookeries" in the neighborhood, the number of birds congregated on the island must have been incalculable. On an average, there was a nest to every square yard! The nests were made of a few pebbles scraped together in a very rough and primitive fashion. Each contained two eggs, though occasionally three were found in one nest. The snowy petrel and Cape pigeon also had their nesting-places in the group. The eggs of the last-named bird had never before been found, and were therefore new to science. Collecting the eggs of these birds was by no means pleasant work, for, in common with the petrel, they had the disgusting habit of ejecting the oily contents of their stomachs at the intruder, the noisome stench from which clung persistently to their clothes for a long time.

The *Scotia* bade farewell to those remaining in Scotia Bay on February 21, and steering to the southward, commenced her second voyage of discovery.

Six days later she crossed the Antarctic Circle, with only loose streams of ice in sight.

On the 1st of March their track of the preceding year was crossed, and good progress was made under sail alone, in a sea perfectly free of ice, where the year before they had met with an impenetrable pack. These wonderful and complete changes in the positions of pack-ice are by no means unusual in Polar seas. On the following day, however, their further progress

was checked by the ice in latitude 72 deg. 18m., when within sight of what at first was reported to be land, but which proved to be a lofty ice barrier, rivalling in height and extent, and very similar in appearance to the famous barrier of ice discovered by Ross in 1840, and recently seen and investigated by the English Antarctic Expedition under Captain Scott. They were able to trace this great wall of ice, rising to a vertical height of 100 to 150 feet, to a point estimated to be about 150 miles to the south of the position where they had first sighted it. The summit of this great inland ice, of which the barrier was the terminal face, appeared to rise in gradually undulating slopes until lost in height and distance in the sky. In one place there was the appearance of the outline of what was assumed to be distant hills. The belief in the proximity of land was strengthened by finding a depth of only 159 fathoms of water at a distance of two and a half miles from the barrier. The presence of innumerable birds, such as penguins, terns, skuas, petrels, etc., seemed also sure indications of the near presence of land. Acting on the assumption that what they saw was in reality new land, they gave it the name of "Coats Land," in honor of Mr. James Coats and Major Andrew Coats, the two principal subscribers to the Expedition. Not doubting for a moment its actual existence, they write, "Whether it is a large island or a part of the Antarctic continent remains for future explorers to finally decide, but the latter hypothesis seems the more probable one."

This discovery is, from a geographical point of view, exceedingly interesting, and of the highest importance as limiting the extent of the Weddell Sea, and increasing very considerably the size of the great Antarctic continent.

On the 7th the Scotia encountered a furious northwest gale, which had the effect of driving the ship into the heavy pack-ice, in which she was completely beset—their position at the time be-

ing 74 deg. 1m., the highest latitude that they attained. Their situation in the pack was not an enviable one: the ice was exceedingly heavy, and the ship was severely handled by it, causing her timbers to creak and groan in a most ominous and alarming way. However, after a week's besetment the ship was fortunately liberated, and pursued her voyage to the Northeast. Deep-sea soundings and dredgings were continued, and with gratifying results.

On one occasion, at a depth of 1400 fathoms, no less than sixty separate species of animal life were obtained in one haul! At such a great depth, where all is darkness, hundreds of fathoms below the limit of the penetration of the rays of the sun, the majority of the animals brought to the surface were either totally blind, or were provided with eyes of enormous size which probably magnified to an extraordinary degree their visual power.

As they proceeded northward they experienced exceptionally boisterous weather, accompanied by heavy seas, in which the little Scotia rolled and pitched in a most uncomfortable manner. It is recorded on one occasion that she rolled 56 degrees to starboard and 43 degrees to port, thus oscillating through an arc of practically 100 degrees! Recording observations with delicate instruments under such conditions, may be better imagined than described. No ice was seen after April 5; and on the 21st they reached the unfrequented little island of Diego Alvarez (now called Gough Island), situated in the South Atlantic, almost midway between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. A most interesting day was spent investigating the fauna and flora of this tiny island. All were in raptures with the "shady nooks," the "mossy grottoes," the "springy turf," the "grassy banks," and, above all, they felt "the joy of mingling again with the abundance of nature, of treading on land, and drinking in the smell of earth," so different to what they had

been accustomed to on the sterile shores of the South Orkneys.

Cape Town was reached on the 5th of May, where they were all most cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Leaving Table Bay on the 17th, the Expedition called at Saldanha Bay, thence touching at the islands of St. Helena, Ascension (of which excellent and interesting descriptions are given), and Fayal, reached home in July, where, it is needless to add, they were accorded that warm and enthusiastic reception at the hands of their countrymen, which they so well and so deservedly merited. Not the least gratifying acknowledgment of their services was the receipt of the following telegram from Lord Knollys:

"I am commanded by the King to congratulate you and the officers and crew of the *Scotia* on your and their safe return, and on the completion of your important additions to the scientific knowledge and discoveries in the southeastern part of the Weddell Sea."

This brings to an end the "*Voyage of the Scotia*," an expedition well conceived and excellently conducted. The concluding chapters of the book comprise a narrative of the work performed by the party left behind in *Scotia Bay*, to continue the hourly meteorological observations, and to com-

plete the series of magnetic observations commenced during the first winter; also to add to the natural history collections previously made. This party was relieved on the 31st December, 1903, by the Argentine gunboat *Uruguay*, which had been specially dispatched by the Argentine Government to convey a party to the South Orkneys for the purpose of relieving Mr. Mossman and those with him. The *Uruguay*, it may be noted, was the same vessel that had the previous year rescued the Swedish Expedition, under Nordenskjöld, from *Grahamland*.

The "*Voyage of the Scotia*" is not the least meritorious of the many books that have been written descriptive of life in the Polar Regions, and will surely take its place as a very welcome, as well as a useful, addition to South Polar literature. There is not a dull page in the book; each one teems with interest, and is delightful reading. Every incident, and more especially those relating to what may be termed the manners and customs of bird-life in the South Orkneys, is most graphically described, and is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The maps are excellent, and will assist very materially in enabling the reader to follow the *Scotia* in her interesting voyage to Antarctic Seas.



The Frenchwomen of the Salons.

By MRS. HYLTON DALE.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

WHY is it that the Frenchwomen of the salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were so celebrated?

Because they were the most superb hostesses the world has ever known, and because they inspired men.

Now in what lay the supreme art of these queens of entertainers? They did not give music to their guests, not always dinner or supper (some were too poor for this); most of them were neither young nor beautiful; they were not well or thoroughly educated as a rule, and some were by no means rich. One of them was blind. Yet, whether they were rich or poor, old or young, pretty or plain, well educated or ill educated, they were great social queens, whom it was a privilege to know, and the entree to whose salons was regarded as the hall-mark of distinction and merit, where the guests were sure to be happy, cheered, soothed, stimulated and admired. The secret of the success of these great women (for they were great in a small world) was that they possessed the supreme qualities of tact, charm and sympathy—qualities of the soul which enabled them to draw out all that was best, finest, noblest in men. They appealed to the inner man and not merely to the senses. To do this in perfection required the most exquisite gifts of mind and heart. No fool could possibly do it. Beauty, riches, birth, rank, all admirable adjuncts it is true, were of no avail without the spiritual force which enabled

these women to illuminate the spirit of their guests. In proportion as they possessed this spiritual force, their power and influence existed.

Shenstone says, "There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with a Frenchwoman, it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool." If of a fool, then how much more of the really gifted! Now the women of the salons possessed this quality of intellectual irritation in a superlative degree. They never tried to show off their own cleverness, but always the cleverness of others. With this object in view, they led the conversation, putting in an adroit question or remark occasionally, but always with the idea of leading up to the special subject and displaying the talents peculiar to each man present. The French have always excelled in conversation, but Madame de Staël said that no one who had not heard it before the Great Revolution of 1789 could know what conversation really was.

It was Madame de Rambouillet who originated the salon, and made it the power it was for 250 years. It was in her salon that the custom originated of authors (who until then were poor, and more or less miserable and despised) reading out their poems to the assembled guests. Such a thing had never been seen before, of literary men being received as equals by the great world, after being gently taught good manners, encouraged to stand upright,

instead of humbly bending their backs; of boldly expressing their opinions, instead of speaking "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," thankful even for kicks, if they were allowed to pick up the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. It was in this salon that the works of Cornelle were first discussed and appreciated, although it must be confessed that the great man was a fearful bore in the salon, and read his own plays abominably. Fénelon was one of its chief ornaments. It was here too that Bossuet, at the age of seventeen, improvised a magnificent discourse one evening on a given subject that held the company spellbound to midnight. "I have never heard any one preach so early or so late," said the witty Voiture.

Let us always honor Madame de Rambouillet for being the first of the noblesse to admit into her magnificent hotel—which she designed herself, by-the-bye—men, who for the first time enjoyed the sweets of consideration, gentleness and peace. Voiture, Esprit, Malherbe, the laureate of the salon, who always remained boorish, "a toothless gallant, always spitting," in spite of every polite influence, but who wrote excellent poetry; Marin, who wrote a poem of 45,000 verses called "Adonis"; Chapelain, who wrote "La Pucelle," and who was shabby and dirty to the last in spite of all the efforts of the Marquise to reform him, but who was an encyclopedia of knowledge and consulted by the savants of every country in Europe; Ménage, Conrart, the first perpetual secretary of the Academie Française; Godeau, the dashing little gallant; Colletet, the clever drunkard, besides the greater lights of Cornelle, Fénelon, Bossuet, Balzac (not Honoré de), Richelieu, Condé, Pascal, Arnauld and La Rochefoucauld.

Literary merit all must have, or they were not admitted. This was the distinguishing feature of the salon. Possessing this, Madame drew them all in, compelled the frivolous to consider se-

rious things, and the pedants to remember they were men first and authors afterwards, and also that there is a light side of life as well as a solid one, that the gazelle has its uses as well as the elephant. For thirty years in her historic Salon Bleu she held her court. She turned refinement into a fine art, and all of talent, wit or birth, who came in contact with her, were impressed by it. She had exquisitely refined tastes, and possessed a Greek love of beauty in all its forms. She was adored as a model of courtesy, wisdom, knowledge and sweetness.

It was in Madame de Rambouillet's salon that the French language, as at present spoken, was first brought to completion and perfection. It had been corrupted by many ignoble modes of speech, and there was an excessive amount of Rabelaisian coarseness, which Madame de Rambouillet and her "precieuses" determined to put down. That this eventually led, after many years, to affectation, we know. But even this had its uses in inspiring Molière to write his wittily sarcastic comedies "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," which hold the stage even now, and have contributed to the gaiety of nations. The affectations passed away, the good results in purifying the most fascinating language in the world remain to this day.

As regards the purification of manners, this salon has been called "the cradle of good manners in France," and well it deserved the title. I cannot give instances of the worst cases of bad manners even amongst the great ones of the court, but I will mention a few of the less gross cases, which are quite bad enough. The Comte de Bregis, at a dance, once received a slap from his partner, and retaliated by pulling her hair down in the middle of a banquet. At supper, at a big reception, the Marquis de la Case seized a leg of mutton from a dish and beat a lady on the head with it, and smeared

her dress with gravy. The lady treated it as a huge joke.

At the court of Louis the Thirteenth the people were sometimes admitted to have the inestimable privilege of seeing the king dine. One day a young woman stared at him too fixedly, he thought; so he took a mouthful of wine, and squirted it all over her bare throat and bosom. The "precieuses" compelled men to treat them with decency, and to respect their sex by selecting topics of conversation fit for the ears of civilized women. It was a mighty enterprise, and no one can measure the transformation they effected in manners without making a minute examination of the indecency of the day, which is not edifying reading, especially for the young, so I should advise it to be taken as read.

Even La Grande Mademoiselle, niece of Louis the Thirteenth, destined herself later on to hold a salon of no mean influence, heiress to vast wealth and estates, the heroine of the Fronde, who fired the cannon from the Bastille, and saved the great Condé from destruction, first learned good manners at Madame de Rambouillet's, and was thankful for it. At first she was a regular dragoon in petticoats, and swore like a Cossack. She threatened to tear out the beard of the Marechal de l'Hopital with her own hands, and her ladies followed suit in roughness and brutality. La Grande Mademoiselle ended by adoring Madame de Rambouillet, and set the example in her own salon of good manners and refinement. It was she who first introduced the fashion of writing sketches of the characters of the people around her, always so popular with the French, and so admirably treated by La Bruyere in his "Caracteres" (now a classic), and in more modern times by that most accomplished writer and critic Sainte-Beuve. Madame de Vervias killed one of her servants by excessive beating, and the people of Paris sacked her palace for it.

I quote as an example of the bad man-

ners of man to man the celebrated Duc d'Eprenon, who, when discussing official affairs with the Archbishop of Bordeaux, hit him in the face with his fist, and gave him several cuts with his cane.

It was in Madame de Rambouillet's salon that the celebrated French Academy first saw the light. Richelieu issued letters patent entitling it to call itself "The French Academy, because its express purpose was to preserve and improve the French language." The French Academy still exercises the same protective influence on French language and literature.

To the salon of Mademoiselle de Scudery, the authoress of many ten-volume novels, and who was a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge, I can only briefly allude, but at her celebrated Samedis (which we should now call her at-home days) the grand monde and the literary world thronged as they used to do at her great predecessor's. She was never good-looking, but was endowed with charm as well as talents. She refused many offers of marriage, and died at the age of ninety-four, with the reputation of never deserting a friend, and notably the great Condé's family after the reverses of the Fronde. Among her friends were Madame de Sablé, a celebrated saloniere herself; the Marquis de Montausier and his wife, who was the celebrated Julie d'Angennes, daughter of Madame de Rambouillet; La Rochefoucauld, Madame La Fayette, Madame de Sevigne, Madame Scarron, one day to be the wife of Louis the Fourteenth, known as Madame de Maintenon; the witty Madame Cornuel, who called the eight generals appointed after the death of Turenne "la petite monnaie pour Turenne," and also said of our James the Second "that the Holy Spirit had eaten up all his understanding," and many more. The tenth Muse, as Mademoiselle de Scudery was called, seems to have had a very happy, cheery nature, free from the pessimism which dark-

ened the minds of so many of her sister salon-holders.

Of Madame de Sevigne, another salon-holder, Mademoiselle de Scudery wrote: "She inspires affection in all hearts that are capable of feeling it. Nobody else has ever better known the art of being graceful without affectation, witty without malice, modest without constraint, and virtuous without severity." Madame de Sevigne's great passion was for her daughter, Madame de Grignan, a beautiful, odious creature, who was as much disliked as her mother was adored, and who left her mother to die of smallpox alone, for fear of catching the infection. It was to this daughter she wrote those thirty years of incomparable letters, celebrated as the most delightful and spirituelles epistles even a Frenchwoman ever produced.

Space does not allow allusion to the host of minor salons that soon sprang up, interesting as these were. We must pass on rapidly to the great ones of the eighteenth century, and first of all to that of the Marquise Du Deffand. Not well educated, and married very young to a man "with whom she had nothing in common," she at first drifted into the dissolute set of the Regent, and was introduced to his "petits soupers," but she was too good for him, and soon wearied a mere sensualist. She seems early to have been disillusioned with society and life. Ennui followed her steps all her days.

It was not until she was well over fifty that she opened her salon, which at once became a noted center for the great ones of the earth. D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Pont de Veyle, Chevalier d'Aydie, Froment, La Harpe, Marmontel, Dorat, Saurin, Beaumarchais, Edward Gibbon, Fox, Burke, Horace Walpole, and many other men of letters frequented her salon. Yet she said later: "I have seen many savants and men of letters; I have not found their society delightful." Brilliant, fascinating, charming, restless, eager, sceptical and saturated by the

free-thinking spirit of her age, she seems all her life to have been as a ship without a rudder. She desired to be religious, as the state of the greatest happiness in the world, but with her sceptical nature it was impossible.

She was not the lifelong friend of Voltaire for nothing. She herself has been dubbed "La femme Voltaire." The President Herault loved her all his life. All her unhappiness lay in the fact that she could not love, she could not forget herself, and could not believe her friends loved her, judging from the lack of love in her own heart. Although surrounded by adoring friends to extreme old age, she always doubted their love for her, and made herself wretched by her cold, dry, sceptical spirit. She loved with her head rather than her heart. She lacked what modern people call temperament, and others a harder name. She allowed her cold analytical spirit to spoil all her belief in goodness and disinterestedness. Yet she, who doubted the friendship of all her friends to herself, was ever a warm and devoted friend of others. It was her misfortune, not her fault, she could not love.

In 1754 she became totally blind, and this was the direct cause of another future famous salon-holder coming on the scene, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. An illegitimate daughter of a great lady, whose half-brother and half-sister embittered her life, she was very glad to accept an offer from Madame Du Deffand to become her companion and reader. Madame Du Deffand warned her before she came to her that she could not brook the smallest deceit or unstraightforward conduct. The two women lived together for ten years, at first with contentment, but afterwards with difficulty, which led to an open rupture. Madame Du Deffand was accustomed to turn night into day, and consequently kept her bedroom until six o'clock in the evening; then she descended to her salon. One day, on coming down earlier than usual, she found Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse holding a

salon of her own, which was frequented by the most celebrated men of Madame Du Deffand's set. Loud were her outcries of ingratitude and deceit, and not without reason. The two women parted for ever. The friends of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, who was almost entirely without means, insured her a small pension, and then the celebrated salon in the Rue Belle Chasse was opened, and the triumphs of ten wonderful years began. Madame Du Deffand told her great friend D'Alembert, the chief ornament of her salon, he must choose between her and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, and he went over to the younger woman, whom he loved with passionate devotion, and whose premature death, ten years later, practically killed him.

In 1765, when Madame Du Deffand was sixty-eight years of age, she made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, son of the English Prime Minister, and who strongly resembled herself in tastes and character, with one notable exception—that he was never bored, and was interested in everything around him. The warmest possible friendship sprang up between this accomplished man of the world and the famous Marquise, and on her side this friendship developed into passionate love. She loved him with the whole pent-up passion of a lifetime. Nature has curious ways of avenging herself for self-suppression or retarded development.

Horace Walpole was under fifty years of age, and although as devoted in spirit as a man of his stamp could be to the blind, sad, but still brilliant woman, he was terribly afraid of being ridiculed for the love a woman over sixty bore him, but at the same time he never allowed this fear to make him brutal to her, to quench the friendship he felt for her, or his delighted appreciation of her society. The two had the very strongest mental affinity for each other, and it was a cruel stroke of fate not to allow them to meet earlier in life. Oh! the pity of it, that

everything in life comes too late! Horace Walpole never married (he lived to the age of eighty), and there is no doubt no woman ever affected him or charmed him as much as the Marquise Du Deffand. Her letters to him, filling two thick volumes (of course dictated to her faithful secretary Wiart), are most interesting and wonderful reading, only surpassed in their turn by those of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse to the Comte de Guibert.

Courted to the last of her long life by the finest society in France, Europe and England, Madame Du Deffand was devoured to the last by ennui, and is a striking instance of the futility of charm and intelligence to give personal happiness, unless combined with religion, or a strong sense of duty to humanity.

"Vous voulez (she wrote to Walpole) que j'espère vivre quatre-vingt-dix ans! Ah! Mon Dieu, quelle mauvaise espérance! Ignorez-vous que je déteste la vie, que je me déteste d'avoir tant vécu, et que je ne me console point d'être née? Je ne suis point faite pour ce monde-ci; je ne sais pas s'il y a un autre; quel qu'il puisse être, je le crains. Vous êtes en droit de me dire, 'Contentez-vous de vous ennuyer, abstenez-vous d'ennuyer les autres.'"

Again:

"Je suis bien fâchée d'être aussi ignorante, d'avoir été si mal élevée, de n'avoir aucun talent ou de n'être pas bête et manger du foin. Cette dernière manière serait peut-être la meilleure; je m'ennuyerais moins, je dormirais mieux et je n'aurais pas de mauvaises digestions."

Again:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! qu'il y a peu de gens supportables, mais de gens qui plaisent il n'y en a point. Je trouve tout le monde détestable."

And this was said by the most courted, the most flattered, and in spite of her faults, one of the most beloved women in a country where women have always been most beloved and have always had enormous influence.

The Marquise suffered from malady of the soul with its ennui, egoism, doubt and despair, and which made her life so dramatic, although it was entirely destitute of events. When her faithful secretary Wiart wept at her

deathbed, she exclaimed, "You love me, then!" She died as she had lived, doubting. To Walpole she confided her pet dog, which got fat and died of old age, at his house at Strawberry Hill.

The malady of the soul of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse rendered her life still more tragic and insupportable, and killed her prematurely at the age of forty-three. Her passionate love for the Comte de Guibert, following immediately on the top of her equally profound feeling for the Marquis de Mora (son of the Spanish Ambassador to France), and who adored her, combined with the morbid remorse she felt at loving another while her first lover was dying, burned out her life. Her letters to the Comte de Guibert are the most extraordinary monument to passion existing in any language. The intensity, power and feverish height of this terrible passion cannot be surpassed. Sainte-Beuve says that to-day "Posterity classes the book in the series of immortal paintings and testimonies of passion, of which there is not so great a number that we cannot count them. Amongst those of Sappho, Phædra, Dido, Ariadne, Héloïse, Manon Lescaut, the letters of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse are in the first rank." As a trait peculiarly French, it may be mentioned that these immortal letters to Monsieur de Guibert were published after his death by his wife.

"*Mon ami* (Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse wrote), in the days when people believed in witchcraft, I should have explained all that you have made me experience by saying that you had the power to throw a spell over me. I owe it to you that I have tasted that pleasure which intoxicates the soul to the point of taking from it all feelings of pain and sorrow."

The Comte de Guibert, who was also the first love of another celebrated woman, Madame de Staël, was a brilliant society man, of great charm, of showy, superficial gifts, of whom great things had been expected and predicted, but which never came to pass. The Marquis de Mora was infinitely his superior, and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse knew it. Both men were

more than ten years her junior. She wrote to Monsieur de Guibert constantly of De Mora "as the most tender, the most perfect, the most charming being who ever existed, who abandoned to me his soul, his thought, and all his existence. I still owe to him all that my heart can feel that is most consoling, most tender, regrets and tears. His prepossession, his passion for me raised me to his level. *Mon Dieu!* how have I fallen! how sunken I am! but he never knew it."

And again:

"You have charmed me and rent my soul alternately. Never did I find you more lovable, more worthy of being loved; and never have I been so penetrated with deep and poignant and bitter sorrow at the memory of M. de Mora. Why do you rend me and comfort me at the same moment? Why this fatal mixture of pleasure and pain, of balm and passion?"

"All this acts with too much violence on a soul that passion and misfortune have overwrought; all this is completing the destruction of a body exhausted by illness and want of sleep. It is by you or by Death that I must be relieved, or cured forever; all the world, all Nature, can do nothing for me.

"You think that there is no degree of passion beyond that I have shown you. I answer that you know not everything, and that there are no words to express the force of a passion which feeds itself on tears and remorse, and desires but two things—to love or to die. There is nothing of that in books, *mon ami*. I spent an evening with you that would seem exaggerated if read in the pages of Prevost, the man who has best known all that passion has of sweet and terrible."

And when she was dying:

"I would, *mon ami*, that during the few days I have to live you should not pass a single one without remembering that you are loved to madness by the most unhappy of human beings. *Mon ami*, come and dine to-morrow with Madame Geoffrin. I have so little time to live that nothing you can do for me could have consequences in the future. Adieu! I have company in my room. Ah! how irksome it is to live in society when one has but one thought."

All the three years this passion was at this pitch of frenzy and delirium, it was unknown to the world around her; even devoted D'Alembert, who loved her with the same passion she did De

Guibert, and who resided in the same house (there were ten families in the house) with her, never suspected it. Every night she, the most celebrated woman in Paris, presided from 5 to 9 or 10 in her salon, where all that Paris had of the most illustrious invariably assembled. She was too poor to give her guests either dinner or supper, but she gave them that which was infinitely better, the very best social intercourse the world has ever known. Marmontel said:

"Never was conversation more lively, more brilliant than at her house. The continued activity of her soul was communicated to our souls. The brains she stirred at will were neither feeble nor frivolous; the Condillacs and Turgots were among them. D'Alembert was like a simple docile child beside her. Her talent for casting out a thought and giving it for discussion to men of that class, her own talent for discussing it with precision, sometimes with eloquence; her talent for bringing forward new ideas, and varying the topic, with the facility and ease of a fairy—who with one touch of her wand can change the scene of her enchantment—these talents were not those of an ordinary woman."

Grimm says the same of her: "that she knew how to unite the different styles of mind without appearing to make the slightest effort. No one knew better how to do the honors of her house. She put every one in his place, and every one was content with it. She had great knowledge of the world, and that species of politeness which is the most agreeable—I mean that which has the tone of personal interest."

Was she beautiful? No, she was never that, and Grimm said her face was never young, but she had the greatest charm a face can have—a most varied and expressive countenance.

Up to the last she held her salon. Outwardly the charming, great, though suffering hostess, inwardly her life was all drama—not that of the stage, but the inexhaustible one of pure personal emotion and sensation. No wonder such a strain killed her. Her last words in her last letter to De Guibert were, "Adieu, *mon ami!* If ever I returned to life, I would employ it in

loving you—but now there is no time." Her influence had been enormous. With the great D'Alembert, the chief of the Encyclopedists, and their perpetual secretary, one of the most celebrated men of the age, she could do as she pleased. She influenced the election of the Academicians, and helped to inspire the Encyclopedists in their efforts to reform society. But her chief interest to women especially lies in herself, in her birth, her unhappy life, above all her unhappy love. In reading her life one can truly reflect: "Happy is the woman who has no history."

Another great salon-holder, outwardly cold, calm and austere, but inwardly full of the deepest and most passionate feeling, was Madame Necker, wife of the celebrated Minister of State and financier, and mother of the famous Madame de Staël. She was one of the few great salon-holders who had all the gifts of the gods, youth, beauty, education, wealth, position, religion, a devoted and faithful husband, an adoring child. Yet she was no happier than any of her celebrated predecessors, and seems to have inspired less love than any of them, and much more criticism. She was what Sainte-Beuve calls "*une fleur transplantée.*" Strongly religious (she was the daughter of a Swiss pastor), she was destined to be the hostess of free-thinkers and philosophers. Of austere life, and passionately devoted to her husband at a period when marital love was sneered at, she was surrounded by such brilliant profligates as the Abbé Galiani, Diderot, the incomparable *mauvais sujet*, founder of the French Encyclopedia, and the rest. Diderot, although always more at home with the Bacchante than the Virgin, appreciated the purity of soul of Madame Necker, and criticised himself and his defects to her. Adoring her husband, she did not understand or fathom his nature, and passionately deplored this, and when he was more fully understood by their brilliant and vivacious daughter, who

worshipped both her parents equally, she wore herself out with passionate regrets and doubts about her capacity for retaining affection, or as to the reality of the love they felt for her.

There was a somber jealousy, none the less real for being unacknowledged, of the affection of the brilliant being, her daughter and her husband. Madame Necker wanted to be all in all to those she loved. The melancholy and morbidity of this too conscientious creature, who forced herself to do everything from a sense of duty, and not because she liked it (she opened her salon for her husband's sake), were merely another development of that ennui which devoured the souls of so many in that voluptuous age—*l'ennui, fils du plaisir*—and which, when idealized as with Madame Necker, turned to melancholy, reverie and extreme emotional sensibility. She and her husband were almost unique examples, in that age, of virtue and passion in marriage, true disciples of another great Swiss, Rousseau, who never ceased talking of passion and virtue although he was incapable of feeling one or of practicing the other.

Madame Necker's devoted friend of twenty years' standing was Thomas, her greatest woman friend the exquisite little Duchesse de Lauzun, granddaughter of the Marechal de Luxembourg, in her day a fashionable saloniere. Another of her great friends was Madame D'Houdetot, the friend of Rousseau, also Madame Geoffrin, who scolded her for her excessive sensibility—always a mark of friendship with the old lady—and who, when she came to see her, brought her comfortable chair with her. It appears that one day little Germaine Necker beat Madame Geoffrin because she wanted to sit in the chair herself. Madame Geoffrin took no offense, but, the next time she came, brought some bonbons for the child, and a whip for the mother. Madame Du Deffand also came occasionally, but she did not care for people who were too virtuous. She

said of Necker that he was "distrain et abstrait," was lacking in the quality which brings out the esprit of those with whom he spoke, so that one felt plus bete with him than with any one else, or, with one's self. He was, therefore, exactly the opposite of these women who held the salons.

Madame Necker's salon was more joyous later on, when her daughter Germaine's brilliant genius and dominant personality enlivened it. Madame de Staël was the true daughter of the Neckers, both mentally and spiritually, as well as in the flesh. She was undoubtedly the greatest woman-genius the world ever produced, and the equal of the most intellectual men of her day. But I do not intend to dwell long on her to-day. She would require a whole paper to herself. She exerted an enormous influence by her ideas and writings. She was the pioneer of modern history. She introduced Germany and Italy to Europe. She could do everything, and do it splendidly. But a salon-holder, in the accepted sense, she was not. She did not want to listen to others, she wished to talk herself.

Her influence politically was so great that Napoleon banished her from France. She never ceased attacking his policy after he became Emperor, and Napoleon brooked no criticism. So her fierce and futile opposition brought her ten bitter years of exile from her adored Paris, when she either ate her heart out at Coppet, or wandered over the Continent or England, being everywhere received as a brilliant queen, putting all women in the shade and most men. She has inspired an enormous amount of writing, even more than she wrote, for she gave birth to more original ideas than any women who ever lived. But her genius was too universal for her to confine it exclusively to a salon. As S. G. Tallentyre epigrammatically puts it, "the other salonieres made their salons their world. It was only this one who attempted to make the world her salon."

From Madame de Staël one passes at once to her friend Madame Récamier, her beautiful Juliette as she always called her, and whose beauty, grace and charm she adored and was never tired of praising. Madame de Récamier was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of that day. She had small features, a beautiful vermillion mouth, a dazzling complexion and soft fine skin. She was a complete contrast in every way to Madame de Staël, who was heavy in appearance and feature, although her eyes—the eyes of genius—were magnificent, and her bust and shoulders beyond criticism. At receptions, Madame de Récamier's presence always caused intense excitement. People stood upon chairs to look at her. One of Napoleon's brothers, Lucien, fell desperately in love with her, and even Napoleon tried to make love to her, but without success.

It was after the Restoration that Madame Récamier held her salon, and was visited in her modest abode at the Abbaye aux Bois (for Monsieur Récamier had lost all his fortune) by all the most noted men and women in Europe. Was it for her beauty she was so beloved? Scarcely that alone. Madame de Sévigné's daughter was very beautiful, but was universally detested. It was not for her intellect, for no one called her clever. It was not for her money, for she had none. It was for her gentle and tender sympathy, which radiated from her involuntarily as light from the sun; it was her soft charm, and the soothing influence she exercised upon men of genius, even the most irritable. Her charm was like the fragrance of a flower, involuntary, invisible, all-powerful and all-extending. She was incapable of passion, unlike Madame de Staël, who was all fire and passion. Otherwise, she could never have exercised the tranquil, soothing influence she did—notably on the celebrated Chateaubriand, who visited her daily, and at whose deathbed she wept so much that her eyes became per-

manently affected. People went to see her because they felt happy with her. No wife ever became jealous of her.

Prince Augustus of Prussia loved her for thirty years, and passionately desired the dissolution of her nominal marriage to M. Récamier and union with himself. But she had not sufficient character to make such a change in her life, and leave Paris. Prince Augustus traveled hundreds of miles to meet her on one occasion, but she did not keep the tryst. Although pierced to the heart by such indifference, he never upbraided her. "The ring you gave me will go with me to my grave," he wrote to her. He married, but he never forgot her. At his death her portrait was returned to her. She did not and could not reciprocate passionate love. She could only inspire it, and perhaps this was intended to be her metier. To inspire pure and unselfish love in men who were neither pure nor unselfish; to raise their morale by bringing out the poetry of their natures, rather than the sensual; to inspire them with an appreciation of the refined and beautiful in woman, without any hope of possession; to arouse their chivalry for weakness, must have had an elevating influence on the libertines of the day who had merely regarded women as an object of pleasure or desire, but now realized something of the influence and beauty of that which is always unattainable—namely, the ideal.

Madame Necker, Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier follow each other in direct connection, but I must go back a few years and speak, last but not least, of one more salon-holder, and truly the most wonderful of them all, namely Madame Geoffrin.

A bourgeoisie of the bourgeoisie (her father had been a valet de chambre), married to a rich middle-class man, yet she reigned as a social queen before the Revolution, in one of the most aristocratic and exclusive societies the world has ever known. She was not received at court, she was not young, or beautiful, or well educated. She

could never spell properly, but had been taught to read, and to read much, by her clever old grandmother, who brought her up, but who otherwise refused to allow her to be educated, saying that she herself had done very well without education, and she considered if her granddaughter were clever she could do without it, too, and if stupid, education would only make her conspicuous.

Above all, she began life with a definite aim, namely a persistent determination to establish her salon. It was not merely a wish, but an intention to do it, and she had sufficient strength of character to carry it through. It is said that the gifted but ever infamous Madame de Tencin (the reputed mother of D'Alembert, whom she left as a baby on the steps of a church) gave her lessons in the art "de tenir salon." She was gifted with the very finest social sense, and a dominant passion for consideration. Horace Walpole said she had more common sense than any woman he had ever met. She was very generous. She helped every one; she paid Poniatowski's debts, helped Mademoiselles de l'Espinasse, Morellet, Thomas and other writers magnificently. She delighted in giving costly presents to friends, and made up little bags of money for the poor on Sundays. She avoided all passions and controversies, and disliked unhappy people about her. She would not be overshadowed by gloomy people.

Her salon was one of the institutions of the eighteenth century. Princes, ambassadors, artists, savants, philosophers, men of letters, beautiful women thronged her rooms. She gave a dinner once a week to artists like Boucher, Vanloo, Vernet, and also another dinner weekly to literary men such as Marmontel, Holbach, D'Alembert, Gibbon, Hume, Walpole. To these dinners only one woman was admitted, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. What art she displayed in selecting her, the one woman of all who knew how to make men talk their best, and who, like

herself, knew how to listen! Beautiful girls and women confided in her. Stanislas Poniatowski, who afterward became King of Poland, she called her son. "Mamma, your son is king," he wrote to her from Poland. "Come and see him." She went, and her whole journey was like a royal procession. Extraordinary honors were paid to her. Maria Theresa received her at Schönbrunn. Princes made her fine speeches, and in Poland its King honored her as a dutiful son—a French son—does a beloved mother. She received the crowning triumph of her wonderful life.

"This tour finished [she wrote to D'Alembert], I feel I shall have seen enough of men and things to be convinced that they are everywhere about the same. I have my storehouse of reflections and comparisons well furnished for the rest of my life. All that I have seen makes me thank God for being born French and a private person."

This was all her history. Apart from her salon she had none—no lovers, no vices, no past, no adventures. That this little "private person" should have had the influence she did, and have held the most wonderful salon of all since Madame de Rambouillet, at a time when to be bourgeois was to be canaille to the aristocrats of that day, and to be virtuous was to be hopelessly unfashionable, is indeed one of the most extraordinary phenomena of those phenomenal times. To understand the brilliant Frenchmen who surrounded her, to play upon them as on an instrument of music, to inspire all with confidence in her motherly sympathy and interest, and to weld her circle together and to maintain it in harmony, required the very greatest social genius, combined with the warm heart of the Frenchwoman. No unkind action is mentioned of her. Even her last recorded utterance is delightful in its thoughtfulness. When her friends in her bedroom during her last illness were discussing schemes for the improvement of the masses, she raised herself to say—"Ajoutez-y le soin de procurer les plaisirs."

Socialism and the Middle Classes.

By H. G. WELLS.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

IN this paper I am anxious to define and discuss a little the relationship between three distinct things:

(1) Socialism, i. e. a large, a slowly elaborating conception of a sane and organized state and moral culture to replace our present chaotic way of living.

(2) the Socialist movement, and

(3) the Middle Classes.

The first is to me a very great thing indeed, the form and substance of my ideal life, and all the religion I possess. Let me make my confession plain and clear. I am, by a sort of predestination, a socialist. I perceive I cannot help talking and writing about socialism, and shaping and forwarding socialism. I am one of a succession—one of a growing multitude of witnesses, who will continue. It does not—in the larger sense—matter how many generations of us must toil and testify. It does not matter, except as our individual concern, how individually we succeed or fail, what blunders we make, what thwartings we encounter, what follies and inadequacies darken our private hopes and level our personal imaginations to the dust. We have the light. We know what we are for, and that the light that now glimmers so dimly through us must in the end prevail. * * *

So, largely, I conceive of socialism. But socialism and the socialist movement are two very different things. The socialist movement is an item in an altogether different scale.

I must confess that the organized socialist movement, all the socialist societies and leagues and federations and parties together in England, seem to me no more than the rustling hem of the garment of advancing socialism. For some years the whole organized socialist movement seemed to me so unimportant, so irrelevant to that progressive development and realization of a great system of ideas, which is socialism, that, like very many other socialists, I did not trouble to connect myself with any section of it. I don't believe that the socialist idea is as yet nearly enough thought out and elaborated for very much of it to be realized of set intention now. Socialism is still essentially education, is study, is a renewal, a profound change in the circle of human thought and motive. The institutions which will express this changed circle of thought are important indeed, but with a secondary importance. Socialism is the still incomplete, the still sketchy and sketchily indicative plan of a new life for the world, a new and better way of living, a change of spirit and substance from the narrow selfishness and immediacy and cowardly formalism, the chaotic life of individual accident that is human life to-day, a life that dooms itself and all of us to thwartings and misery.

Socialism, therefore, is to be served by thought and expression, in art, in literature, in scientific statement and life, in discussion and the quickening exercise of propaganda; but the social-

ist movement, as one finds it, is too often no more than a hasty attempt to secure a premature realization of some fragmentary suggestion of this great, still plastic design, to the neglect of all other of its aspects. As my own sense of socialism has enlarged and intensified, I have become more and more impressed by the imperfect socialism of almost every socialist movement that is going on; by its necessarily partial and limited projection from the clotted cants and habituations of things as they are.

Some socialists quarrel with the Liberal Party and with the socialist section of the Liberal Party because it does not go far enough, because it does not embody a socialism uncompromising and complete, because it has not definitely cut itself off from the old traditions, the discredited formulae, that served before the coming of our great idea. They are blind to the fact that there is no organized socialism at present, uncompromising and complete, and the socialists who flatter themselves they represent as much are merely those who have either never grasped or who have forgotten the full implications of socialism. They are just a little step further, a very little step further in their departure from existing prejudices, in their subservience to existing institutions and existing imperatives.

Take, for example, the socialism that is popular in New York and Chicago and Germany, and that finds its exponents here typically in the inferior ranks of the Social Democratic Federation—the Marxite teaching. It still waits permeation by true socialist conceptions. It is a version of life adapted essentially to the imagination of the working wage earner, and limited by his limitations. It is the vision of poor souls perennially reminded each Monday morning of the shadow and irksomeness of life, perpetually recalled each Saturday pay time to a watery gleam of all that life might be. One of the numberless relationships of life,

the relationship of capital or the employer to the employed, is made to overshadow all other relations. Get that put right, "expropriate the idle rich," transfer all capital to the state, make the state humane, amenable, universal employer—that, to innumerable socialist working men, is the horizon.

The rest he sees in the forms of the life to which he is accustomed. A little home, a trifle larger and brighter than his present one, a more abounding table, a cheerful missus released from factory work and unhealthy competition with men, a bright and healthy family going to and fro to the public free schools, free medical attendance, universal State insurance for old age, free trams to Burnham Beeches, shorter hours of work and higher wages, no dismissals, no hunting for work that eludes one.

All the wide world of collateral consequences that will follow from the cessation of the system of employment under conditions of individualist competition, he does not seem to apprehend. Such phrases as the citizenship and economic independence of women leave him cold. That socialism has anything to say about the economic basis of the family, about the social aspects of marriage, about the rights of the parent, doesn't, I think, at first occur to him at all. Nor does he realize for a long time that for socialism and under socialist institutions will there be needed any system of self-discipline, any rules of conduct further than the natural impulses and the native goodness of man.

He takes just that aspect of socialism that appeals to him, and that alone, and it is only exceptionally at present, and very slowly, as a process of slow habitation and enlargement, that he comes to any wider conceptions. And, as a consequence, directly we pass to any social type to which weekly or monthly wages is not the dominating fact of life, and a simple unthinking faith in Yes or No decisions its dominant habit, the phrasings, the formulae,

the statements and the discreet omissions of the leaders of working class socialism fail to appeal.

Socialism commends itself to a considerable proportion of the working class simply as a beneficial change in the conditions of work and employment; to other sections of the community it presents itself through equally limited aspects. Certain ways of living it seems to condemn root and branch. To the stockbroker and many other sorts of trader, to the usurer, to the company promoter, to the retired butler who has invested his money in "weekly property," for example, it stands for the dissolution of all comprehensible social order. It simply repudiates the way of living to which they have committed themselves.

And to great numbers of agreeable unintelligent people who live upon rent and interest it is a projected severing of every bond that holds man and man, that keeps servants respectful, tradespeople in order, railways and hotels available, and the whole procedure of life going. They class socialism and anarchism together in a way that is as logically unjust as it is from their point of view justifiable. Both cults have this in common, that they threaten to wipe out the whole world of the villa resident. And this sense of a threatened profound disturbance in their way of living pervades the attitude of nearly all the comfortable classes toward socialism.

When we discuss the attitude of the middle classes to socialism we must always bear this keener sense of disconcerting changes in mind. It is a part of the queer composition of the human animal that its desire for happenings is balanced by an instinctive dread of real changes of condition. People, especially fully adult people, are creatures who have grown accustomed to a certain method of costume, a certain system of meals, a certain dietary, certain apparatus, a certain routine. They know their way about in life as it is. They would be lost in Utopia.

Quite little alterations "put them out," as they say—create a distressing feeling of inadequacy, make them "feel odd." Whatever little enlargements they may contemplate in reverie, in practice they know they want nothing except, perhaps, a little more of all the things they like. That's the way with most of us, anyhow.

To make a fairly complete intimation of the nature of socialism to an average, decent, middle-aged, middle-class person would be to arouse emotions of unspeakable terror, if the whole project didn't also naturally clothe itself in a quality of incredibility. And you will find, as a matter of fact, that your middle-class socialists belong to two classes; either they are amiable people who don't understand a bit what socialism is—and some of the most ardent and serviceable workers for socialism are of this type—or they are people so unhappily situated and so unfortunate, or else of such exceptional imaginative force or training (which is itself, perhaps, from the practical point of view, a misfortune), as to be capable of a discontent with life as it is, so passionate as to outweigh instinctive timidities and discretions. Rest assured that to make any large section of the comfortable upper middle-class socialists, you must either misrepresent, and more particularly under-represent socialism, or you must quicken their imaginations far beyond the present state of affairs.

Some of the most ardent and serviceable of socialist workers, I have said, are of the former type. For the most part they are philanthropic people, or women and men of the managing temperament shocked into a sort of socialism by the more glaring and melodramatic cruelties of our universally cruel social system. They are the district visitors of socialism. They do not realize that socialism demands any change in themselves or in their way of living, they perceive in it simply a way of hope from the failures of vulgar char-

ity. Chiefly they assail the bad conditions of life of the lower classes.

They don't for a moment envisage a time when there will be no lower classes—that is beyond them altogether. Much less can they conceive of a time when there will be no governing class distinctively in possession of means. They exact respect from inferiors; no touch of socialist warmth or light qualifies their arrogant manners. Perhaps they, too, broaden their conception of socialism as time goes on, but so it begins with them.

Now to make socialists of this type the appeal is a very different one from the talk of class war and expropriation, and the abolition of the idle rich, which is so serviceable with a roomful of sweated workers. These people are moved partly by pity, and the best of them by a hatred for the squalor and waste of the present regime. Talk of the expropriated rich simply raises in their minds painful and disconcerting images of distressed gentlewomen. But one necessary aspect of the socialist's vision that sends the coldest shiver down the spine of the working class socialist is extraordinary alluring and congenial to them, namely, the official and organized side. They love to think of houses and factories open to competent inspection, of municipal milk, sealed and certificated for every cottager's baby, of old age pensions and a high and rising minimum standard of life. They have an admirable sense of sanitation. They are the philanthropic and administrative socialists as distinguished from the economic revolutionaries.

This class of socialist passes insensibly into the merely socialist philanthropist of the wealthy middle class to whom we owe so much healthful expenditure upon experiments in housing, in museum and school construction, in educational endowment, and so forth. Their activities are not for one moment to be despised; they are a constant demonstration to dull and skeptical persons that things may be different,

better, prettier, kindlier and more orderly. Many people impervious to tracts can be set thinking by a model village or a model factory. However petty much of what they achieve may be, there it is achieved—in legislation, in bricks and mortar. Among other things, these administrative socialists serve to correct the very perceptible tendency of most working men socialists to sentimental anarchism in regard to questions of control and conduct, a tendency due entirely to their social and administrative inexperience.

For more thorough-going socialism among the middle classes one must look to those strata and sections in which quickened imaginations and unsettling influences are to be found. The artist is by nature a socialist. A mind habitually directed to beauty as an end must necessarily be exceptionally awake to the ugly congestions of our contemporary civilization, to the prolific futile production of gawky, ill-mannered, jostling new things, to the shabby profit-seeking that ousts beauty from life and poisons every enterprise of man. There is an admirable paper by Oscar Wilde, originally published, I believe, in the "*Fortnightly Review*," "*The Soul of Man (under socialism)*," which puts the whole artistic attitude toward socialism with an admirable and persuasive lucidity. And not only artistic work, but the better sort of scientific investigation, the better sort of literary work, and every occupation that involves the persistent free use of thought, must bring the mind more and more toward the definite recognition of our social incoherence and waste.

But this by no means exhausts the professions that ought to have a distinct bias for socialism. The engineer, the architect, the mechanical inventor, the industrial organizer, and every sort of maker must be at one in their desire for emancipation from servitude to the promoter, the trader, the lawyer and the forestaller, from the perpetually recurring obstruction of the claim of the

private proprietor to every large and hopeful enterprise, and ready to respond to the immense creative element in the socialist idea.

Only it is that creative element which has so far found least expression in socialist literature, which appears neither in the "class war" literature of the working class socialist nor the litigious, inspecting, fining, and regulating tracts and proposals of the administrative socialist. To too many of these men in the constructive professions the substitution of a socialist State for our present economic method carries with it no promise of emancipation at all. They think that to work for the public controls, which an advance toward socialism would set up, would be worse for them and for all that they desire to do than the profit-seeking expense-cutting, mercenary making of the present regime.

This is, I believe, a temporary and alterable state, contrary to the essential and permanent spirit of those engaged in constructive work. It is due very largely to the many misrepresentations and partial statements of socialism that have rendered it palatable and assimilable to the working men and the administrative socialist. Socialism has been presented on the one hand as a scheme of expropriation to a clamorous popular government of working men, far more ignorant and incapable of management than a shareholders' meeting, and, on the other, as a scheme for the encouragement of stupid little municipal authorities of the contemporary type in impossible business undertakings under the guidance of fussy, energetic, legal-minded and totally unscientific instigators.

Except for the quite recent development of socialist thought that is now being embodied in the "New Hierarchy Series" of the Fabian Society, scarcely anything has been done to dispel these reasonable dreads. I should think that from the point of view of socialist propaganda, the time is altogether ripe now for a fresh and more

vigorous insistence upon the materially creative aspect of the vision of socialism, an aspect which is, after all, much more cardinal and characteristic than any aspect that has hitherto been presented systematically to the world.

An enormous rebuilding, remaking and expansion is integral in the socialist dream. We want to get the land out of the control of the private owners among whom it is cut up, we want to get houses, factories, railways, mines, farms out of the dispersed management of their proprietors, not in order to secure their present profits and hinder development, but in order to rearrange these things in a saner and finer fashion. An immense work of re-planning, rebuilding, redistributing lies in the foreground of the socialist vista. We contemplate an enormous clearance of existing things. We want an unfettered hand to make beautiful and convenient homes, splendid cities, noiseless great highways, beautiful bridges, clean, swift and splendid electric railways; we are inspired by a faith in the coming of clean, wide and simple methods of agricultural production. But it is only now that socialism is beginning to be put in these terms. So put it, and the engineer and the architect and the scientific organizer, agricultural or industrial—all the best of them, anyhow—will find it correspond extraordinarily to their way of thinking.

Not all of them, of course. A middle-aged architect with a note-book full of bits of gothic, and a reputation for suburban churches, or full of bits of "Queen Anne" and a connection among villa builders, or an engineer pater-familias who has tasted blood as an expert witness, aren't to be won by these suggestions. They're part of things as they are. But that is only a temporary inconvenience to socialism. The young men do respond, and they are the future and what socialism needs.

And there's another great constructive profession that should be socialist altogether, and that is the medical pro-

feession. Especially does socialism claim the younger men who haven't yet sunken from the hospitals to the trading individualism of a practice. And then there are the teachers, the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. The idea of a great organized making is innate in the quality of their professions; the making of sound bodies and healthy conditions, the making of informed and disciplined minds. The methods of the profit-seeking schoolmaster, the practice-buying doctor are imposed upon them by the necessities of an individualist world. Both these two great professions present nowadays, side by side, two types—the new type, highly qualified, official, administrative, scientific, public spirited; the old type, capitalistic, with a pretentious house and equipment, the doctor with a brougham and a dispensary, the schoolmaster or schoolmistress with some huge old stucco house converted by jerry-built extensions to meet scholastic needs.

Who would not rather, one may ask, choose the former way who was not already irrevocably committed to the latter? Well, I with my socialist dreams would like to answer "No one," but I'm learning to check my buoyant optimism. The imagination and science in a young man may cry out for the public position, for the valiant public work, for the hard, honorable, creative years. He may sit with his fellow-students and his fellow-workers in a nocturnal cloud of tobacco smoke and fine talk, and vow himself to research and the creative world state. In the morning he will think he has dreamed; he will recall what the world is, what socialists are, what he has heard wild socialists say about science and his art. He will elect for the real world and a practice.

Something more than a failure to state the constructive and educational quality in socialism on the part of its exponents has to be admitted in accounting for the unnatural want of sympathetic co-operation between them

and the bulk of these nobler professions. I cannot disguise from myself certain curiously irrelevant strands that have interwoven with the partial statements of socialism current in England, and which it is high time, I think, for socialists to repudiate. Socialism is something more than an empty criticism of our contemporary disorder and waste of life, it is a great intimation of construction, organization, science and education.

But concurrently with its extension and its destructive criticism of the capitalistic individualism of to-day, there has been another movement, essentially an anarchist movement, hostile to machinery and apparatus, hostile to medical science, hostile to order, hostile to education, a Rousseauite movement in the direction of a sentimentalized naturalism, a Tolstol-an movement in the direction of a non-resisting pietism, which has not simply been confused with the socialist movement, but has really affected and interwoven with it. It is not simply that wherever discussion and destructive criticism of the present conventional bases of society occur, both ways of thinking crop up together; they occur all too often as alternating phases in the same individual.

Few of us are so clear-headed as to be free from profound self-contradictions. So that it is no great marvel, after all, if the presentation of socialism has got mixed up with Return-to-Nature ideas, with proposals for living in a state of unregulated primitive virtue in purely hand-made houses, upon rain water and uncooked fruit. We socialists have to disentangle it from these things now. We have to disavow, with all necessary emphasis, that gibing at science and the medical profession, at schools and books and the necessary apparatus for collective thinking, which has been one of our little ornamental weaknesses in the past. That has, I know, kept a very considerable number of intelligent professional men from inquiring further

into socialist theories and teachings. As a consequence there are, especially in the medical profession, quite a number of unconscious socialists, men, often with a far clearer grip upon the central ideas of socialism than many of its professed exponents, who have worked out these ideas for themselves, and are incredulous to hear them called socialistic.

So much for the specifically creative and imagination-using professions. Throughout the whole range of the more educated middle classes, however, there are causes at work that necessarily stimulate thought toward socialism, that engender scepticisms, desires, inquiries leading toward what I may call, I think without much exaggeration, the British socialists' most jealously guarded secret—the relation of socialism to the institution of the family. * * *

The family, and not the individual, is still the unit in contemporary civilization, and indeed in nearly all social systems that have ever existed. The adult male, the head of the family, has been the citizen, the sole representative of the family in the State. About him have been grouped his one or more wives, his children, his dependents. His position toward them has always been—still in many respects to this day—one of ownership. He was owner of them all, and in many of the less sophisticated systems of the past his ownership was as complete as over his horse and house and land—more complete than over his land. He could sell his children into slavery, barter his wives.

There has been a secular mitigation of the rights of this sort of private property; the establishment of monogamy, for instance, did for the family what President Roosevelt's proposed legislation against large accumulations might do for industrial enterprises, but to this day in our own community, for all such mitigations and many euphemisms, the ownership of the head of the family is still a manifest fact. He

votes. He keeps and protects. He determines the education and profession of his children. He is entitled to monetary consolation for any infringement of his rights over wife or daughter. Every intelligent woman understands that, as a matter of hard fact, beneath all the civilities of to-day, she is actual or potential property, and has to treat herself and keep herself as that. She may by force or subtlety turn her chains into weapons, she may succeed in exacting a reciprocal property in a man, the fact remains fundamental that she is either isolated or owned.

But I need not go on writing facts with which every one is acquainted. My concern now is to point out that socialism repudiates the private ownership of the head of the family as completely as it repudiates any other sort of private ownership. Socialism involves the responsible citizenship of women, their economic independence of men, and all the personal freedom that follows that, it intervenes between the children and the parents, claiming to support them, protect them, and educate them for its own ampler purposes. Socialism, in fact, is the State family. The old family of the private individual must vanish before it, just as the old water works of private enterprise, or the old gas company. They are incompatible with it. Socialism assails the triumphant egotism of the family to-day, just as Christianity did in its earlier and more vital centuries. So far as English socialism is concerned (and the thing is still more the case in America), I must confess that the assault has displayed a quite extraordinary instinct for taking cover, but that is a question of tactics rather than of essential antagonism.

It is possible to believe that so far as the middle classes are concerned this discretion has been carried altogether too far. Socialists would have forwarded their cause better, if they had been more outspoken. It has led to preposterous misunderstandings; and among others to the charge that social-

ism implied free-love. * * * The middle class family, I am increasingly convinced, is a group in a state of tension. I believe that a modest but complete statement of the socialist criticism of the family and the proposed socialist substitute for the conventional relationships might awaken extraordinary responses at the present time. The great terror of the eighties and early nineties that crushed all reasonable discussion of sexual relationship is, I believe, altogether over.

The whole of the present system is riddled with discontents. One factor is the enhanced sense of the child in middle-class life: the old sentiment was that the parent owned the child, the new is that the children own the parents. There has come an intensified respect for children, an immense increase in the trouble, attention and expenditure devoted to them—and a very natural and human accompaniment in the huge fall in the middle-class birth-rate. It is felt that to bear and rear children is the most noble and splendid and responsible thing in life, and an increasing number of people modestly evade it. People see more clearly the social service of parentage, and are more and more inclined to demand a recognition from the State for this service. The middle-class parent might conceivably be horrified if you suggested the State should pay him for his offspring, but he would have no objection whatever to being indirectly and partially paid by a differential income tax graduated in relation to the size of his family.

With this increased sense of the virtue and public service of parentage there has gone on a great development of the criticism of schools and teaching. The more educated middle-class parent has become an amateur educationist of considerable virulence. He sees more and more distinctly the inadequacy of his own private attempts to educate, the necessary charlatanry and insufficiency of the private adventure school. He finds much to envy in

the elementary schools. If he is ignorant and short-sighted, he joins in the bitter cry of the middle classes, and clamors against the pampering of the working class, and the rising of the rates which renders his efforts to educate his own children more difficult.

But a more intelligent type of middle-class parent sends his boy in for public scholarships, sets to work to get educational endowment for his own class also, and makes another step toward socialism. Moreover, the increasing intelligence of the middle-class parent and the steady swallowing up of the smaller capitalists and smaller shareholders by the larger enterprises and fortunes, alike bring home to him the temporary and uncertain nature of the advantages his private efforts give his children over those of the working man. He sees no more than a brief respite for them against the economic cataclysms of the coming time. He is more and more alive to the presence of secular change in the world. He does not feel sure his sons will carry on the old business, continue the old practice. He begins to appreciate the concentration of wealth.

The secular development of the capitalist system robs him more and more of his sense of securities. He is uneasy than he used to be about investments. He no longer has that complete faith in private insurance companies that once sustained him. His mind broadens out to State insurance as to State education. He is far more amenable than he used to be to the idea that the only way to provide for one's own posterity is to provide for every one's posterity, to merge parentage in citizenship. The family of the middle-class man which fights for itself alone, is lost.

Socialism comes into the middle-class family offering education, offering assurances for the future, and only very distantly intimating the price to be paid in weakened individual control. But far profounder disintegrations are

at work. The internal character of the middle-class family is altering fundamentally with the general growth of intelligence, with the higher education of women, with the comings and goings for this purpose and that, the bicycles and games, the enlarged social appetites and opportunities of a new time.

The more or less conscious strike against parentage is having far-reaching effects. The family proper becomes a numerically smaller group. Enormous numbers of childless families appear; the middle-class family with two, or at most three, children is the rule rather than the exception in certain strata. This makes the family a less various and interesting group, with a smaller demand for attention, emotion, effort. Quite apart from the general mental quickening of the time, it leaves more and more social energy, curiosity, enterprise free, either to fret within the narrow family limits or to go outside them. The strike against parentage takes among other forms the form of a strike against marriage; great numbers of men and women stand out from a relationship which every year seems more limiting and (except for its temporary passionall aspect) purposeless. The number of intelligent and healthy women inadequately employed, who either idle as wives in attenuated modern families, childless or with an insufficient child or so, or who work for an unsatisfying subsistence as unmarried women, increases. To them the complete conceptions of socialism should have an extraordinary appeal.

The appearance of the feminine mind and soul in the world as something distinct and self-conscious, is the appearance of a distinct new engine of criticism against the individualist family, against this dwindling property of the once-ascendant male—who no longer effectually rules, no longer, in many cases, either protects or sustains, who all too often is so shorn of his beams as to be but a vexatious power of jealous restriction and interference upon his wife and children. The edu-

cated girl resents the proposed loss of her freedom in marriage, the educated married woman realizes as well as resents the losses of scope and interest marriage entails.

If it were not for the economic disadvantages that make intelligent women dread a solitary old age in bitter poverty, vast numbers of women who are married to-day would have remained single, independent women. This discontent of women is a huge available force for socialism. The wife of the past was, to put it brutally, caught younger—so young that she had had no time to think—she began forthwith to bear babies, rear babies, and (which she did in a quite proportionate profusion) bury babies—she never had a moment to think.

Now the wife with double the leisure, double the education and half the emotional scope of her torn prolific grandmother, sits at home and thinks things over. You find her letting herself loose in clubs, in literary enterprises, in schemes for joint households to relieve herself and her husband from the continuation of a duologue that has exhausted its interest. The husband finds himself divided between his sympathetic sense of tedium and the proprietary tradition in which we live.

For these tensions in the disintegration of the old proprietary family no remedy offers itself to-day except the solutions that arise as essential portions of the socialistic scheme. The alternative is hypocrisy and disorder.

There is yet another and still more effectual system of strains at work in the existing social unit, and that is the strain between parents and children. That has always existed. It is one of our most transparent sentimental pretenses that there is any natural subordination of son to father, of daughter to mother. As a matter of fact, a good deal of natural antagonism appears at the adolescence of the young. Something very like an instinct stirs in them, to rebel, to go out. The old habits of solicitude, control and re-

strait in the parent become more and more hampering, irksome and exasperating to the offspring. The middle-class son gets away in spirit and in fact to school, to college, to business—his sister does all she can to follow his excellent example.

In a world with vast moral and intellectual changes in progress the intelligent young find the personal struggle for independence intensified by a conflict of ideas. The modern tendency to cherish and preserve youthfulness; the keener desire for living that prevents women getting fat and ugly, and men bald and incompetent by forty-five, is another dissolvent factor among these stresses. The daughter is not only restrained by her mother's precepts, but inflamed by her example. The son finds his father's coevals treating him as a contemporary.

Well, into these conflicts and disorders comes socialism, and socialism alone, to explain, to justify, to propose new conventions and new interpretations of relationship, to champion the reasonable claims of the young, to mitigate the thwarted ownership of the old. Socialism comes, constructive amid the wreckage.

Let me at this point, and before I conclude, put one thing with the utmost possible clearness. The socialist does not propose to destroy something that conceivably would otherwise last for ever, when he proposes a new set of institutions, and a new system of conduct to replace the old proprietary family. He no more regards the institution of marriage as a permanent thing than he regards a state of competitive industrialism as a permanent thing.

In the economic sphere, quite apart from any socialist ideas or socialist activities, it is manifest that competitive individualism destroys itself. This was reasoned out long ago in the "Capital" of Marx; it is receiving its first gigantic practical demonstration in the United States of America. Whatever happens, we believe that

competitive industrialism will change and end—and we socialists at least believe that the alternative to some form of socialism is tyranny and social ruin. So, too, in the social sphere, whether socialists succeed altogether or fail altogether, or in whatever measure they succeed or fail, it does not alter the fact that the family is weakening, dwindling, breaking up, disintegrating.

The alternative to a planned and organized socialism is not the maintenance of the present system, but its logical development, and that is all too plainly a growing complication of pretences as the old imperatives weaken and fade. We already live in a world of stupendous hypocrisies, a world wherein rakes and rascals champion the sacred institution of the family, and a network of sexual secrets, vaguely suspected, disagreeably present, and only half-concealed, pervades every social group one enters. Cynicism, a dismal swamp of base intrigues, cruel restrictions and habitual insincerities, is the manifest destiny of the present regime unless we make some revolutionary turn. It cannot work out its own salvation without the profoundest change in its determining ideas. And what change in those ideas is offered except by the socialist?

In relation to all these most intimate aspects of life, socialism, and socialism alone, supplies the hope and suggestions of clean and practicable solutions. So far, socialists have either been silent or vague, or—let us say—tactful, in relation to this central tangle of life. To begin to speak plainly among the silences and suppressions, the "find out for yourself" of the current time, would be, I think, to grip the middle-class woman and the middle-class youth of both sexes with an extraordinary new interest, to irradiate the dissensions of every bored couple and every squabbling family with broad conceptions, and enormously to enlarge and stimulate the socialist movement at the present time.

Henrik Ibsen.

By EDWARD DOWDEN.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

SEVERAL of Ibsen's men and women are possessed with a highly reprehensible passion for exposing their lives to danger on perilous eminences. Halver Solness, the master-builder, with trembling zeal achieves the impossible, ascends his ladders, and waves his hat for one triumphant moment from the top of his tower. It is among the high mountains and in the great waste places that little Eyolf's father discovers his mission which is no mission, and hears the call which is no call. Brand, bearing the banner with a strange device—not "Excelsior" but "All or Nothing"—perishes where the ice-church impales the blue, among the white wreaths and glacier-spines. John Gabriel Borkman struggles through snow to the plateau from which he sees the fjord below, and his imaginary kingdom of mountain chains above, and there the ice-cold hand grips his heart. Professor Rubek and Irene reach an altitude from which unaided descent is impossible for them, and, as with Brand, the final stage direction introducing the *deus ex machina* might run "Enter Avalanche, who ingeniously saves the situation."

As we look back upon the series of Ibsen's works, to which the word "Finds" has now been appended, we feel that we, too, while our interest in them was still quick, were eager climbers, were perpetually on the strain, and never quite reached the point at which we could repose and

enjoy in quietude a sure attainment. There are liberal fields of art in which the eye finds rest in horizontal lines, and this is no dull rest, for the lines may stretch away to the illimitable. In many great artists there is even a good bovine quality, which strangely may alternate with a winged joy, and which learns through tranquillity some of the deepest secrets of our Mother Earth. With Ibsen the lines are all precipitous and abrupt; we are forever scaling to the Vidder or above them; we hang over desperate fissures; we cling to jagged edges; we are inclosed in forlorn and shadowy chasms, or encounter some sudden spear-like shaft of light; we learn none of the deep lessons of tranquillity. Even in "Peer Gynt" fantasy brings no relief, for it is fantasy with all the energy of will behind it—fantasy with a purpose hidden in its flight. Yet in "Peer Gynt," if anywhere, there is some hovering and circling on the wing, some smooth balance and curving poise of motion in the sea gull fashion. For the most part, however, Ibsen's advance resembles rather the terribly business-like progress of the cormorant, bent upon attaining his point with a quite relentless resolve and with incessant beat of pinions.

If his end and aim as an artist were beauty and enjoyment in beauty, it could not have been thus with Ibsen. He must have found a place of rest. But though beauty comes incidentally in some startling form, which is half

terror, or in some swift antagonism of brightness and gloom, beauty is not Ibsen's end. His end, even in his earlier romantic plays, even in plays that are historical or semi-historical, is to free, arouse, dilate. He desires to bring the reader or spectator to some point—a point attained by effort—from which things may be seen more clearly or more deeply, even though this may be only a moment's standing place in some ascent which does not here cease; he desires to raise questions, even if no entirely satisfactory answer can as yet be given to them, to awaken those who slumber on the easy pillow of traditional opinion and conventional morals, to startle them from the false dream of custom, and, if need be, to combat, to censure, to satirize.

He was not pleased, indeed, to be regarded as a didactic poet; he asserted that his primary object was to see and to represent life, to create true and living men and women. But he did not deny that he attempted to attain and to express a philosophy of life, and undoubtedly his art suffered because that philosophy of life was not broad-based upon the attainments of the past, because it was not the inevitable growth of the national life surrounding him, because it was a philosophy of revolt, the protest of an individual, embodying only a fragment of truth, aggressive, polemical revolutionary. Hence his art was often marred by over-emphasis. The little towns upon the fjords seemed to Ibsen to be buried in sleep, though morning was growing broad. He would steam up the fjord from the open sea, and try whether the hooting of the fog-horn would make them open their eyes. And certainly there followed wide-spreading reverberations, reverberations which passed across Europe.

"To realize oneself"—to bring into full being and action whatever force exists within us, this was Ibsen's chosen expression for what the Shorter Catechism terms "man's chief end." "So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself," he wrote to a friend in 1882,

"seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being." And again: "I believe that there is nothing else and nothing better for us all to do than in spirit and in truth to realize ourselves. This, in my opinion, constitutes real liberalism." He desired for his friend and critic George Brandes before all else "a genuine, full-blooded egoism," but he begged at the same time that this desire might not be taken as an evidence of something brutal in his nature.

Being an artist, Ibsen found self-realization to mean for him the putting forth of all that was best within him in and through his art. Dramatic art for him was not so much a delightful play as an inexorable duty. Work which may seem wholly detached from his own personality, wholly imaginative and objective, was in fact intensely personal; not indeed in the dramatic action, the sequence of incidents, but in the view of life which gave a meaning and a unity to the incidents. The whole man, as he was for the time being, pressed into his work; but, while certain general characteristics run through all that he wrote, and constitute the Ibsen cachet, it happened not seldom with him, as it happened with Goethe, that the view of life embodied in this play or in that was one which Ibsen desired to master, to place outside himself, to escape from and leave behind him in his advance. Lessons of warning for the dramatic critic who would discover the mind of a dramatist through his art may be read in Ibsen's correspondence.

Thus while into the character of Brand he transposed certain things which he found in himself—things which he regarded as the best part of himself, discovered only in his highest moments—the poem "Brand" was partly written, as he declares to Laura Kieler, who attempted a continuation of the poem, because it became a necessity with him to free himself from something that his inner man had done with, by giving it a poetic form. A

canon of criticism founded upon such a confession, or upon similar confessions made by Goethe, would play havoc with many of the crude attempts to infer the mind and moods of Shakespeare from his dramatic compositions.

Precisely because he wrote "Hamlet," Shakespeare may have been delivered from the Hamlet mood and the Hamlet view of life, and may have lost interest in them for ever. Nothing can be created, in the true sense of that word, according to Ibsen, except it takes into itself some life-experience; but we see most clearly, he adds, at a distance; "we must get away from what we desire to judge; one describes summer best on a winter day."

Soon after his own happy marriage in 1858, Ibsen was engaged upon his "Comedy of Love," which, however, was not completed until four years later. Shall we say that his mockery of love-betrothals and love-marriages—or what are called so—and his pronouncement in the play in favor of a marriage of prudence and worldly wisdom expresses the whole of his mind at this time? Or may it not have been that his deeper sense of the worth of a true marriage of love urged him to take his revenge upon a state of society in which, with its half-heartedness and its feeble sentimentalities, the ideal marriage, as it seemed to him, had become almost impossible? Falk and Svanhild, with the terror before them of a Pastor Straamand and his Maren, a Styver and Miss Skjaere, a Lind and Anna, are incapable of trusting their own hearts, and without such a confident venture of faith it is better that Svanhild should be the sensible bride of a kind and sensible Guldstad. A lower view of marriage is set forth and justified perhaps for the precise reason that Ibsen had come to value the true romance above the pseudo-romance of a sentimental convention.

With much of the strenuousness, if not the severity, of the Northern temper, Ibsen was yet a lover of brightness and joy. The southern sunshine and

the color of the south gave him a sense of happy expansion. But where could he find the joy of life in his earlier years? Hardly anywhere except in his own consciousness of strength; and sometimes he lost heart and courage. He was poor and he was proud. He pounded drugs at Grimstad to earn a scanty living, stung his enemies and even his friends with epigram or lampoon, fashioned his youthful verses in stolen hours, and meditated in his "Catiline" on the discrepancy between our desires and our power of giving them their satisfaction. He repelled others and was in turn repelled. He retreated into himself, and there he heard the "call," about which his poems in dramatic fashion tell us much. And his ambition, his egotism leaped up and responded to the call. There are men whom an unfavorable environment crushes and destroys. But Ibsen was not one of these. He grew stronger through opposition, and the surface of his mind, like the face of a sea captain, hardened in the rough weather. Through resistance he came to understand his own powers, he came to attain self-definition.

Harder to bear than any direct opposition were the narrowness, the pettiness, the death-in-life of the society in which, "like a seven-sealed mystery," he moved. Storm for him was always inspiring, but fog was stifling. The Vikings of elder days had been transformed into a grocer, an innkeeper, a barber, and he himself was pounding his drugs in an apothecary's shop. The common excitement which now and again may have stirred his eight hundred fellow-townfolk was like the flurry in a very small ant-hill. They pried, and gossipped and slandered; they found their law in the artificial proprieties; they sentimentalized and had their ineffectual pseudo-passions. Religion was the mummy of ancient faith, eviscerated and swathed; the pastor was only a spiritual headle. The State was represented by an official or two, who earned a salary by wearing

the approved blinkers and pulling the old cart through the old rut. If liberalism existed, it spent its enthusiasm in vacuous words and high-sounding phrases. The best persons were no more than fragments of a whole man, who held together the fragments by some illogical compromise, and perhaps named this compromise "morality."

Ibsen, the Norwegian poet, was never quite at home in the land of his birth. Long afterward, when he had sunned himself among Italian vines and felt the stupendous life of Rome—life over which in those days there seemed to rest an indescribable peace—the heimweh that drew him back to Norway was not a desire to revive the sentiment of his early life, but his deep, unconquerable passion for the sea. Yet he tells his friend Björnson that when he sailed up the Fjord he felt a weight settling down on his breast, a feeling of actual physical oppression: "And this feeling," he goes on, "lasted all the time I was at home; I was not myself"—not his own man, as we say—"under the gaze of all those cold, uncomprehending Norwegian eyes at the windows and in the streets."

And in 1897 he writes to Brandes from Christiania: "Here all the sounds are closed in every acceptation of the word—and all the channels of intelligence are blocked. Oh, dear Brandes, it is not without consequence that a man lives for twenty-seven years in the wider, emancipated and emancipating spiritual conditions of the great world. Up here, by the fjords, is my native land. But—but—but! Where am I to find my home-land?"

It was natural that Ibsen should sigh for a revolution, or rather—since sighing was not his mode—that he should work toward it. But in the programme of political liberalism he took little interest. A people might—like that of Norway—be free, yet be no more than a congeries of unfree persons. "Dear friend," he cried to Brandes in 1872, "the Liberals are freedom's worst enemies. Freedom of thought and spirit

thrive best under absolutism; this was shown in France, afterward in Germany, and now we see it in Russia."

While Björnson, like a good member of the Liberal party, said, "The majority is always right," Ibsen, an admirer, as was Edmund Burke, of the natural aristocracy, was ready to maintain that right is always with the minority. Dr. Stockmann, of the *Baths*, is in a minority of one; not only does officialdom hunt him down; the "compact majority" of middle-class citizens and the public press turn against him; yet Stockmann—somewhat muddle-headed hero as he is—has the whole right and the whole truth upon his side. The rhetoric of a Stensgaard can always gather a party of so-called progress around him, yet Stensgaard, eloquent for freedom, has no conception of that wherein true freedom lies. The Mayor in "*Brand*" is busily employed in ameliorating the lot of his fellow-men by the prescribed methods of social "progress," only he has not yet conceived what a man and the life of a man truly means.

"Liberty," wrote Ibsen in 1882, "is the first and highest condition for me. At home they do not trouble much about liberty, but only about liberties—a few more or a few less, according to the standpoint of their party. I feel, too, most painfully affected by the crudity, the plebeian element in all our public discussions. The very praiseworthy attempt to make of our people a democratic community has inadvertently gone a good way toward making us a plebeian community." As for the peasantry, Ibsen found them in every country very much alive to their own interests; in no country did he find them liberal-minded or self-sacrificing.

The revolution for which he hoped was not a revolution of government. He desired, indeed, as immediate measures—so he writes to Björnson in 1884—a very wide extension of the suffrage, the statutory improvement of the position of women, and the emancipation of national education from all kinds of

medievalism; but these were valuable, he thought, only as means to an end. Governments, States, religions will pass away, but men will remain.

As for the State, Ibsen regarded it sometimes with almost the hostility of an anarchist. He pointed to the Jewish people—"the nobility of the human race"—as a nation without a State, possessing an intense national consciousness and great individual freedom, but no organized government. Perhaps he overlooked the fact that the national consciousness is based upon the common faith and common observances of a unique and highly organized religion. Ibsen's starting-point and his goal was the individual man or woman. The struggle for liberty which interested him was not the effort to obtain political "rights," but the constant, living assimilation by each individual of the idea of freedom.

When December, 1870, came, he rejoiced that "the old, illusory France" had collapsed. "Up till now," he wrote, "we have been living on nothing but the crumbs from the revolution table of last century, a food out of which all nutriment has long been chewed. The old terms require to have a new meaning infused into them. Liberty, equality and fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late-lamented guillotine. This is what the politicians will not understand; and therefore I hate them. They want only their own special revolutions in externals, in politics, etc. But all this is mere trifling. What is all important is the revolution in the spirit of man." Like Maximus in "Emperor and Galilean," Ibsen dreamed of the third empire.

The third empire will come when man ceases to be a fragment of himself, and attains, in complete self-realization, the fulness of the stature of the perfect man. Julian, Emperor and apostate, as Ibsen conceives him, is a divided nature, living in a time of moral division. As a youth he has heard the terrible, unconditional, inex-

orable commands of the spirit, declared through the religion of Christ; but they have always been without and not within his heart; at every turn the merciless god-man has met him, stark and stern, with some uncompromising "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not," which never became the mandate of his own will.

And the old pagan passion for the beauty and the joy of terrene life is in Julian's blood. He is pedant enough to seek for spiritual unity through the schools of philosophy, and man enough to find the shadows of truth exhibited in the schools vain and impotent. Christianity, as he sees it in Constantinople, is not a faith but an unfaith—made up of greeds, ambition, treachery, distrust, worldly compromises, external shows of religion. "Do you not feel disgust and nausea," he cries to Basileus, "as on board ship in a windless swell, heaving to and fro between life, and written revelation, and heathen wisdom and beauty? There must come a new revelation. Or a revelation of something new." He can dream of the rapture of a martyr's death—but martyrdom for what? All that he had learned in Athens can be summed up in one despairing word—"The old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true."

But the need of action compels him, if not to make a choice in the full sense of that word, at least to take a side. The shouts of the soldiery at Vienna are ready to hail him as Emperor. On the one hand are life and the hope of a rehabilitation of beauty, the wisdom of Greece, the recovery of joy. On the other hand are the Nazarene, the cross, the remorseless demands of the spirit, and all for sake of what the Christianity of his time had proved to be a lie. The instinct of the blood decides for Julian that he shall be the apostate. Life is at least better than a lie.

There follows in Ibsen's second drama the record of Julian's failure, his illusions, his partial disillusioning, and the darkening of the light within

him. The patron of free speculation is transformed into a persecutor. The philosopher grows greedy of the adulation of courtiers. He is led on before the close to the madness of self-divinization. He will restore joy and beauty to the world; with the panther-skin upon his shoulders and the vine wreath on his head he plays the part of Dionysus amid a troop of mummers and harlots, and he himself loathes this mockery of beauty and of joy. He will reform the world—for he has still the pride of pedantry—with a treatise. He takes his guidance in action from ambiguous oracles and the omens of priests. He dies with a dream of a triumphal entry into Babylon and a vision of beautiful garlanded youths and dancing maidens.

Yet all the while Julian knows that he cannot revive what is long withered, and he is aware of some great power without him and above him which is using him for its own ends. The world-spirit, in truth, has made Julian its instrument. The old era of the flesh had passed away. The new era of the spirit had come. And to quicken it to true life, the spirit, incarnated in the religion of Christ, needed the discipline of trial and suffering and martyrdom which Julian had devised for its destruction. "Christ, Christ," exclaims Basileus, "how could Thy people fail to see Thy manifest design? The Emperor Julian was a rod of chastisement—not unto death, but unto resurrection." And so the Galilean has conquered.

The Galilean, however, according to the mystic Maximus, through whom evidently Ibsen expresses his own thought, is not to rule for ever. From the empire of the flesh, through the empire of the spirit, the world must advance to the third empire, which does not destroy but rather includes both its predecessors. Both the Emperor and the Galilean—such is the prophecy of Maximus—must succumb; at what time he cannot tell; it will be on the day when the right man ap-

pears, who shall swallow up both Emperor and Galilean. The fulness of the perfect man must succeed the unconscious joy of childhood and the unqualified ideality of youth, and resume them both in itself. "You have tried," says Maximus, addressing Julian, "to make the youth a child again. The empire of the flesh is swallowed up in the empire of the spirit. But the empire of the spirit is not final any more than the youth is. You have tried to hinder the growth of the youth—to hinder him from becoming a man. Oh, fool, who have drawn your sword against that which is to be—against the third empire in which the twin-natured shall reign!"

For a time at least, Ibsen regarded "Emperor and Galilean" as his chief work. That positive theory of life, which the critics had long demanded from him, might here, he believed, be found; "the play," he wrote to Brandes, "will be a kind of banner." Part of his own spiritual life went into this dramatic history; he labored at the "herculean task" of reviving a past age with a fierce diligence; while, at the same time, he held that the subject had "a much more intimate connection with the movements of our own time than might at first be imagined"; the establishment of such a connection—so he tells Mr. Gosse—he regarded as "imperative in any modern poetical treatment of such a remote subject, if it is to arouse interest at all." The great drama of the Franco-German war delivered Ibsen from his narrow Scandinavian nationalism, and gave him that wider conception of the march of events which he needed in dealing with historical matter of colossal dimensions.

With a clear perception of the leading ideas set forth in "Emperor and Galilean," a reader of the earlier "Brand" can without difficulty assign to this poem its due position in the series of Ibsen's works. Brand is the hero of the second empire—the empire of the spirit. Ibsen had escaped from

Christiania to Rome—the center of the life of the world, yet for an artist brooded over by a great peace—and because Norway was distant, he seemed to see it all the more clearly, with its many infirmities and its conceivable heroisms. He could not but contrast the spirit of generous self-sacrifice which had resulted in the unification of Italy with the half-heartedness or downright selfishness of his own country during the Danish-German war.

"How often we hear good people in Norway," he wrote to Magdalene Thoresen, "talk with the heartiest self-satisfaction about Norwegian discretion, which is really nothing more than a lukewarmness of blood that makes the respectable souls incapable of committing a grand piece of folly." As Ibsen conceived it, a grand piece of folly might be the test and the demonstration of a valiant soul; and such it is with the hero of that poem, to accomplish which he had laid aside the unfinished "Emperor and Galilean."

He was indescribably happy while he worked upon "Brand." "I felt," he says, "the exaltation of a crusader, and I don't know anything I should have lacked courage to face." He wanted to deliver the Brand within himself—that which was best in him—from the narrowness and the severity of the empire of the spirit, and the poem was a receptacle for what he desired to expel from his inner consciousness. On his desk, as he wrote, was a glass with a scorpion in it: "From time to time the little animal was ill. Then I used to give it a piece of soft fruit, upon which it fell furiously and emptied its poison into it—after which it was well again." The poet is surely thinking of himself when he describes this curative process of his little brother, the scorpion.

Brand is the hero of the empire of the spirit. As Julian was double-minded, with a life which essayed a vain return from the spirit to the flesh, so Brand is necessarily single-minded, a free servant of his stern, inexorable God, who is no grey-beard that may be

haggled with, no dotard or dreamer, but young as Hercules, and terrible as he who stood on Mount Horeb when Moses heard the call from the burning bush. That Brand is a priest only deflects but does not alter the idea of the poem. That idea, as Ibsen says in one of his letters, might have been set forth, though with different circumstance, if Brand had been an artist, a statesman, or a man of science. He is not a fanatic, unless to be a strict logician under the empire of the spirit is to be a fanatic; granted his premises, all his action, if he be a man of single mind, necessarily follows.

Puritanism was named by Carlyle the last of the heroisms. Brand is a Puritan and an idealist, but Ibsen dreams of a higher and saner heroism than that of Brand—the heroism of "the third empire," when the right man shall have come and swallowed up both Emperor and Galilean. To be a whole man, however, even under the rule of an incomplete conception of what manhood is, is a greater thing than to be a half man, and a whole man Brand is, according to his idea, which is an idea incomplete in itself, but on the way to a higher and truer idea. "How can I will the impossible?" asks Julian of the mystic Maximus, and Maximus replied by the question, "Is it worth while to will what is possible?" What Julian could not do is achieved by Brand—he wills the impossible, as every uncompromising idealist must, and he perishes in the act.

The absolute tendency in Brand's logic is stimulated and reinforced by the incoherence and inconsequence of the society in which he lives and moves. With the folk around him, it is a little of this and a little of that—things out of which no consistency can be made—and therefore with him it must be "All or nothing," pushed even to the extreme issue. He is a man among fragments of men. Apart from Ibsen's satirical indictment of Norwegian society, such a condition of moral faintheartedness and spiritual

lethargy was needed to enhance by contrast the uncompromising valiancy of the hero and his fidelity to an idea. The Mayor, representative of the secular power, is only a petty wheel of the state machinery; his honest efforts in the ways of use and wont relieve the public conscience from all that might spur men to originality and individual effort. The Dean, representative of the spiritual power, is also no more than a state official, a moral drill-sergeant, a corporal who leads his troop at the regulation pace to church on one day of the week; as to the other days, they are not his affair, for faith and life must be kept discreetly apart. Neither mayor nor dean is an independent will, or an intelligence, or a soul; neither of them has a human personality in the true sense of that word.

Brand is at least an individual will, and, therefore, a man. Even in attempting to efface self, and to make his spirit a clean tablet on which God may write, he is in truth realizing and affirming himself. And yet Brand's idea—that proper to the empire of the spirit—is a tyrannous idea, which starves his intelligence, chills his human affections, and conducts him to the icy and sterile region where he must perish. Something of human love he learns through Agnes and his boy, and, after he has lost Agnes, he feels in a pathetic way that without the wisdom of human love he must needs strive in vain. But the tyranny of the idea requires the martyrdom of all natural affections. He dreams of a church of humanity, and at least the virtue is in him of aspiration and desire. But the only church which he can attain is Svartetind, the "ice-church," where the distracted girl Gerd is the only votary. The avalanche thunders down, and the judgment—a judgment including mercy—on all Brand's endeavor is heard in the Voice which proclaims "He is a God of Love."

It was a daring experiment of Ibsen to present in a companion poem to "Brand," as the chief person of the

poem, an individual whose distinguishing characteristic is that he has no individuality. Peer Gynt is not, like Julian, a divided nature; he is not, like Brand, single and indivisible; like the women of Pope's satire, Peer Gynt has "no character at all." Will, intellect, love, are needed, one or all, to constitute true personality. Peer has none of these; he is simply a bundle of appetites, desires, shadows of ideas thrown upon his from without, and fantasies which for him almost, but not quite, succeed in becoming facts. In his strange experiment Ibsen was singularly successful. Through all the Norwegian scenes Peer is a delightful person, worth a wilderness of heroic King Hakons or resolute Dr. Stockmanns. The cosmopolitan Peer of Morocco and elsewhere loses much of his attractiveness.

Nowhere else is Ibsen so genial as in "Peer Gynt," yet the faith that is in him compels him to be also stern. If Brand is a Norwegian Don Quixote, Peer is a charming, irresponsible Autolycus of the fells and fjords. Ibsen himself, being, despite his genius for fantasy, a desperately earnest person, gives warrant for heavy moralizings over his hero, if any one is prone to indulge them; but the Norwegian Peer, if not his prosperous second self, full-blown in Yankee methods of business, leaps too lightly over the laws of morality, to be captured and indicted solemnly before an ethical tribunal. He compares himself happily to an onion, from which layer after layer may be peeled, which indeed is nothing but swathings with neither core nor kernel at the center. But this in itself is a distinction and gives your onion its character—this and a certain savor by which, with our eyes shut, we can recognize and name the bulb. And Peer has an atmosphere and aroma much more agreeable than that of an onion.

"Tell me now," asked Peer's creator of his friend Björnson, "is not Peer Gynt a personality, complete and indi-

vidual?" That he assuredly is. Like Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson of Berkeley Square, Peer may be rejected by the guardian of heaven's gate and the devil may refuse to waste good coal on such a phantasmal spirit. It can be proved from the text of the poem that Peer has no good ground for a stay of judgment when the Button-molder demands his soul for the melting-ladle, unless it be that his true self has all the while existed in Solveig's heart. Peer has never put forth a substantial piece of virtue; he has never sinned a whole sin; he is neither true man nor true troll. Off with him, therefore, to the melting pot! And yet Solveig here seems somewhat of an impertinence; we cannot exactly construe the metaphor of Peer's personality made substantial by Solveig's love. There is surely some Limbo of Vanities on the other side of the moon where Peer, in his own right, may be immortal and may still recount his incomparable feats of the Gendin-Edge. Or shall we say that the Limbo of Vanities is that of literature in which Ibsen has placed Peer, and where he has in truth obtained immortality?

Intellect seizing and holding a truth, love expounding the significance and the relations of that truth, will satisfied with nothing less than incarnating the truth in a deed—these, as Ibsen conceives it, constitute a complete human personality. For such a complete man or woman the whole of morality is comprised in the words, "Man, be thyself." The law for such a one is that of self-realization; he acts with his entire nature fused into unity, by virtue of what Ibsen names a "free necessity"; the compulsion is no external constraint; it is within the man, and therefore he is absolutely free.

Hence the problems of the complete or the incomplete human being, the single or the divided nature, are profoundly interesting to Ibsen; and hence, too, the problems of the life founded upon the rock of truth and the lives built upon the sands of illusion, the

illusions of ignoble self-interest, which leaves out of consideration all that really constitutes "self," the illusions of conventional morality, social responsibility, mere use and wont, and that kind of pseudo-religion which is only a form of postponed self-interest. The life erected upon a lie and the life established upon the truth are themes which he is drawn again and again to contemplate and, in dramatic fashion, to discuss with the most searching and eager insistence. He bores and mines underneath the surface of life into passions and motives, where the light is faint or where thick darkness dwells, in the hope that he may strike upon the ultimate, incontrovertible fact.

The crisis in his plays often corresponds to what in another order of ideas and experience would be named religious conversion. But conversion in Ibsen's plays means simply being brought face to face with a truth of life and "realizing" its power and virtue in some act which gives a death-blow to the lie. Sometimes the unwrapping of the swathe-bands of self-deception is a long and laborious process; sometimes this is effected swiftly in an hour or in a moment. Then for the first time genuine "self-realization" becomes possible; intelligence, love and will coalesce in some act of "free necessity."

It must be remembered, however, that while these three are the elements from which character is formed, there may exist in a human being certain deep, uncontrollable forces, emerging into consciousness from some subconscious region. A man or woman possessing or rather possessed by these would have been termed by Goethe "daemonic"; the phrase of Ibsen is that there is a little, or perhaps much, in him of the troll. The troll element is a source of danger; its action is incalculable and irresponsible, except as other elements of character may arrest or control its progress. But if it is a source of danger, it is also a source of power. Had King Skule even a little of the troll within him, the history of

Norway might have been other than it was.

For setting forth his ideas, for the conduct of the action of his plays, and for the exposition of his dramatis personae, Ibsen forged a remarkable instrument in his prose dialogue. He has taken with singular fidelity the mold of actual, living converse between two minds at play upon, and into, and through each other, in which the thought or feeling evolved belongs to neither alone, and is not so much communicated from mind to mind as produced by the swift interaction of the pair. The shuttle plies incessantly to and fro, and the pattern of the web grows before our eyes. Question, reply, suggestion, development, pause, anticipation, hesitancy—these, and all else of which conversation is made up, are most ingeniously reproduced. The conventions of the stage are ignored; there are no asides and no soliloquies.

And yet in striving to be real Ibsen has missed a part of reality. The dialogue, in its manner, seems like the type or the abstract of a hundred conversations to which we have listened, or in which we have borne a part. But although the matter varies with this person of the drama and with that, the manner lacks variety and individuality, a lack which is not really disguised by the recurrence of some catchword or phrase on the lips of this or the other speaker. Ibsen, aiming at reality, in truth narrowed the range of dramatic dialogue. His speakers are never rhetorical, except when they are born rhetoricians, like Stensgaard, or born sentimentalists like Hjalmar Ekdal; when passion grows tense, the speech is ordinarily most concentrated and simple. The dialogue seldom errs by excess of brilliancy, seldom glitters with epigram or flashes with paradox.

But in reality we are all at times rhetoricians, and often poor ones, when we would express a passion that only half possesses us; we are ill-trained actors—the best of us—faultily rendering an emotion that may be genuine,

and Ibsen has missed this fact. And even your dullard will on occasion make his brilliant rapier-thrust of speech; while your epigram-maker may stumble on occasions into a simple and natural utterance. The range of varying levels of dramatic dialogue in Shakespeare is incomparably wider than it is in Ibsen; there is in Shakespeare incomparably more variety and individuality in the modes of speech. His verse is often nearer to the required realism of the stage—which is never literal reality—than is Ibsen's prose.

In passing from the dramas which deal with historical and romantic matter—"Lady Inger," "The Vikings" and "The Pretenders"—to the plays of modern life, Ibsen gradually came to connect and to define his leading ideas. In *Lady Inger of Oestraat* he presents rather a conflict of motives—maternal passion at war with the passion of patriotism—than a divided nature essentially at odds with itself. It is the circumstances of her life and her time which bring division into *Fru Inger's* spirit and produce the tragedy.

The idea of the havoc wrought for two lives by even a generous suppression of the truth is a leading motive in "The Vikings," but Ibsen's chief joy in writing that noble play must have been in the mere presentation of the Valkyrie woman, *Hjördis*, possessed by a single consuming desire which glorifies and which destroys her. For "The Pretenders" we might find a motto in the words "faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers." King *Hakon*, the whole man, called by God and the people to his throne, confident in his call, possessed of a great and generous thought—the unity of the nation—single in will and resolute in act, is set over against the divided man, God's stepchild on earth, *Earl Skule*, who questions his own claim, who doubts even to the point of doubting his doubt, who has no great thought of his own, but would filch that of his rival, whose good and evil instincts tremble and trip

each the other whose faltering ambition needs the support of that faith given by another which he cannot find in himself, yet who dies at the last in the joy of an expiation and an atonement.

King Hakon, whole and at one with himself, is the man of good fortune—"he whom the cravings of his time seize like a passion, begetting thoughts he himself cannot fathom, and pointing to paths which lead he knows not whither, but which he follows and must follow until he hears the people shout for joy." He puts his total self into every act, impelled by the free necessity of his complete manhood. This idea of "free necessity" receives its most luminous illustration in the denouement of a much later drama, "*The Lady from the Sea*." In matrimonial advertisements the candidate wife—as if woman were naturally a creature of the wild—commonly announces that she is "thoroughly domesticated." This merit certainly could not have been claimed for herself by the second Mrs. Wangel. She pines for the unattainable freedom of which the sea is the symbol; it affrights her, but it allures her even more than it affrights; and the stranger from the sea is to Ellida the promise of this freedom. Such a deep, instinctive longing for freedom cannot be overmastered by external restraint; it can be met and controlled only by a higher freedom.

The physician has at all times been the victim of raillery with writers of comedy; but the physicians of Ibsen's plays, with scarcely an exception, are either wise or shrewd, or, in their own fashion, heroic. Dr. Wangel, having diagnosed the case, discovers the nature of his wife's strange malady; by a supreme act of self-surrendering love, which is also an act of the finest discretion, he releases Ellida from every restraint; she is absolutely free to make her choice between the sea and her home, between the stranger and himself. What is best and highest in

Ellida is awakened by the sudden recognition of her husband's love, by the remembrance of an affectionate word of her stepdaughter, Boletta, and by a new sense of responsibility. Her whole nature—brain and heart, conscience and will—is instantly fused into unity, and on the moment declares itself in an act of free and final election, which delivers her from the sick yearning for the lower kind of freedom that had made her home a prisoner's cage.

By no preaching of moralities, by no fear of social disrepute, by no bonds of legal right or ecclesiastical control, the Lady from the Sea is converted, reclaimed, and, in the matrimonial formula, "thoroughly domesticated." Ellida has never been a shrew who needed taming; her ailment, however, was harder to deal with than Kate's; and by a different and a more courageous treatment the good Dr. Wangel has been as successful as was Petruchio. Ellida desires freedom, but she also desires love and the work which issues from love. A lighter nature desiring freedom alone might have followed the mysterious stranger.

So Maia, in "*When We Dead Awaken*," who neither sought nor found love in the sculptor's luxurious villa, is beguiled by the lower freedom, even when the promise of it is made by a vigorous brute who hunts alike bears and women, and her triumphant song is heard at the moment when her sculptor and his spiritual bride are conveniently disposed of by a benevolent avalanche.

Ibsen advanced to his modern social plays through a comedy which was also a satirical study of political parties in Norway, "*The League of Youth*." While engaged upon its composition, he called it a "peaceable" play, but the hisses, the cat-calls and the applause in the theatre, when it was first represented at Christiania, must have undeceived him. It placed for a time Ibsen and his friend Björnson in hostile camps. The unmasking of an adventurer, half-deceiver, half

self-deceived, a no infrequent theme of comedy. What is proper to Ibsen in the character of his political adventurer is the conception of moral disintegration—"soul, disposition, will, talents, all pulling in different ways"—the jarring elements being yet bound together by a fierce and ruthless egotism. Stensgaard is himself intoxicated by the enthusiasm of his liberal sentiments and his effusive rhetoric; and behind the goodly show lurks a sordid soul, as small and hard as it is mean, which waits till the fifth act to be stripped naked and exposed to the general view.

Such is the pseudo-democratic leader and the pretended reformer of established society. But the representatives of constituted authority may be just as pretentious and just as hollow. In the title of his play, "*The Pillars of Society*," Ibsen concentrates an indignant irony. It tells the story of a life that has been erected upon a lie, a structure specious but desperately insecure, and it exhibits the social environment, with its vulgar pieties and conventional morals and manners, which gives opportunity to the architect of such a structure. Consul Bernick, the virtuous husband, has had his disgraceful adventure with an actress, and has transferred the shame which should be his to an innocent man; he has sacrificed the honest passion of his youth for a mercenary marriage; he has saved the credit of the house of Bernick by a lie. Consul Bernick, the public-spirited citizen, has engineered his great railway project merely with a view to private greed; and he, whose mission it is to be an example to his townfolk, will send "*The Indian Girl*" to sea with rotten timbers and sham repairs.

By the side of this worthy pillar of society stands another, Rector Rörlund, whose edifying readings and self-gratulatory moral comments instruct the ladies who sacrifice themselves by plain-stitching on behalf of the *Lapsed and Lost*, and fill the intervals of read-

ing and moral discourse with scandals, slanders and spites. "Oh! if I could only get far away!" cries that child of nature, Dina Dorf, "I could get on well enough by myself, if only the people I lived amongst weren't so—so—so proper and moral." As her last possible service to the man whom she had loved, that flouter of the proprieties, Lona, would get firm ground under Bernick's feet. But firm ground can be won only by a public confession of his iniquities and by righting the generous man who had been his scapegoat. Such a confession is wrung from him by the agony of joy at the recovery of the lost son who—it seemed—had perished as the victim of the father's crime. And with the attainment of firm ground a new life may begin.

"For many years," exclaims Bernick's wife, just before the curtain is rung down, "I have believed that you had once been mine, and I had lost you. Now I know that you never were mine; but I shall win you." In "*The Pillars of Society*" there is nothing fine or subtle. Ibsen's pleading for rectitude is written with a broad-nibbed pen. But stage effect and stage ethics are not always enhanced by subtlety.

The same expression, "Life erected upon a lie," is the formula for both "*A Doll's House*" and "*Ghosts*." But in these plays Ibsen turns from the life of society to domestic life. In the words of Mrs. Bernick just quoted and in a speech of Selma in "*The League of Youth*" the germ of "*A Doll's House*" may be discovered. The truth of married life can be found only when the woman is seen not as an adjunct or appendage, formed for the ease or pleasure of her husband, but as herself a complete individual, who has entered into an alliance of mutual help. The charming Nora is a sweet little song bird, a little lark, a pretty squirrel—anything graceful and petted, but not a reasonable and responsible woman. She is an exquisite toy in her husband's hands, and he would be to her a conscience and a will. He has found his

doll-life, who plays such delightful tricks, amusing, but loved her, in the true sense of the word, he has not. And she has never known him; she has been living with "a strange man" for eight years and borne him three children.

Her whole married life has been a lie; now suddenly the truth breaks in upon her; and she must be alone in order to see things clearly and to think things out aright. Husband and children have no claim upon her; she must understand and in some measure realize herself before she can render any true service to others. Inquiries should be set on foot to ascertain whether a manuscript may not lurk in some house in Christiania entitled "Nora Helmer's Reflections in Solitude"; it would be a document of singular interest, and probably would conclude with the words, "To-morrow I return to Torvald; have been exactly a week away; shall insist on a free woman's right to unlimited macaroons as test of his reform."

The last scene of the play, in which Nora quits her husband's house, did not at first commend itself to Eleonora Duse, though in the end she accepted it. The prompt instinct of a great actress is perhaps more to be trusted than her later judgment—or perhaps submission. To that scene Ibsen attached the highest importance; for its sake, he declares, "I may almost say the whole play was written." Yet, hearing that it might suffer alteration on the German stage, he did what he calls an act of barbaric violence to his idea; an alternative scene was provided in which Nora is led by her husband to the door of the children's bedroom, and there sinks down before the curtain falls. The uncompromising author had condescended to a compromise; it was as if Brand had come to terms with the Dean.

Whatever may have been Nora's final decision, the unhappier Mrs. Alving pulled the heavy door behind her with loud reverberations. It was

her error that she did not seek solitude, in which to study the wreck of her life and think things clear. The shadows projected on the present from our own or our parents' past are not the only "ghosts"; dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs are ghosts as formidable, which, like the great Boyg of "Peer Gynt," conquer but do not fight.

And for Mrs. Alving the ghost-leader is the prudently pious Pastor Manders. From that discreet counselor she learns the duty of a wife to an erring husband; she takes up the burden of her sorrow and tries to hide its shame. Not to conceal any wrongdoing of her own, but through a false idea of duty and a false idea of honor, she converts her life into one long, elaborate and piteous fraud. The recoil from Pastor Manders's ghosts carries her to the opposite order of ideas, pushed perhaps—for she is a woman—to an extreme; yet still she acts out her lie and will canonize Captain Alving's saintly memory with her orphanage. At last a terrible necessity demands a full disclosure of the truth to her son; but it has no healing efficacy for him or for her. The terrible ghosts of heredity take the place of the ghosts which she had exorcised, and she sinks the victim of the veritable Furies of an age of science.

The public howled and the critics flung their heaviest stones at the author of "Ghosts." The author faced round upon his pursuers and shook his fist at them in "An Enemy of the People." The formula of the play is no longer "a life erected on a lie," but "a life founded on the truth," and Ibsen—only for dramatic purposes a less perspicacious Ibsen—is his own hero. It was not he who has made the water of the baths poisonous and the whole place pestilential. He has only submitted the water to scientific tests, and announced the fact that it swarms with infusoria. True, the representatives of law and order, the press, the middle-class liberal majority, the

householders' association, are all united against him; but what of that?

The majority are always in the wrong; "the Liberals are the worst foes of free men," and "party programmes wring the necks of all young and vital truths." Ibsen, as Dr. Stockmann, ends with his word of defiance—"The strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone." Dr. Stockmann, of the Baths, is an Athanasius contra mundum; a Galileo with his *E pur si muove*. And yet Ibsen does not deny that the champion of truth must suffer in the cause; beside other calamities patent to the doctor and his excellent family, it is discovered that his foes have torn a hole in his black trousers. No critic of "An Enemy of the People" can spare his readers the sentence beginning with "The strongest man upon earth" as the heroic moral of the play; but perhaps, for a full statement of the truth, it should be conjoined with another sentence: "One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth."

Ibsen's biographer, Henrik Jaeger, represents "The Wild Duck" as the outcome of a mood of despondency, and almost of pessimism, following upon the excitement of self-defense which produced "An Enemy of the People." This surely is a misconception. Having shaken his fist at the hostile crowd, Ibsen parleys with them. He begs to inform them that everything they have alleged against him and his doctrine is better known to himself than to them. They have cried aloud that his teaching is dangerous, and he repeats the words—Yes, certainly it is dangerous.

Every new and every true doctrine of life is an edged tool. Children and fools ought not to play with tools that may cut to the bone. And who will deny that a man's worst foes may be found among his own disciples, when they happen to be fools? Caricature, if you please, the principles which I have maintained, cries Ibsen, and he proceeds to show in "The Wild Duck" that

he takes no responsibility for the caricatures of his own professed followers, whose abuse of true principles he understands only too well. This is no outcome of despondency on his part; it is a mode of bringing into action his second line of defense.

We do well to present the claims of the ideal; but "when crazy people," as the good, ignorant Gina shrewdly says, "go about presenting the claims of the what-do-you-call-it," who can answer for the consequences? If a Gregers Werle elects himself to a "mission," we know what must follow. And who with a grain of common sense would try to put firm ground under the feet of a Hjalmar Ekdal, when the man himself is so fashioned as to convert inevitably every truth presented to him into a lie? There is virtue in the humble common sense and practical energy of poor Gina. Dr. Relling, though his theory of life may be false, at least perceives the fact that Hjalmar is compounded of self-indulgence, vanity and sentimental folly. Mrs. Sörby is not perhaps a perfect woman nobly planned, but she can conduct her affairs with some honesty and good judgment. Each of these is capable of handling a truth or the fragment of a truth to useful ends.

But the edged tool of truth—even though it be an admirable instrument in itself—can only work mischief in the hands of a Gregers, and the highest of truths with a Hjalmar can only fold him in some new delusion. Meanwhile the innocent may be the victim; little Hedvig lies dead; and before long her death will supply her supposed father with a pretty theme for sentimental declamation.

Life erected upon a lie, life established upon the truth, had occupied Ibsen long. In "Rosmersholm" there is a terrible concealment of truth followed by a terrible disclosure, but the problem of the true life and the false is here complicated with the problem of a divided nature. Rebecca West is in her intellect, as Kroll names her,

an emancipated woman. She has read herself into a number of new ideas and opinions: "You have got a sort of smattering of recent discoveries in various fields"—so discourses the astute Kroll—"discoveries that appear to overturn certain principles that have hitherto been held impregnable and unassailable." But, he adds, and Rebecca cannot deny that he speaks with justice, "all this has been only a matter of the intellect, Miss West—only knowledge. It has not passed into your blood."

She sees Rosmer bound in the trammels of the old faith, and languishing in his union with an ailing, hysterical wife. She imagines him freed from the ghosts of beliefs that have had their day, freed from the servitude of a weary marriage, and advancing joyously by her side to struggle and victory. Her passion for Rosmer, her emancipated intellect, and something of the Viking spirit co-operate within her, and she resolves that he shall be hers. She wins him over to her new ideas, and while maintaining the appearance of being the unhappy Beata's devoted friend and attendant, by a system of slow torture she drives Rosmer's wife to the mill-race.

A year of what seems pure and disinterested friendship follows, and during this year, under Rosmer's influence, her heart in its gentler feelings and her conscience, which had lagged behind her intellect, are awakened to activity. Rest descends on her soul, "a stillness as of one of our northern bird-cliffs under the midnight sun." The wild desire within her dies and self-denying love is born. She renounces joy, makes frank confession of her extinct Viking passion and her sin; and since death is the test which alone can restore his lost faith in her to Rosmer, she prepares to execute justice on herself. But now the pair are in truth united; they have become one in spirit; for Rosmer true life is gained in the moment when life is to be lost; and thus in their death the spiritual

husband and wife are not divided. The composition of forces resulting from emancipated ideas and the old faith in the blood has its tragic issue in the mill-race.

The theme of "*Hedda Gabler*" can be expressed in a word; it is neither the life founded on truth, nor the life erected on a lie; it is the baseless life. The beautiful Hedda knows neither love nor duty, nor is she possessed even by a passionate egoism; she is capable of no real joy, no beneficent sorrow; she simply alternates between prolonged boredom and brief excitements. She seems to arise out of nothing and to tend nowhither. Had her luck been better than to be the wife of a rather stout, blond, spectacled, young aspirant Professor who is entirely happy when he can stuff his bag with transcripts concerning the domestic industries of Brabant during the Middle Ages, her existence would not have been essentially changed. She comes from the void, and into the void she goes.

Her death was not an act of courage, whatever Judge Brack may say; it was only the last note struck of her wild dance-music, and has at best an esthetic propriety. There is not substance enough in her even to go into the melting-ladle of Peer Gynt's button-molder; she cannot be recast; she is extinguished, and that is all. Judge Brack will find place in another triple alliance and perhaps be cock of another walk. George Tesman will assist Mrs. Elvsted in her pious labors, may throw from her inspiring mind a pallid illumination on the industries of Brabant, and will transcribe many more invaluable documents. The whole of Hedda's story is summed up in the fact that she has pulled her dear friend Thea's irritating hair and effectually scorched the curls. She has had her entrance, and has had her exit.

As Ibsen felt his hold grow stronger on his public, he became more venturesome and experimental in his art. He had early left romantic art behind him

and had advanced to his own peculiar kind of realism; now he would appropriate something from what has chosen to name itself symbolism. In Ibsen's plays symbolism means that an act, while intelligible as an act, is also a metaphor, which gives the act a wider meaning, or that words tending to action have a secondary and fuller significance over and above their direct import.

Some lives, says a speaker in "Peer Gynt," are fiddles which can be patched and repaired, some are bells which, if cracked, cannot be mended. This is a metaphor. But if the action of the play showed us a man vainly endeavoring to mend a cracked bell, we should at once surmise the presence of a secondary and symbolic intention on the part of the writer. When such symbolism in any degree diverts the action of the play from what is real and natural, it becomes illegitimate; the secondary meaning does not then lie in the action, but is forced upon it.

It cannot be said that Ibsen always avoids this danger. Both the action and the dialogue of "The Master-BUILDER," which may serve as an example of his latest group of plays, are denaturalized by the symbolic intentions. It is a drama in which thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion play a part. That excellent critic, Mr. William Archer, to whom, with his fellow-laborers, we are indebted for a translation of Ibsen's works as spirited as it is faithful, was so far hypnotized by the writer's genius as to maintain that we can give imaginative credence to both the action and the dialogue of "The Master-BUILDER," considered apart from their double meaning. His friend, Mr. Walkley, had been protected by some fine nonconducting medium from the hypnotic spell. Mr. Archer in his trance uttered ingenious words in defense of the play, but to one who remained awake they were not quite convincing.

"The Master-BUILDER," more perhaps than any other work of Ibsen's, swarms

with ideas, and to catch at these ideas and bring them under their law is a fascinating exercise in gymnastics. The action has all the consequence and logic which a dream seems to have while we are still dreaming, and all the inconsequence and absurdity which we perceive in our dream when we awake. The arrival of Hilda, the story of the church-tower, the three nurseries, the nine beautiful dolls, the climbing of ladders are the coinage of Queen Mab; with the catastrophe we start, are open-eyed, and behold it was a dream. Halverd Solness, the master-builder, has erected his fortunes on the ruin of the lives of others, and, among them, of his own wife. Yet with all his greed of ambition he possesses little of the true Viking-spirit, and his conscience is the reverse of "robust." It is, once again, the problem of the divided nature.

A day comes when he decides that he will build no more churches for God; he will build only homes wherein men may be happy. But his own home has been made unhappy by his fierce ambition and its consequences. He can no longer believe in happy homes. What then remains for him to build? Only castles in the air, for in these alone can human happiness reside. And to such a pursuit of unattainable ideals the younger generation which he had feared, yet toward which he had yearned, now represented by a woman, who is to him like a sunrise, pricks him on. He will build with her—his fairy princess—his beautiful castle in the air.

But the test of his capacity for such an achievement is that he shall for once do the impossible—mount to the dizzy summit of his tower, and there hold commune with the Powers above. He mounts, stands for an instant triumphant, totters, falls and is dead. All this hangs together coherently enough as the shadowing-forth of an idea. As a sequence of real incidents in this real world of ours it does not rebuke that critic who called it "a bewildering farrago of rubbish."

The Dancing Girl.

By CHRISTOPHER SHADOW.

She danced, and all the world stood still
And gazed in wonder and delight,
And marveled her bewitching skill,
Half doubting their bewildered sight.
Hers was no strained and stilted pose—
A dainty step—a wave—a whirl—
As if with gentle breath a rose
The breeze had kissed so danced the girl.

She danced. Terpsichore could learn
From the grace of her body's rhythmical turn,
As it bended and wended in time with the play
Of the flutes and the strings in harmonious sway.
Like the melody of a symphonic song
She gracefully slid and glided along,
And the quaint measured step of her dear little feet,
Now kissing the floor, now caressing the air,
Was of loveliness quite as tender and sweet
As her smiling lips, and her eyes, and her hair.
In truth she gave joy from the tips of her toes
To the pert little end of her pert little nose.

She danced, and all the world stood still!
Then should not I her charms proclaim,
And praise her soul-bewitching skill
And build an altar to her fame?
With laurel wreaths and flowers gay
Her merry path I fain would strew,
And smooth with happiness her way,
And praise each day her grace anew.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE always been convinced that notwithstanding the discoveries made in all parts of the world by armies of explorers, there exist many things, many lands and strange beings that we wot not of, the like of which we have never dreamed in our philosophy. This conviction has been strengthened in no small measure by the extraordinary adventures that happened to me in Eastern Asia, and which I venture to recount in detail, partly from data committed to my diary, partly from memory; for though, as it will be seen, circumstances were not always favorable to the taking of notes, the events which befel in such rapid succession were of so startling a nature as to impress themselves indelibly upon my mind.

Yes, there are many mysterious places on the earth: swamp and forest land, mountains and subterranean regions with marvelous rivers that still remain uncharted. Travelers have no doubt skirted them, but have been headed off by bogs and stagnant waters breeding sickness and death, by hunger and thirst, and impenetrable brushwood. In regard to caverns, speaking only of Europe, Asia and America—for certain parts of Africa and Australia are still *terra incognita*, and no man has penetrated to the extreme Arctic and Antarctic latitudes—there are several wonderful grottoes, even in France itself, that have never been explored.

What I am about to relate is the plain, unvarnished truth, and inasmuch as I am inventing nothing, I make bold to say that it is one of the most stirring, most absorbing stories of travel and adventure ever told. Should the reader fail to indorse my opinion, it will be because I am unable to set down my exploits in a sufficiently attractive manner, but this will detract nothing from their phenomenal character.

I will refrain from unnecessary preliminary explanations. Suffice it to say that despite my comparative youthfulness, I accompanied, in the capacity of naturalist and physician, the geographical expedition sent out a few years ago by the French Government to the regions of the Amoor on the confines of Russia in Asia and the Chinese Empire. Our leader was Jean Louis Devreuse, captain of the cruiser *Hero* whose fame as an explorer of the Antarctic regions being universal, it is not needful for me to descant upon.

The story begins in the eighth month of our voyage.

ROBERT FARVILLE.

PART ONE.

I.

THE LAND OF DREARY WATERS.

The country through which we were traveling is remarkable for its fecundity. Few, if any, human beings live there. Profound silence reigns over the formidable marshes. The brute creation increases and multiplies un-

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

disturbed on land and in the water: birds fill the air to the very clouds; the rivers positively teem with aquatic life. There the soul expands. For months I felt the intoxicating joy of living, gave full freedom to the flights of my fancy and imagination.

At the outset we saw large droves of wild horses and packs of wolves and bears roving about, and great flocks of cranes and wood pigeons rose as we approached them.

Then we came to the marshes. A country of uncertain, uninviting appearance stretched away to the left, jugged with long capes upon which innumerable herons ruminated solemnly and the wind moaned among the rushes. We waded through several weed-covered lagoons, and crossed a deep swamp on a raft made from a tree that had been blasted and stricken down by lightning. And the black-looking country widened, heaving with feverish reptilian life: gigantic toads hopped along the banks, serpents wriggled in the mud and rotting herbage, myriads of insects burrowed in the soft soil. Insipid, sickly gases that became phosphorescent at night and flickered in countless wills-o'-the-wisp rose from the bogs. The sky cloudy and opaque, was so low that it seemed to rest upon the strips of earth that barred the slimy waters in the distance. It was grandiose, but frightful, and it filled us with awe. We pushed on, not having the courage to turn back, and daily expecting to reach drier and more salubrious country.

It was toward the end of August. For three weeks we had been roaming at hazard, trusting to luck to pull us through. In crossing some rapids we lost our tents, and our men were visibly discouraged; but the chief would not give up. Imbued with the restless spirit of exploration, endowed with stubborn energy, stern, implacable, almost cruel, he pertained to that race of aggressive fighters who scorn all obstacles, rule men with an iron hand and know how to die heroically, if

necessary, but whose private life is morose, monotonous, devoid of interest. He held us under the yoke of his will.

Our Asiatic guide had lost his reckoning completely, and had not the remotest idea as to where we were. To all our inquiries he replied with the impassible sadness peculiar to Orientals:

"Me no sabe—land of bad men—me no sabe."

Our men began to show signs of mutiny. I personally did not care. My only anxiety was for dainty little Sabine Dexeuse, daughter of the captain. How ever she obtained permission to accompany the expedition I could never understand. Doubtless the captain, in capitulating to her pleading, had imagined that the journey would be a short one and fraught with no particular danger. It is a fact that those who wander about the world become in course of time inexplicably optimistic and place unbounded confidence in their lucky star.

Each day Sabine Devreuse had become dearer to me. She shed the light of grace over the company. Because of her our arduous journey seemed to me but a happy excursion, our halts in the evening an incomparable poem. Notwithstanding her delicate beauty and frail appearance she was never ill, scarcely ever weary.

One morning we thought we had reached a more promising territory. The captain was disposed to congratulate himself, for we were crossing a plain that was only dotted by a few ponds.

"We shall emerge to the east, probably on to prairie land, as I foresaw," he said.

I confess I did not share his optimism. As I gazed toward the horizon I had the presentiment that we were far from being at the end of our troubles. It turned out that my apprehensions were well founded for we were soon floundering in the swamps again. To add to our discomfort a steady, interminable downpour of rain set in. The

ground, where there happened to be any, was covered with spongy moss, and mucous lichens. We wasted days in going round deep swamps, while all kinds of paludinous creatures glided about and frightened our horses. Our water-proof overcoats were worn full of holes and we were drenched to the skin.

Our halt on August 30, on a small stony eminence that would not have afforded shelter to a rat and was bare of anything that could serve as fuel was one of the most disheartening episodes of the voyage. The captain, as stiff and stern as the Assyrians escorting their prisoners on the bas-reliefs of Khorsabab, spoke to no one. An abominable twilight was expiring in the deluge. The implacable humidity, the funereal greyness, exercised a still more depressing effect upon everybody. Sabine Devreuse alone summed up courage enough to smile. Dear girl! She symbolized the comfort of our Western homes; and in listening to her silvery voice I forgot alike my sadness and lassitude.

Figure to yourself, if you can, our position, lying on the viscous soil in absolute darkness; for it was the period of the new moon, and the sky was covered from east to west with three-fold curtains of clouds. Yet I slept, though my slumber was disturbed at intervals by frightful nightmares.

About an hour before dawn our horses began to stamp and snort with terror, and made frantic efforts to break their leather halters. The guide touched my arm.

"The man-eater!" he said.

You cannot imagine the horror these words inspired in the inky darkness and the cold, incessant douche. I sat up quickly and reached for my rifle, which was protected by a case of thick oiled leather. Then I peered into the darkness. I might as well have tried to look through a brick wall.

"How do you know?" I asked.

A muffled growl on the plain answered the question and left no room for

doubt that the man spoke sooth. It was, indeed, the great man-eating tiger of the north, successor, if not the descendant, of the lord of the quaternary age, that crosses the frozen rivers to ravage the small cities of the Amoor.

It was not the first time he had tracked us, but previously twelve men, well armed, all good shots, and protected by a bright camp fire had nothing to fear. Now, however, it was different. Though he could see us, we could not see him in the dense night, blacker than the Egyptian plague of darkness, strain our eyes as we would, and could only await the attack in anxious suspense.

"Form a square," ordered the captain.

We sprang to our feet. The horses were plunging more frantically than ever, and it would have been dangerous to seek to use them as a rampart against the enemy.

"He come—me hear him!" exclaimed the guide.

No one doubted that he was right for we all knew that the Asiatic's hearing was wonderfully acute, and—oh! that wall of humidity, that pall of rain, the unspeakable mystery of the night! I in turn soon heard the monster creeping stealthily toward us. The feeling that he could see us, was preparing to spring upon us suddenly, without warning, filled us with dread. It was calculated to make the bravest quail, and it did.

There was a pause. The tiger was probably hesitating in the choice of his victim. He must have been astonished at the presence of men and horses in those endless solitudes. Then we could hear him moving again. He was somewhere to the left of my side of the square and nearer to us than the horses.

"Take a chance shot," murmured Devreuse to me, for I was considered to be the best marksman of the troop.

A roar followed the sharp crack of the rifle, and then we heard the fall of a heavy body. Next we knew that the tiger was very near to us, for we could

hear him breathing heavily, in short gasps.

"Shoot, Lachal, you, too, Alcuin!" cried the captain.

By the light of the two flashes we saw the monster crouching to spring, then, before Devreuse could give another order, there was a rush through the air, and in the impenetrable darkness arose the agonized shriek of a man.

For two seconds we were paralyzed with horror. No one dared to shoot. Another shriek, a crunching sound, and somebody fired. The flash revealed two men on the ground and the tiger preparing to strike down a third victim. A shower of blows with the butt end of the rifles descended upon the man-eater, and four reports rang out, answered by a prolonged, frightful howl.

"He wounded," whispered the guide.

Hardly had he spoken when there was another roar, I felt a great mass hurled against me, and I was seized, rolled over, shaken as a rat is shaken by a terrier, and carried off.

"It is all up with me," I thought.

An incredible resignation came over me, a sort of lucid hallucination. I gave myself up to death. I was not hurt and I still clutched my rifle.

After awhile the tiger stopped. I was dropped on the ground, felt a hot, fetid breath upon my face, and suddenly all my resignation gave place to extreme terror and regret of life. A great paw descended upon me, and I felt that I was about to be crushed, torn to pieces and devoured.

"Farewell!" I shouted feebly.

In my desperation I had instinctively raised my rifle. A flash, a report! The tiger howled and leaped into the air. I, extended on the ground, awaited death. I could hear a heavy grunting three paces from me. A glimmer of hope entered my breast: How is this? Am I to live, am I to die? Why is the monster grunting and rolling, instead of taking his vengeance?

He struggled up, fell down again,

there was a frightful gasp, then silence. The next thing I knew I was on my feet and heard the sound of approaching voices.

"He very dead!" exclaimed the Asiatic, and his hand seized mine in the darkness.

I responded with a vise-like grip. My mind was still filled with anguish, doubt as to whether the tiger was really dead, fear that he would bound upon me again. But I could only hear the monotonous trickling of the rain and the footsteps of my companions as they groped their way cautiously toward me.

"Robert, are you safe?" shouted the captain.

"Yes, all right," I responded.

After several vain attempts I succeeded in striking a match under cover of my overcoat. The scene disclosed by the faint flicker was striking in the extreme. The tiger, lying in the blood-dyed mud, was a magnificent creature. Even in death it preserved a menacing attitude. Its lips were drawn back as in an angry snarl, baring the cruel fangs, and a paw raised showed the strong, sharp claws. How was it possible that I was among the living? I could scarcely realize that I had been snatched by a miracle from the jaws of dead.

"He very dead!" repeated the Asiatic.

We rejoined the captain and felt our way back to the knoll.

"Are you hurt?" asked a voice in sweet, tremulous tones that made my heart beat violently.

"No, mademoiselle," I answered her; "or at any rate not seriously. The brute must have gripped me by the leather and india rubber of my clothing. But what about the others?"

"I believe I have got a nasty scratch on the chest—the tiger left me at once," replied Alcuin.

Another and more plaintive voice exclaimed:

"And I am wounded on the hip, but the shock was even worse than the bite."

We forgot all about our fatigue and the rain. Our escape from the deadly peril, in which we had been placed, filled us with an excitement that was almost joyous. Finally a faint grey-ness appeared in the East and lightened reluctantly until we were able to see each other. The cheerless day dawned upon a scene of desolation—the abomination of desolation—a scene of flooded marshes all around us; and our excitement was succeeded by gloomy foreboding, though, as far as I was concerned, I had only eyes and thoughts for Sabine, and would have put up with anything so that I could be near her. Our wounds were not serious enough to render a continuance of the halt imperative, and we pushed on.

Another day was spent in the horrible solitude and the rain that soaked all the energy out of us. The men began to grumble seriously. They kept at a distance and held whispered conferences among themselves. Whenever I happened to approach them they regarded me distrustfully. It was easy to see that they were plotting, and though I personally was prepared to follow the captain to the end of the world, I could understand their dissatisfaction and felt sorry for them.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Devreuse decided to call a halt. Apart from our excessive fatigue and the attention due to the wounded men, the halt was occasioned by the discovery of a shelter.

In the middle of the plain was a queer hillock of rock about ninety feet high. We entered a hollow that seemed to have been widened by human hands and came near the top to a plateau and a spacious grotto, fairly well lighted, and with a sloping and perfectly dry floor.

After being two days in the rain there seemed to be something providential in the discovery of this shelter, and the men manifested the intention of passing the night there. The chief could not refuse a demand so reason-

able. Our horses easily made the ascent, and we found ourselves lodged with un hoped-for comfort. I say un hoped-for, because, branching from the grotto were a number of passages, and in a depression of the plateau a small lake that the rain kept filled with running water; so that we were able not only to perform much needed toilet operations, but to rinse a part of our clothing and hang it in the passages to dry, after which we ate the provisions remaining from our last hunt—a few cooked slices of moose. How glad we should have been to wash the food down with a cup of hot tea, I need hardly say; but alas! there was no means of making a fire.

"It would be advisable to cut a few branches," observed one of the men.

"They wouldn't have time to dry," said the captain morosely.

"Indeed!"

The tone of the man's remark struck me. I was standing at the entrance to the grotto with Sabine. We were gazing out upon the landscape through the melancholy curtain of the rain. But it was a blissful moment to me. Sabine, in her gray mantle, her hair caught up negligently, a glow of color in her cheeks, was the embodiment of youth, life and grace. She inspired me with an exquisite fear, a mystic palpitation. Her sweet smile banished all my homesickness and anxieties.

As I said, the tone of the man's remark (it was Alcuin who had spoken) struck me, and I turned round. Devreuse had also noticed it, and demanded with severity:

"What is that you say?"

Alcuin, troubled at first, answered, after some hesitation, with respectful firmness:

"You see, captain, it's like this: We are very tired. A rest of a few days is necessary—and Lefort's wound wants a lot of nursing."

His comrades nodded approval, which fact ought to have made the chief reflect; but, as usual, his unreasonable obstinacy asserted itself.

"We go on to-morrow morning," he announced curtly.

"We can't do it," remonstrated Alcuin, and he ventured to add: "We wish for five days' rest. The shelter is good, and we should be able to pull ourselves together in that time."

The chief's hard face betrayed a suspicion of indecision, but the man, decidedly, was inaccessible to kindly sentiments, too carried away by his belief in his absolutism and prescience. He had now decided that there was a passage to the southwest, and would not lose a day in attaining it.

"We go on to-morrow morning," he repeated.

"But suppose we cannot?" insisted Alcuin mildly.

Devreuse frowned

"Do you refuse to obey my orders?"

"No, captain, we don't refuse, but we really cannot go any further. The expedition was only to last three months."

Devreuse, agitated, evidently recognized that there was some justice in his subordinate's demands, or he would not have hesitated before replying. I still hoped that he would have the good sense to accord the respite, but no, he could not make up his mind to give way.

"Very well," he said, "I will go alone."

Then, turning to me, he added:

"You will wait here ten days for me."

"No," I retorted; "if the others intend to abandon you, it is not for me to judge their conduct. As for me, I swear that I will not leave you till we reach civilization again."

The men remained impassible. Devreuse's lips quivered with unaccustomed emotion.

"Thank you, Robert," he said warmly, and addressing the others disdainfully:

"Taking into consideration the length and hardship of the journey, I will not denounce your conduct. But I order you to wait here for us for

fifteen days. This time, unless compelled by uncontrollable circumstances, disobedience of my order will be treason."

"Until the evening of the fifteenth day at the very least," said Alcuin humbly, "and we regret——"

Devreuse interrupted him with a haughty gesture, and a long and gloomy silence fell upon the company.

II.

THE OLD STORY.

I rose at daybreak. The others were still sleeping soundly. I was nervous and racked with uneasiness on account of delicate little Sabine, whose father was about to expose her to new dangers. I regretted my resolution of the previous night. Had I sided with the men the captain might not have been so obstinate. I was worried by this idea, although I argued that, unbending, as he was, such action on my part would have made no difference. He would have gone all the same, taking Sabine with him, and separation from the latter would have been more bitter to me than death.

Thus I mused at the entrance of the grotto. Another dismal day had begun in the relentless rain. The whole country was under water. Water triumphed over earth and sky.

Suddenly I heard a slight noise, light footsteps behind me. I turned. It was Sabine. Enveloped in her little mantle she advanced with a charming air of mystery, and all my sadness vanished. Motionless, hypnotized, I could scarcely articulate a word of polite greeting.

"I want to speak to you," she murmured. "I was greatly touched by your devotedness yesterday. My father, who will be eternally grateful to you, does not know how to thank any one. Shall I thank you for him?"

Her sweet voice sent the blood coursing madly through my veins. Oh! how I loved her! It was as much as I could do to restrain myself from taking her in my arms and blurting out the secret

that my lips feared to tell. I would cheerfully, nay, eagerly, have laid down my life for her, gone anywhere, done anything, confronted any danger to merit a smile of approval from her.

"If in speaking as I did I but pleased you, the reward is too great," I stammered.

"Too great?"

She gazed at me with her wondrous blue eyes, then lowered them and blushed. I was shaking like a leaf, almost irresistibly compelled to declare my love, dreading lest I should lose the consolation of accompanying her and being near her if I did.

"Yes, too great. Your thanks would more than repay any peril incurred, any devotedness."

She kept her eyes lowered, and I felt that the supreme moment had arrived, that I was face to face with my destiny, that she represented Life or Nirvana to me.

"My devotion frightened you?" I faltered.

"I should be timid, indeed, were that the case," she said with a tinge of irony, but an irony so sweet, so kind!

My doubt continued—the fear of losing all by a throw of the dice: a "yes," a "no."

"Will you not let me follow you always?" I ventured, hardly conscious of what I was saying.

"Always?"

"Yes, all my life!"

She became serious. I was desperate. There was no receding now. The die was cast. I continued:

"May I not ask your father whether he will take me with him as his son?"

An air of doubt passed over her visage; then with charming bravery she said:

"Yes, ask him!"

"Sabine," I cried, choking with emotion, "can I dare to believe that you love me?"

"What, then, would you believe?"

This was said with a tinge of her former irony, delicious, tender irony.

Oh! that beautiful rainy morning,

that paradise of swamps. Gently I had caught her hand, gently I had raised it to my lips.

I was king of the world.

III.

SNATCHED FROM DEATH BY A STRANGE BEING.

Two days had elapsed since we—the captain, Sabine and I—had quitted the men in the grotto. The country grew more dismal as we advanced, though it was not devoid of a certain sombre and grandiose beauty. Whether there was an issue or not it was certain that the journey was hourly becoming more painful. Luckily we had only brought Sabine's little horse with us; our own mounts would have been an encumbrance rather than a help.

The rain had ceased, and we were trudging along a ridge of land that was surrounded in every direction by pools.

"Night is coming on. Another effort," urged the captain.

And night was coming on. We made for what appeared to be a knoll. I do not know what came over Sabine's horse, but it suddenly took it into its head to bolt, and away it dashed, passing to the left of the knoll like a streak of lightning. We heard Sabine scream, and running forward found that the animal had plunged into a bog. Without taking time to reflect I rushed to the rescue, and in an instant was floundering beside the girl in the treacherous soil.

"Our movements only make us sink deeper," remarked Sabine.

There could be no doubt about it. Caught in a net of plants we could neither advance nor recede. We were in one of those traps in which inert Nature seems to suck under with slow but sure ferocity the living beings that fall into them.

The captain, however, had not lost his presence of mind. He approached by a round-about way along a narrow tongue of land that jutted obliquely in our direction. He had uncoiled a few yards of rope, and was gathering it up

to throw us the end of it. Our only hope was in him, and we followed his movements with anguish. Suddenly he slipped, stumbled, tried to recover himself and draw back. The soil of the promontory, composed, doubtless, at the extremity where he was standing, of a decayed vegetable crust gave way. Devreuse flung out his hands trying to clutch at something to save himself, but in vain, and he found himself in the same position as we were!

Moreover, night had set in, and everything appeared vague and indistinct. In the penumbra of the vast solitude we could hear the sighing and wailing of the brute creation. Wills-o'-the-wisp flickered around us. We were prisoners of the slough. At the slightest motion we sank a little deeper. Every minute marked a stage toward the inevitable doom that awaited us, of being swallowed up by the earth. The moon, fuliginous and languid, made its appearance between misty banks of clouds, and hung like a great ball on a distant curtain of poplars. The horse was buried to the haunches, and Sabine gazed at me despairingly.

"Robert, we are lost!" she exclaimed.

Once more I made a desperate effort to extricate myself, but it only hastened the fatal hour.

"Well," cried the captain, "unless help arrives—and I don't see where it is to come from—it is all up with us, my poor children."

There was an inflection of tenderness in his stern voice that went to my heart. Sabine's eyes dilated with horror. They wandered alternately from her father to me, and all three of us felt our strength deserting us, realizing that the end was not far off.

"God help us," sighed Sabine.

The moon, rending her misty veil, shone brightly over all. In the south a few stars twinkled solitarily, like a little archipelago on the bosom of the ocean. The wind swept slowly over the marshes with a heavy, poisonous sweetness.

The mud was up to my shoulders. In half an hour I should have disappeared. Sabine stretched forth her hand to try and keep me up.

"Let us die together, Robert," she murmured.

* * * * *

A confused melody was wafted over the marshes. It was a weird, strange music, that belonged to no epoch, no country that I knew of, with intervals inappreciable to the ear, yet perceptible. We looked in the direction whence it came and in the refulgent light of the moon perceived the silhouette of a man standing on a strip of earth, a sort of elongated islet. In his hands he held an object the shape of which I could not discern.

All at once we saw an extraordinary sight. Giant salamanders clambered on to the islet and gathered about the man. They were followed by toads and water snakes. Bats fluttered over his head; grebes hopped around him; rats and other creatures crept up; water fowl and owls mingled with the audience. The man continued his bizarre music, and it diffused a great gentleness over the scene, a sentiment of pantheistic fraternity that communicated itself even to us, notwithstanding the horror of our position.

We lifted up our voices in a cry of distress.

The music ceased and the man turned toward us. When he noted the predicament we were in he leaped from the islet and disappeared among the weeds. Mingled anguish and hope kept us as motionless as statues. In a few minutes that seemed an eternity of time to us the man reappeared close by and came toward us. We were unable to follow his movements, but presently Sabine and I felt ourselves seized and dragged along. A few seconds later we were floundering through a less perfidious mire and soon were standing on solid earth once more. Devreuse, rescued in the same manner, rejoined us, and the stranger contemplated us with deep, but kindly interest.

He was almost nude, his sole garment consisting of a loin cloth of fibre. The hair of his head was thin and resembled barbated lichens, but he had no hair on the face or body, and his skin, which bore no trace of the mud into which he had waded was shiny, in fact appeared to be oily.

Devreuse thanked him in various dialects, but he only shook his head. Obviously he did not understand. Overjoyed at our unexpected deliverance we grasped his hands warmly to express our gratitude. He smiled and said something, but his voice was not that of a human being: it was a moist, guttural croaking.

He noticed, however, that we were shivering with cold and signed to us to follow him. We passed along a natural road which, though narrow, was firm and hard. It widened and slanted upward until we came to a kind of platform in the middle of a lagoon. Here the man signed to us to stop and once more disappeared in the water.

"Has he abandoned us?" asked Sabine anxiously.

"What if he has, we have been saved."

"And how miraculously!"

The moon was now high and almost white in its effulgence. As far as eye could reach spread the marshes, the Land of Dreary Waters. I was dreaming of all manner of things in a sort of hallucination, when I saw the man returning with Sabine's horse.

"My poor Geo!" exclaimed the girl as she caressed the animal that had so nearly been the cause of our undoing.

The man, in addition, brought some dry weeds, wood and eggs. He tendered the eggs together with a few handfuls of nuts, after which he piled up the wood and weeds and started a fire. This done, he smiled upon us and again plunged off the platform. We ran to the spot where he had dived. The water was deep here, but he did not reappear. We looked at each other, stupefied.

"What is the meaning of this?" I cried.

"I cannot say," replied Devreuse with a thoughtful air. "It is without question the most inexplicable, incredible thing I have met with in all my fifteen years of travel. But what is to happen, will happen. Let us have supper."

We ate heartily, dried our clothing by the fire, and the weather being balmy soon dropped off to sleep. In the middle of the night I awoke. The queer music of our rescuer resounded a long distance away across the marshes, but the musician was invisible. Then the conviction came to me that I had entered upon a new life, a reality more fairy-like than the most extravagant fairy tale.

We all awoke at sunrise greatly recuperated by our slumbers.

"Captain," I cried, and pointed to our outer clothing, of which, being heavy with mud, we had divested ourselves, and which was now clean and dry.

"It is the work of our Man of the Waters," said Sabine. "I begin to think he must be some benevolent faun."

We had a good breakfast of the nuts and eggs remaining from the previous night. The sun came out, and its sheen was reflected in the sombre, endless dreamland of marshes. We began to consider our position, and concluded that the outlook was anything but an encouraging one. We could not for the life of us see how we were going to get out of the marshes.

Suddenly Sabine uttered a little scream.

"Look!"

Something was floating rapidly toward us and we made it out to be a raft. It seemed to be moving through the green waters of its own accord, and this fact rather startled us. But presently a head emerged from the water, then a body, and we recognized our good genius. To our gestures of greeting the Man of the Waters re-

sponded with unequivocal demonstrations of cordiality.

His appearance astonished us even more than it had done in the moonlight. By the light of day we saw that his skin was a light green color; his lips were violet; his eyes strangely round and flat, with scarcely any white, the iris being the color of a carbuncle and the pupil indented and very large. Added to this there was a peculiar gracefulness and litheness in his movements, I examined him at length and attentively, especially his eyes, the like of which I had never seen in any human being.

After tying Geo on the raft he signed to us to board it, too. We complied, though not without a certain distrust, which was accentuated when he disappeared under the water again, and the raft began to move off in the singular manner in which it had come to us.

We caught sight of our conductor now and then in the thick, slimy water, encumbered with vegetation, and although we had been floating along for twenty minutes he had not risen to the surface. Our camping ground of the previous night was left far behind. The scenery began to change. The water was clearer, and we skirted several delightful little islands.

The head of the Man of the Waters, as we had decided to call him, presently bobbed up. He pointed to the southward, and went under again. The breeze brought a cooler, purer air with it. Soon the stretch of marshes became narrower; we passed through a shallow channel and found ourselves scudding over a magnificent lake of cold, limpid water in an atmosphere that was positively heavenly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SLEEPLESS.

By **WARD MUIR.**

(From the *Spectator*.)

The unseen barriers that hold me tight—
 (No door, no window is there to the cells
 Within the awful prison-house of Night!)—
 Are penetrated only by the bells,
 Which from the city's thousand wakeful towers
 Count and recount their tale of lagging hours . . .
 My mind is like the bells. It finds a way
 Through the dark wall which Night builds round my bed;
 It roams once more the realm of Yesterday,
 Or to those grim To-morrows that I dread
 It wings afar its furtive, weary flight. . . .
 Sleep! Sleep, have pity; hear me when I pray!
 Sleep, oh come swiftly! With thy gentle might
 Release the captive of relentless Night!

When the Snow Is On the Sill.

By ELIZABETH ROLLIT BURNS.

A simple meal though this may be
Of bread and butter, luscious honey,
And dainty cup of fragrant tea,
I feast besides on that which money
Can never buy; for though the chill
And stormy wind the snow is piling
In deep'ning drifts upon the sill,
Yet, winter's dreariness beguiling,

Come pictured scenes of sun and shine;
I hear again the bee's loud droning,
The rustling corn, the lowing kine,
The quail's monotonous intoning;
I see the furrow brown and bare,
The budding green, the slim stalk bending,
Quaint shadows dancing everywhere
In rhythmic fantasies unending;

Behold the grain in bounteous sheaves
Upon the field of stubbly yellow;
The splendor of the crims'ning leaves,
And o'er the resting earth the mellow
And dreamy light of purple haze;
Now from the rip'ning fruits distilling
Come spicy odors—autumn days
The promises of spring fulfilling.

So, on my board, the loaf of wheat,
And the aroma of the clover
In golden butter stored, and sweet
White honey culled by light-winged rover
Neath summer skies from myriad flowers,
Are now to mind these scenes recalling,
While chill winds blow, and storm-cloud lowers,
And snow on roof and sill is piling.

New York's New Governor.

Charles E. Hughes and His Opportunity.

By AUGUSTUS C. RAGSDALE.

WITH his inauguration as Governor of New York on January 1st, Charles Evans Hughes, utterly unknown to the public a few months ago, again comes before the public eye. Politicians of the "honest" and dishonest graft type, who have pursued their sinister calling in Albany for so many years with little molestation; representatives of what Mr. Hearst termed "predatory corporations;" public officials whose administrations would be blackened by the light of day, await with anxiety the coming of this quiet, forceful, determined man. The great mass of the people of the State, particularly the thousands of Democrats who cast their votes last November for a Republican nominee, will watch the preliminary moves of the new Executive with intensified expectancy.

The keen eyes of Mr. Hughes's august patron, President Roosevelt, who told the wavering leaders and delegates at Saratoga that Mr. Hughes must lead the Republican forces against Hearst and Hearstism, are fixed on Albany, and for two years will search every act of the Governor. Tentative and actual candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1908 will look jealously upon Charles E. Hughes's success and will inwardly rejoice if he fail. The nation itself, busy as it is with its own affairs, will direct at least an occasional glance upon New York's Governor while a very possible Presi-

dent of these United States is undergoing a crucial test.

Rarely has a man had such an opportunity as Charles E. Hughes. True it is that a capable administration as Governor of New York does not mean necessarily elevation to the Presidency. Mr. Hughes's opportunity does not lie alone in the fact that the country usually turns instinctively toward this State for one or more of its candidates. His greater strength as a Presidential possibility is that he is representative of the new order in politics; a product of the popular wrath against political bossism. It is ridiculously early and futile to discuss Mr. Hughes seriously or at length as a possible Presidential candidate, before he has made his record as Governor of New York, but it is not amiss to say that if he continues his dissociation from political chicanery and meets in other ways the expectations of those who elected him he will be a formidable factor in the contest, if it be a contest, for the Republican nomination eighteen months hence.

Leaving Mr. Roosevelt out of consideration, and accepting the well-grounded opinion that the present popular temper will not be changed in a few short months, the people will have none of an Elihu Root, brilliant and capable as he is, but reeking with past corporation affiliations; none of an "Uncle Joe" Cannon, vainly trying to conceal with the cunning of a fox, his predilection for the trusts. This is an

era of reform in politics, and no mere politician nor corporation advocate nor blatant reformer need cast envious eyes upon the Presidency. Mr. Hughes is none of these, and therefore will be among those to whom the country will turn in 1908—provided, in the parlance of the day, he “makes good” as Governor of New York.

This man who is taking the Governor's chair is, indeed, an anomaly in the way of a Chief Executive of this State in that he has had no political experience. Some great men have held this high office—Tilden, Cleveland, Roosevelt, but all had been politicians before their election. Until the legislative investigation of the lighting situation in New York City in the spring of 1905, Charles E. Hughes was not known outside of the legal fraternity and his immediate circle of friends. Close application to his profession gave him little time for club life or social relaxation, yet while he is not what is colloquially known as a “good fellow,” he is by no means an ascetic. When the New York Assemblymen were looking for a lawyer to conduct the investigation of the so-called Gas Trust they called on a number of attorneys, but each, for some reason, declined to accept the appointment.

“Charles E. Hughes is the man you want,” said two or three of them. They went to see him. He thought that it was to be an investigation of the political whitewashing kind and he declined. Then the committee sent this message:

“We are after the truth. We mean to find it. No one can call us off.”

“That's different,” was the reply. “I will serve on those terms.”

His skillful handling of the probe astonished the committee and the opposing counsel. Figures did not seem to trouble Mr. Hughes any more than they would a practical accountant. He appeared to be as familiar with the intricacies of gas engineering as an expert in that profession. His reputa-

tion as a lawyer was enhanced, but the public took little interest in the inquiry, dealing largely, as it did, with dry statistics and technical subjects.

Charles E. Hughes might never have been heard of again, had it not been for his second great opportunity in the insurance investigation a few weeks later.

As a large part of the civilized world knows, it was Mr. Hughes's brilliant work in that inquiry that focused national interest and admiration upon him. It was here that he achieved the national, nay, international, distinction that made him an inevitable political possibility and established his reputation for courage, clear-sightedness and marked ability. The public was eager to know more of the personal side of this man who had suddenly risen to such heights of fame, and the newspapers, as is their wont, supplied the information to the minutest detail. Much foolish and ill-informed biographical matter, concerning him, appeared in the daily prints and in the “Sunday supplements,” but in the maze of flattery and insignificant detail about his home life, it was made clear that Mr. Hughes's character was as solid as his intellect; that his record was clean; that his moral convictions were deep and sincere; that his ideals were high; that he was neither a prig, a pedant nor a Puritan.

Mr. Hughes was recognized as a political potentiality even before his work as counsel for the Insurance Investigation Committee was completed. All unsought he was nominated by the Republicans for Mayor of New York in the summer of 1905. Three days later, knowing that his insurance work was still incomplete, he declined the nomination, which was then given to William M. Ivins. His election in this heavily Democratic city would have been practically impossible, and there are good grounds for the suspicion that the purpose of the nomination of Mr. Hughes was either to preclude further revelations in the insurance inquiry

that might bring down other high political leaders in the great wreck of reputations that it had caused, or to discredit Mr. Hughes politically by his leadership of an inevitably losing battle. The last-named theory is easily credible.

Barring President Roosevelt, whose power in New York politics is virtually invincible, and his young protege, Congressman Herbert Parsons, the Republican leaders of the State looked with alarm upon the rise of Mr. Hughes. He was not of their kind. His evident honesty and tenacity of purpose were recognized and feared. Utterly untutored in politics, his course in office, perhaps, could not be guided by the unseen hands that so often have directed public policies in this State along the line of "practical politics." In other words, these politicians believed, and with justification, let us hope, that Mr. Hughes could not be controlled, that he would even throw party expediency to the winds. Such fears existed before the nominating convention at Saratoga and they exist now. Determined as they were to retain control of the machine the politicians were ready and willing to risk defeat by nominating Gov. Higgins, the weak and vacillating, or Lieut.-Gov. Bruce, the impossible, or that able but crafty spoilsman, former Governor Black.

President Roosevelt read aright the temper of the people. He recognized the danger of Hearstism and commanded the nomination of Mr. Hughes. The election proved how accurate was the judgment of the President. Mr. Hearst's personality caused his defeat; Mr. Hughes's personality won him the victory. The election of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler as Lieutenant-Governor and all other Democrats on the State ticket of the Democratic party, except Mr. Hearst, shows conclusively that any reasonably strong Democrat, with Mr. Hearst's support, could have been elected, and that a machine Republican to whom independent Democrats would

not rally, as they did to Mr. Hughes, would have been defeated. Democratic votes elected Mr. Hughes, and he is, therefore, under a moral obligation to give an administration that is at least measurably nonpartisan. That will be one of the standards by which Mr. Hughes will be judged.

With all his independence and strength of character, the promise of his achievements and Mr. Hughes's own promises on the platform it is by no means certain he will emerge from this ordeal unscathed. His opportunity is great, but so is his task. New York has never known a situation like this. It has never enjoyed the luxury of a nonpolitical Governor, of having in its Chief Executive chair a man who had not sought public acclaim, who had been literally drafted for this high office.

One must hark back to the days when Grover Cleveland suddenly sprung from the obscurity of a law office in Buffalo to the highest place in the State's gift for a comparison, but that is not excessively apt, as Mr. Cleveland had known public life as Sheriff of Erie County and Mayor of Buffalo before his election as Governor. The greater similarity is that Mr. Cleveland, like Mr. Hughes, was called to save the State from ignominy. Cleveland rose to his opportunity, but is Charles E. Hughes another "man of destiny"? There is no good reason why he should not prove such, but the difficulties he will face will require even greater courage and moral stamina than he was called upon to display in the insurance investigation.

Many times there will be an issue between the public interest and his party organization, and Mr. Hughes must take his stand. Present standards by which an executive is judged are different from those of old days, when a man whose allegiance was equally divided between the people and his party could be called "a good Governor." From Mr. Hughes, especially, more is expected. He is in office

under protest, as it were—a protest against Hearst. No impartial observer doubts that during the long years the Republicans have had control of the State House public trusts have been abused. It is not merely a suspicion that there is much rottenness in Albany.

The people really wanted a change of administration and a housecleaning at the State Capitol. This desire was expressed emphatically, when the representatives of the machine on the Republican ticket were defeated and a Democratic Lieutenant-Governor, State Treasurer, Attorney-General, Controller, Secretary of State and State Engineer were elected. The people expect Mr. Hughes to do what a Democratic Governor would have done, in the renovation of the State House, thus putting upon him the most extraordinary task that any Governor of New York has ever essayed.

The question now is, will Mr. Hughes accomplish it? An immense majority of the people believe he will, and wish him well. His harsher critics, however, recall the campaign charge, that, bowing to the will of high powers in his party, he ignored the insistent demand that the really "big men" concerned in the misappropriation of insurance funds to further the election of Republican candidates, be placed upon the witness stand. It is the writer's opinion that if Mr. Hughes weakened there his splendid work throughout the inquiry was an entire recompense for this dereliction.

But the ever existing cynical view of men and matters must be taken into account. It was expressed acridly by Mr. Hearst and some of his supporters before the election. Those who entertain it make much of Mr. Hughes's failure to quiz the great Cornelius N. Bliss and George B. Cortelyou about money of "widows and orphans" that they received. These cynics point to Mr. Hughes's hobnobbing with Timothy L. Woodruff, practical politician, perennial candidate and late opponent of

Mr. Hughes's own insurance reforms, at Mr. Woodruff's Adirondack camp after the election. If Mr. Woodruff, they say, is to be one of Mr. Hughes's advisors, he is much in need of Providential aid.

Politicians who are contemptuous of nonpartisans and who believe that success in public administration can be attained only by following the beaten path of party regularity and loyalty are skeptical of Mr. Hughes's ability to beat the organization in the likely contingency of a clash. Many of them would like to see him fail, and they will fight for what they consider their own. Public service corporations and special interests that have been richly favored under Republican rule in New York, also do not want Mr. Hughes to succeed, if his success is to be had at their expense. They supported Mr. Hughes against Mr. Hearst, because they deemed the Republican candidate the lesser of two evils. Their alert agents are already encamped in Albany ready to do battle for their masters. Unfortunately, some of the members of the Legislature are in their tents.

Mr. Hearst deplored that the issue between him and Mr. Hughes was whether "Ryan and Belmont" or the people should be in control in Albany. That was an exaggeration, but the power these traction kings have exerted at the State capital for many years is unquestionably immense. It will require extraordinary courage for Mr. Hughes to combat this single influence.

The world now knows well how viciously antagonistic to the public welfare the insurance lobby was. If it had forgotten some of the disclosed evils of those days when "The House of Mirth" flourished, its memory was refreshed in the early part of this month of December by the trial on a charge of larceny of George Burnham, counsel of the National Reserve Life Insurance Association. In that trial Assistant District Attorney Nott showed that Senator Thomas C. Platt

and "Lou" Payn, former Superintendent of Insurance, accepted a check for \$10,000 for their services in influencing legislation in favor of the Exempt Fireman's Association.

There is no doubt that there has been an improvement in the condition of affairs at the State House since the insurance revelations; many excellent laws, which, if enforced, would make corruption more difficult, have been passed; certain professional lobbyists and exposed grafters have gone into temporary retirement, but what candid man doubts that further reforms are necessary, that further investigations would involve disastrously other men high in politics, and perhaps, men high in finance!

There is, for instance, the State Banking Department, and here Mr. Hughes may find one of his greatest trials. Before the lust for heads engendered by the insurance inquiry had spent itself there were hints of an almost equally scandalous condition of affairs in the Banking Department. That section of the New York press that goaded Gov. Higgins into acquiescence to an insurance investigation demanded that the Banking Department also be probed. It was asserted that the grossest violations of the banking laws by financial institutions and by public officials would be revealed. Gov. Higgins withstood the pressure, refused to order an investigation and ignored the demand that Superintendent of Banks Kilburn be dismissed. This, coupled with the Governor's refusal to force the resignation of Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks, was one of the chief reasons why Mr. Higgins was not renominated at Saratoga.

In justice to Gov. Higgins, it should be said that in this banking inquiry matter he consented to be something of a martyr. A bit of inside history is

that a delegation of prominent bankers secretly called upon the Governor and told him that if the banks were investigated a financial panic, involving not only New York but the country, would result. Admissions were made that many institutions, whose officers had been carried away by the prevailing get-rich-quick craze, had departed from sound banking principles in flagrant violation of the law. It was declared that the whole financial structure would topple, if this situation was revealed. Promises that reforms would be made quietly were given the Governor. Mr. Higgins acquiesced to the views of the bankers and silently bore the brunt of the criticism of his course.

Another, and probably the greatest problem that will confront the new Governor is that of molding the Legislature to his will. Without the co-operation of that body he can accomplish few, if any, of the reforms that would make him a great political factor in the future. The leaders in both branches are, as a rule, seasoned politicians of the old school. They are not, as yet, openly hostile to Mr. Hughes, but they will be so, if he departs radically from the party traditions and attempts to give the kind of administration the people expect of him.

Mr. Hughes's hope of success with the Legislature lies largely in President Roosevelt. With his federal patronage and strong personal influence the President can command the New York Legislature as he dictated its course at the last session, when State Chairman Odell's power was broken and young James Wadsworth, Jr., was elected Speaker. Thus, in the next two years Mr. Roosevelt may, perhaps, be fashioning his own successor at Washington in the person of Charles E. Hughes.

An Ancient Inverary in the Rain.

By WILFRED CAMPBELL.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Down all the years of dreaming,
Till life's last night is gleaming,
And time draws out its ebb of aching pain,
Will heart and brain remember
A bit of God's September
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Oh stately house and sombre,
Wherein old memories slumber,
And centuries of greatness come again;
By loch and mountain looming,
Where storied woods are glooming,
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Oh stately home, and splendid,
Of a mighty race descended
From a race of olden heroes without stain;
Your halls are sad and lonely,
Where silence whispers only,
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

The sombre mists are falling,
And the water linn's are calling
To the heart of desolation full and fain,
From the days of gone, dead splendor,
With memories sad and tender,
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

At dawn or lonely even
You stand of joys long riven,
Of olden greatness dead and gone the fane;
While the nights and days come slowly
To places weird and holy,
At ancient Inverary in the rain.

Far over Fyne agleaming
The mountain slopes are dreaming,
In autumn moods of bracken brown astain,
Of the proud and ancient glory,
Of the splendid Scottish story
Of ancient Inverary in the rain.

And Duné Quaich is standing
Gray shore and loch commanding;
While winds are sobbing down the glen in pain
For the olden glories vanished,
And the mighty dead long banished,
Oh ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh heart of dream that sunneth
In deeps of fair Ishconneth,
Remembered last in mighty Argyll's pain.
Still haunts that tragic story
Of Scotland's martyr-glory,
Oh ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh loch of haunted splendor,
Of memories great and tender,
Of deeds that live till earth's great splendors wane!
Oh stately woods, where Ary
Steals from his glens of faerie,
At ancient Inverary in the rain!

Oh lonely hills of bracken,
Where beauty is forsaken
Of all her joy, and love is dimmed in pain!
Around the world's great gleaming,
You draw my soul in dreaming
To ancient Inverary in the rain!

And in its hour of dying
Will the Campbell heart go crying
For one far sight of loch and glen again?
Or will the soul find heaven
Like one fair glen at even
At ancient Inverary in the rain?

The Editor's Miscellany.

IT is a common cause of remark among thoughtful men that there is often a wide difference between public ideals and private. Some years ago in one of the larger American cities the popular spirit of protest against the prevailing conditions of government took the form of a demand that the municipal administration be conducted in the manner characteristic of the methods of large business corporations. Four years later a revelation of the methods of some of these corporations astounded the man in the street, although it scarcely surprised many of the leaders in the movement to obtain a city government on business principles. The popular spirit of protest quickly appeared under the form of a demand that the corporations be subjected to a rigid political supervision, amounting practically to tutelage. Public ideals frequently seem to shift without much regard to a basic analysis of human nature. If the public are dissatisfied, a reactionary reversal is often calculated to appease the just resentment. Men in their mutual relations as individuals show far greater power of rational analysis. Perhaps, it takes the collective judgment of an electorate to appraise its virtues and ills. In that case the course of an individual voter may not be intelligent when analyzed as an instance of individual judgment and yet may be essentially true when judged by the standards of such intuitional action as is most likely to produce that saving sanity of collective opinion which up-

holds confidence in democratic institutions.

* * *

It is difficult sometimes to hold fast to the recognition that cleverness, even when brilliant, may often be but sham greatness. To be ponderous in thinking and sedate in action may be a most effective method of conserving the status quo. Hence, neither brilliancy nor its absence argues far in behalf of any course of action or condition of mind that can aid in the attainment of great ends in a great manner. And the calibre of the manner of attaining results may be fully as important as the character of the results. The reason for this lies mainly in the fact that the ultimate value of great deeds and thoughts consists essentially in their effect upon the doer, the performer and the thinker. The general contour of a life depends less upon isolated elevations and depressions than would, perhaps, be obvious at first thought. Emerson employed a powerful illustration of this truth. In his essay on "Circles" he commented upon the spherical shape of the earth as shown in outline upon the moon during a partial eclipse. No trace of the soaring Himalayas or the relative depressions of the valleys and the seven seas mars the spherical outline of the globe upon its moon. The icy altitudes, which are relatively so high as to keep always their hold upon the human imagination, tend to lose their emphasis, when an effort is made to apprehend the magnitude of even our solar system.

Intellectual pride is strong when founded in humility. When the nebular hypothesis of the universe began to control man's interpretation of the nature of the worlds, the first impulse was to feel abashed. It is estimated that more than 600,000 stars have been catalogued, that a thirty-six-inch telescope brings out probably about 100,000,000 stars, and that the light of the nearest of the stars to our solar system travels nearly three years before it reaches the earth. The sense of humility in the presence of a vague notion of the immensity of the known universe yields, however, to a great pride that the intellect of a human being on one of the minor planets of a solar system could discover how to compute the parallax of a star millions of miles away. Which all tends to indicate somewhat the relative worth of material realities and intellectual power.

* * *

It is well not to forget that the qualities of essential worth may exist on a small scale as well. The so-called commonplace, dealing as it does with the real truths of living, has a meaning fully as impressive. To be Leibnitzian, the microcosm reflects the macrocosm.

* * *

He who would explain fads must find his reason in human nature. Many persons of good environment and at least a passable contact with learning, especially the learning to be found in books, often devote their attention to and hold opinions upon academic doubt as to the wisdom of prevalent social institutions. Probably the most useless of such philosophical speculations is the ever recurrent discussion of the marriage institution. If such speculations ever arrived anywhere, they might have a more worthy title to the hearing they often obtain. In striking contrast with a widely discussed essay of a recent month, Mrs. Helen Bosan-

quet has this to say in her new book, entitled "The Family":

"Without for the present expressing an opinion as to how far this *famille-souche* (a phrase of Le Play's, elsewhere translated 'stable family,' of which the 'main characteristics are that it is attached to its home, but combines fidelity to tradition with a considerable capacity for change') is indispensable to social welfare, it is interesting to note in passing how many of our 'social problems' of to-day are obviated by it, in so far as Le Play's estimate is a correct one. Old age pensions are unnecessary where the stable family combines young and old in one strong bond of mutual helpfulness. A proletariat residuum is impossible where all the young people who go out into the world are trained to habits of labor and obedience, as well as being strong and capable: the natural asylum of the home for the mentally and physically feeble is a far surer protection against the marriage and propagation of the unfit than any recognized system of public control; while the firmly rooted belief that family life involves a home and property, however humble, prohibits the thriftless marriages which lead to pauperism."

* * *

A pretty story of child life in Japan during the war with Russia is told in a delightful vein by Onoto Watanna in "A Japanese Blossom" (Harper and Brothers). The complication in the story is furnished by the second marriage of Kurukawa, who brought into his village home in Nippon a new wife from the daughters of America. The American stepbrother and stepsister in their efforts to become Japanese in manner, speech and dress serve entertainingly to emphasize the natural gulf between the Oriental and the Occidental, while the rebellion of the eldest son Taro and his enlistment for Manchurian service adds a dramatic note to what is otherwise a Japanese idyl.

In the Market Place.

IT is necessary to revert once more to the money situation as the leading feature of all the markets of the world, financial, commercial and otherwise. For months now the extraordinary demand for money has overshadowed every other event in the history of nations. Episodes, humorous and "near" serious, have come and passed, but the almost unheard-of scarcity of money has rather grown than faded as a phenomenon for universal discussion in the banking parlors, the Stock Exchange lobbies, and even in the halls of national legislatures not only in America, but in Europe and in the less civilized continents. Since the end of the year 1905 there has been barely a let-up in the gradual tightening of the money rates in all financial centers. From time to time predictions have been ventured by optimistic bankers, men whose opinions may have been influenced by a desire to see higher prices for the securities held by their respective institutions. Predictions, I say, have been ventured that at some stated period the money rates would relax. First it was suggested that 1906 would bring generally easier rates. Then it was hoped during each successive month that after the dividend disbursements of the following month had been provided for the release of these sums would relieve the situation. Then the crops were expected to furnish relief by bringing from abroad gold in payment for foodstuffs bought. Then it was hoped that the elections having resulted, on the whole, favorably from the financial point of view would release credits which had been stored up against a possible unfavorable outcome. At this writing great

hopes are being entertained that the turn of the year will bring the relief, which, it is now becoming apparent to the veriest tyro in finance, is absolutely needed, unless grave results should threaten. It must be confessed that, however anxiously and with whatever keen vision one may scan the horizon, there is nothing to be seen as far as the eye can reach that promises relief, unless it be liquidation in speculative markets or depression in general business affairs. It is certain that one or the other must result, and it is, of course, not difficult to decide which alternative would redound to the greater benefit of the community.

* * *

It appears that those in high authority in the world of finance have little intention of curtailing their enterprise. During the past month nearly half a billion dollars in new security issues have been either placed on the market or announced for early sale. The Great Northern will issue \$60,000,000 and the Northern Pacific \$93,000,000 of new stock to stockholders for subscription. The New York Central has just sold nearly \$30,000,000 of new stock, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul is about to issue \$75,000,000 of new stock. In addition, there are many smaller railroads that are financing, or trying to finance, urgent requirements in the way of new stock or bond issues, notably the Norfolk and Western, the Wabash and other smaller lines. Adding to this total the large amounts needed by such industrial companies as General Electric, Westinghouse, the telephone companies, street railroads and others for extensions of their plants and the sum of \$500,000,000 is easily disposed of. But in addition

there have been placed on the market thousands of shares of hundreds of different mining company stocks, which have all served to withdraw money from the centers of business, mainly because they have been sold to small investors or speculators in the West, who had to draw their savings from the banks, in order to pay for their purchases, and who thereby prevented the free return flow of money from the crop-moving districts to the centers of trade. When it is considered that over \$300,000,000 of new capital have already been spoken for by various large companies for use next year it becomes evident that there is little to expect in the way of easier money rates.

* * *

This fact explains the persistent manner in which speculators, large and small, have been turning their pleadings to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The Treasury is in the habit of accumulating at times millions of unneeded cash, and the speculative community has used the apparent faultiness of the system of federal finance in that respect to secure aid for its operations in a way which was as faulty as the practice and law which it tried to remedy. Whenever money market conditions became such that a panic seemed imminent in the speculative arena, the Secretary of the Treasury was asked to stretch his interpretation of the law under which he acts, so as to make relief possible for the worried speculators both large and small, but especially the large ones. The Secretary obligingly stretched the law until at present he succeeded in stretching it so far that his successors will be quite unable to recognize the source of their authority, and will be content to follow the numerous precedents which the present incumbent has established. That the Secretary himself is conscious of duty well performed and meriting especial recognition is apparent in his annual report. That this recognition should come from the President in the intimation that

without the Secretary's illegal acts the country would be by this time in the throes of a panic is a sad commentary on the sagacity of our bankers and the honesty of our financiers. Complaints about high call money rates or high time money rates, for that matter, come with poor grace from eminent leaders of Wall street, who, when occasion favors, are not unwilling to turn an honest penny by a little stretching of the usury laws.

* * *

One reason for the tight money conditions and one which bankers are perfectly well aware of, although they do not display any anxiety to let the public into the secret, is that San Francisco has swallowed at least \$200,000,000 of cash, which otherwise would be available in the money market for credit extension. True, the fire insurance losses were paid, but the fact remains that these payments merely went to fill up the hole which the earthquake disaster had left in the wealth of nations. Whatever quibbling may be indulged in to prove that the disaster was a blessing in disguise, the fact cannot be explained away that \$200,000,000 worth of existing wealth was completely destroyed. The insurance companies which formerly kept large balances in the banks at financial centers have practically drawn down these balances to pay for the damage on the Pacific slope. In one particular instance a balance carried with a trust company was reduced from \$1,600,000 to \$200,000. This means that credits of at least four times \$1,600,000, or \$6,400,000, were withdrawn from the channels of trade and speculation. And this is only one instance out of hundreds.

* * *

The financial history of the past month has been rather prolific in the production of interesting episodes, but none has been more remarkable than the Nipissing affair. As a result of the collapse in the boom of this mining stock, there has been something of a quietus put on speculation in mining

shares, but the pricking of this bubble was not sufficient more than to check the speculation temporarily. Consequently, the tying up of large sums in mining stocks will probably continue until a more severe cataclysm shall engulf the foolish public. In the meantime, it may be asked what the result of the discovery of these huge deposits of silver will be on the price of that metal. During the past few weeks the price of silver rose to the highest point in more than twenty years. The demand, which had been overtaken by the supply so many years ago, had begun to catch up again with the supply of the metal. The discovery of these new silver deposits may result in another decline in the price of the white metal, and in that case it is to be hoped that there will be no mistaken theory advanced as to the proximate cause.

* * *

It is a curious fact that in the cycles of increasing and decreasing prosperity in this country heretofore one of the signs of approaching decline in business has been a continued period of tight money and a simultaneous shortage in the supply of cars wherewith to handle the traffic offered to the railroads. Both these signals have been gradually becoming more strongly defined. The scarcity of money, accompanied by an enormously increased demand for credits, has existed for nearly a year. The scarcity of cars, accompanied by an enormous demand for better service due to extraordinary business activity, is just beginning to be talked about. In the West especially this scarcity is making itself felt. Just why such a car shortage should in previous years have preceded a period of hard times is not difficult to explain. It would seem that railroads were able to handle all traffic offered until such a moment when the very height of business activity had been reached. The top of a wave is always reached just before the waters begin to recede. The scarcity of cars would, therefore, seem to indicate the

reaching of the top of prosperity, and, only by inference, they mark the preliminary of reaction.

* * *

In 1896 McKinley was heralded as the advance agent of prosperity. In 1906 may Roosevelt be properly considered its coroner? Investigations into the cause of the times as they have been for the past ten years are being conducted with constantly increasing scope. The further these investigations into the management of those gigantic corporations, of which we have been so boastful in years gone by, proceed the more apparent becomes the fact that a good part of their success was achieved by illegal, immoral and unfair business methods pursued by those who were employed to manage their affairs. Recent revelations regarding the frauds practiced by high officials of the Harriman and Gould systems in the acquisition of coal lands make one suspect that, perhaps, the trail, if followed, might lead into higher places still. A famous lobbyist and counsel of a famous, not to say notorious, railroad president once remarked that his client was a personage of such lofty pretensions as to elevate him into regions at once remote from, and superior to those, inhabited by the common herd. It would be a matter of general satisfaction to discover that those remote and superior regions were not more frequented. In days of old solitary confinement was considered a fitting punishment for less serious offenses than the theft of government lands. Nor would such an expose bring about any unpleasant revelations regarding the real characters of many so-called prominent Wall street financiers, for their real characters have been for some time suspected by the general public, a suspicion which has contributed much to the hesitation of the investing world to take the stocks and bonds offered in the stock markets off the hands of their makers.

EDWARD STUART.

Chile con Carne.

WE set eyes on Sir Henry Irving for the last time in the precincts of a venerable Court of Justice, where he was about to give evidence. There was the tall, stooping, emaciated figure in the short black coat; there were the fine, though care-worn, features set in a frame of long grizzled hair, and surmounted by a black silk hat with a prodigiously broad flat brim and a prodigiously tall cylindrical crown. As he stalked to and fro among the mob of clients and solicitors and members of the bar, he seemed, in a once familiar phrase, to bring the very scent of the Strand—of the heart of the old theatrical Bohemia—over the footlights. He made an admirable witness—clear, logical and self-possessed; his manner was perfect, and he was always ready with the right answer under cross-examination, though much too wise to indulge in sharp retort or pert recrimination. Very rarely, indeed, has a man of his abilities and intellectual power adorned the British stage. The glories of the Lyceum—the entertainments, the banquets, the receptions, the supper parties, chronicled by Mr. Stoker with a particularity which would be pathetic were it not monotonous—have long since departed; but the adversity that dogged his later years developed a latent fortitude and resolution of soul which might well have been sapped by a series of prosperity and adulation. Truly, if the successful actor is the petted child of fortune, the goddess balances her favors with cruel blows. Irving was not immune from the weaknesses and

foibles apparently inseparable from the calling of his choice. But, having selected his walk in life, he was the soul of loyalty to his brethren from the greatest to the least. He was never a hanger-on of "society," though some members of "society" were eager to hang on to him; and he would have instinctively revolted from that last meanness which besets the histrionic mind—the trading professionally upon the practice of the domestic virtues in private life. He could wish no higher praise than that, in his own peculiar line, he was a great actor; and it will probably be long before his true niche in our theatre is filled.—From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

* * *

Your Gellibrand is waiting by the gum-tree.

He lingers 'neath the palm and deodar;
O tell him that you love him under some tree.

And who the Saffronette you really are,
Let Unna call the cattle home, and stop not

To sport with Ravelina on the green;
By the tangles of his Adosinda's top-knot
O come into the garden, Glycerine!

O Jeromette, my only joy, my true love,
Forgive me if I'm getting rather wild;
But I'm doubtful if I really care for you,
love.

Or Ichabod the solitary child.
Minella might be in the Moated Grange,
dear,
If it wasn't for the houses in between;
But—Gellibrand is feeling rather strange,
dear...

So come into the garden, Glycerine!
—From Punch.

* * *

The editor decided to try "fonetic" spelling in his paper, and the experi-

ment seemed a success until he got the following:

"Dere Sur,—I hev 'tuk yure paper for leven yeres, butt ef yew kant spel eny better than yev 'bin doin' for last to months yew ma jes stoppit."

In a certain town in the North of England an old couple were driving down a steep hill in their cart. Suddenly the horse took fright and the terrified old lady exclaimed to her husband:

"Eh, John, I'd give a sovereign to be out o' this!"

"Keep th' brass in th' pocket; tha'll be out for naught in a minute!" replied her husband—and she was.

"That society newspaper published some very flattering remarks about me," began Miss Devane.

"Yes," replied her best friend; "but it was horrid of the editor to go and spoil it in the way he did."

"Spoil it, indeed! Why, he said I was 'a beautiful belle of the younger set, and——'"

"Yes, and then he put your photograph right under it."

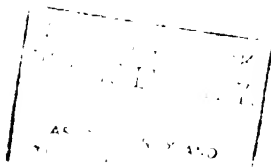
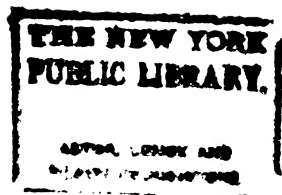
Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, is always interesting, even in small things. She had a letter the other day from a Bucharest cigarette manufacturer, who wrote that he had called his best cigarette the "Carmen Sylva," and had filled a case with them for the industrial exhibition which is now being held in Bucharest. Next day the Queen drove to the exhibition and wished to see the new cigarettes. The man in attendance showed them. The Queen asked him to smoke one that she might test its flavor. At the cigarette man's request she filled her reticule

with the "Carmen Sylva" cigarettes. "I'll take them home to the King," she said to her lady-in-waiting. "They will soothe him when I read him my poetry."—From *Tit-Bits*.

* * *

Sociability is looked upon by Kaffirs as the essential virtue. The children play in great bands. To loaf about alone would be regarded as a highly penal offense, and every child regards eating in secret as a base act. Nearly every game played by children in Europe that does not require much apparatus is known to Kaffir children, and Mr. Kidd declares that if a troop of them were suddenly transported to Margate sands, they could join in the amusements of the little whites without teaching. The girls play with dolls, and the boys with oxen and horses roughly modeled by themselves in clay. They make little imitation huts, wherein live little polygamous dolls with many clay wives, and they hold doll feasts and kill clay oxen for the purpose. They turn catharine-wheels, and play touch, and cat's-cradle, and follow-my-leader, and something which corresponds to "oranges and lemons." They have no hoops, but they kick a gourd before them as they run from place to place on errands, or one boy bowls it along a prepared patch of ground like a cricket pitch while others stationed at short distances spear at it with little assegais. They put up swings wherever they can. The big boys fight and wrestle with a good bit of ferocity, but the little boys are generally spared. If a big boy wrestles with a little one, it is only to please him, and public opinion obliges the big one to kneel or to use only one hand.—From *Spectator*.







ABDUL HAMID.

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Who?

By STANLEY DESMOND.

Dear little atom, impudent and gay,
Thou-trivial, charming minx, pert, shy and bold;
Flirtatious, fragile, sweet and coyly cold,
And radiant as the dawn of jocund day!
More variable than the Aspen's quivering way,
Wayward, impossible, as good as gold;
Heart of my heart from Nature's perfect mould,
Awkward with grace, distracting, winsome Fay,
If anything is lacking, little maid,
To make thy sum of happiness more staid,
No sweeter task could thy adorer know.
His life, his all, is thine, whate'er the cost;
His sacred honor wherso'er we go.
For thee sweetheart, for thee, he'll count the world well lost!

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The Japanese in America.

By ONOTO WATANNA.

EVER since the Japanese school trouble in San Francisco became acute I have read with interest and considerable sadness the various published articles and editorials upon the subject. A curious article by a special newspaper correspondent on the Pacific coast, impels me to take up my pen, not as a champion for the Japanese, but in appeal to the fair-minded, right-thinking Americans for ordinary justice and sane judgment for "the little brown man," as this correspondent terms him.

The writer of the article in question refers to the Japanese as "a race from which came our servants!" Repeated references are made to the fact that the Japanese stubbornly refuses to recognize the white man as his superior. "The white race every time," cries the writer, attempting to make a case from so poor an issue. Various mean characteristics of the Japanese race the writer enumerates, laying emphasis on his "conceit." Finally the writer makes the astonishing statement that the war correspondents who went to the front full of admiration and enthusiasm for the Japanese, returned voicing "eternal condemnation for everything Japanese."

Also the writer paints a ludicrous picture of the dowdy little Japanese woman as she appears in American dress. Such articles mislead and inflame.

What reflection upon the race can result through the failure of its women to dress in Western garb with style? The description of the Japanese woman given by the writer, however, must apply to the humblest among this race who live in America. The Japanese gentlewoman in America wears the foreign dress with far more smartness and ease than the foreign woman in Japan does the native garb there. The article against which I appeal appeared as a commentary upon the message of President Roosevelt dealing with the Japanese problem. The writer, "M. E. C.," a special correspondent of the New York "Times" in Oakland, Cal., had these things to say, among others:

"We recognize the grave import of the message, a message likely to be fraught with such consequences to the Pacific coast. And we hark back to

the time when the Japanese first slipped quietly in among us. He was a demure little brown man, and we treated him well—we gave him a home and we educated him. We were the dominant Caucasian race, he was of the inferior Asiatic race—a race from which came our servants. The Japanese furnished only another phase of the intense cosmopolitanism of San Francisco—parts of which were distinctly of Europe and others of the Orient.

“The Japanese took up life quietly in many homes. He helped the mistress of the family before school, then went to school with the children. He aided in household tasks after school hours. He was well fed and had his own room and his evenings to himself. He was paid three or four dollars a week, as much as white servants were paid in the East. They were most kindly treated everywhere—in the home, in the schools. In the latter they received the greatest consideration, helped along by the children, and taught with exceeding patience by the teachers. Fancy the annoyance of having a Japanese man who cannot speak English in a class of fifty little children. The one man took up so much time that it was not always fair to the children. * * *

“The Japanese do not come here to be our servants; that is only their stepping stone. They come to go into business, and that has been the experience also in Hawaii. The Japanese has not the responsibilities of the white man; he has not his traditions, his ideals. He lives on so little, in such squalid, meager surroundings, that he can lower business prices and business standards till the white man is driven out. * * *

“San Francisco is a tremendous mass of debris—miles and miles of it. It is the great burden which the white laborer is bearing; it is his back bending to the load which one sees; he has no assistance from the Japanese laboring class.”

Again “M. E. C.” asserts that the war changed the Japanese.

“The great change in the Japanese, which seems to have precipitated all the trouble, dates from the late war. Sentiment was almost entirely with them. Here and there were a few who looked distrustfully at everything Oriental and said:

“ ‘The white man every time—the white man against the field, right or wrong!’

“But most men got back to the principle involved and rejoiced with the Japanese as battles were won. It was only a few months ago that war correspondents from all over the United States and England passed through San Francisco on their way to the Orient. All was enthusiasm for the Japanese as they set sail for the land of the Mikado.

"But, oh! the difference when they returned to America some months later! They voiced eternal condemnation for everything Japanese. On one thing were they all agreed—on insincerity as a dominating Japanese characteristic. And they learned something else in their weary months of waiting among this alien people. They learned the hatred which these Oriental races have for the white race, a hatred well covered up ordinarily, but a hatred that exists. Any scheme for the settlement of the present question which fails to recognize this great race hatred fails in a very vital point."

Conceit Japan certainly has. What race has not? What of the conceit which makes the bland statement that because of its peculiar skin-color, a race is superior? Since when did the Oriental nations become the slaves or servants of the Caucasian race? To speak of the Oriental nations as inferior is to make an ignorant and stupid statement—dangerous, moreover. Is it desirable that the Oriental nations be goaded into proving they are not inferior? What constitutes civilization? A crossing of swords could actually prove nothing, but the Oriental knows it is the test of the Western nations and he may elect some day to be put to this test. With how tragic a result for the whole world! Why are the bigoted, stupid-tongued ones permitted to speak aloud? They awaken hatred, prejudice.

Are we no better to-day than in the time when the white-skinned Spaniard came all conquering to exterminate the darker-hued man of the New World? Do the Western nations, indeed, cherish the childish delusion that a race as proud and intelligent as the Japanese or the Chinese could be likewise subjected?

It is preposterous to name the Japanese as an inferior race—to wave a flag as red as that before the eyes of a people admittedly full of pride and pugnacity.

Yes. Japan is "bursting with conceit." So is every nation. Conceit, if such it can be called, is what makes one accomplish things. It is the assurance behind the hand that strikes which makes the blow the surer and severer. Why reproach Japan for an attribute common to every self-respecting nation on the earth? Of course, crowned with her new war laurels, Japan's vanity is more apparent at the present time. How was America after the war with Spain? At such a time would it have been well for another nation to speak sneeringly of it as an "inferior nation?"

The statement regarding the war correspondents is audaciously false. I read omnivorously all the books I could get written by these same correspondents after their return to America. With only one or two excep-

tions, they almost over-praised Japan. Indeed, Japan's conceit has been very much fed by the fulsome praise bestowed upon her by these very American writers who have lived among, known and sometimes loved the Japanese. Who will heed to-day the words of those who seek to decry the character of such a nation?

How foolish is the supposition that the Japanese immigrants will overrun this country, and in competition with the native crush him to the wall. Japan is a little nation at best. How many of her people would she spare to cause the terrible havoc here predicted? The closing paragraph of "M. E. C.'s" article follows:

"Now the wise men of the nation are studying a question full of important phases—the old question which always comes up when two alien races undertake to live out life together, under the same conditions. It is simplified to some extent when one is the dominant race and the other the definitely subjected one—the latter the servant class, and content to remain so. But when the alien race aims at equality it calls out the stubborn resistance of the stronger race, and an antagonism sets in, the end of which no man can see."

As for the school question itself, I cannot express an opinion. But I do not understand how the pupils in the schools are Japanese men; for education has been for long compulsory in Japan. Had these men not had a lower school education before they came to America? If they go merely to learn the English language, then, indeed, I sympathize with the Californians and believe that adult Japanese should be excluded. But as regards the little children, what a complication America would face, were it to supply separate schools for the children of every individual nationality!

The "social ostracism" of certain races is a sad thing, indeed; but when it strikes at a proud and noble people it is not only sad—it is foolhardy. The fact that California knows the individual Japanese as a domestic servant does not make of the Japanese a servile race.

The contempt with which the word "servant" is flung now at the Japanese awakes in me an understanding of the most important of all problems to American women—the servant problem. People are abandoning home life because of it. Race suicide is one of the direct results. And the reason? Because of the contemptuous term "servant."

Recently to your shores has come a new kind of servant—a self-respecting, clean, decent person, who in his very character has elevated the station of the servant. Would you discourage him also? He comes of a race which

deems no employment degrading. In Japan a mistress does not despise her maid. She will make the simple statement: "Who knows but that I may come to this myself."

We are all servants—of various sorts. I serve you, for whom I write. You serve your customers, or your clients. Shall each one of us kick at the one below us? And why is the work of a home, the cooking, the ministering to our personal wants and needs, not to be esteemed? To be done properly it should bring out the best traits of our character.

I myself have had servants in America of nearly every sort and kind. I had best service from the Japanese, for the simple reason that I found them less dissatisfied with their thankless work than were the others. But even they were affected by the attitude of Americans toward the servant. I remember Dan, a cook and butler, whose surliness, independence and resentful looks I never understood until I questioned him. He said, "Mrs., in America to be servant is to be dog. Velly well—dog bark and bite. Me too." Later I obtained the services of a newer recruit—an optimistic, apple-faced newcomer, whose shining eyes beheld everything American with astonishment and delight. Him I regretfully dismissed because of his inability to understand morals—as viewed by a Westerner. Taku was wont to take his daily bath in a tub, openly set out in the center of my kitchen floor, and when a scandalized Irish maid would walk into the kitchen, he would arise politely and bow to her from his watery retreat.

Yes. The Japanese of the poorer class will work for you as servants—but not for long—for some day you will teach them the opprobrium of the term "servant," and the meanest Japanese has pride.

"M. E. C." avers that the Japanese hates the white man. He does not. I have never known one to do so yet. What race is engaged in the thankless employment of hating any other nation, save its oppressor or enemy.

I am not Oriental or Occidental either, but Eurasian. I must bleed for both my nations. I am Irish more than English—Chinese as well as Japanese. Both my fatherland and my motherland have been the victims of injustice and oppression. Sometimes I dream of the day when all of us will be world citizens—not citizens merely of petty portions of the earth, showing our teeth at each other, snarling, sneering, biting, and with the ambition of the murderer at our heart's core—every man with the savage instinct of the wild beast to get the better of his brother—to prove his greater strength—his mightier mind—the superiority of his color.

The Truth About Queen Draga.

BY HER SISTER,
MME. CHRISTINA PETROVITCH LUNYEVITZA.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

I.

DRAGA AS QUEEN NATHALIE'S "DAME D'HONNEUR."

MY sister Draga received her education in the Institute of Frau Zermann, the best school for young ladies in Belgrade at that time. A year after she had left the school her parents (while she was still very young and almost a child) arranged, without her consent, her marriage with the mining engineer, Svetozar Meshin. That marriage was not happy, more especially because her husband was addicted hopelessly to intemperance. Her family discovered that fact when it was too late. That marriage lasted two years and a few months. It was childless.

As a young widow she lived a very retired life with her mother and her younger sisters and brothers. Their income was very small, and poor Draga, the future Queen of Servia, was obliged to undertake literary work to improve the family's material position. She translated for a Servian newspaper Xavier Montepin's novel, "The Cat's Eye." Much later on, as Queen of Servia, she said on one occasion, in the presence of all the Ministers: "I am not ashamed of having been once a poor woman, and having tried to help myself by literary work."

In such circumstances she lived up to the autumn of the year 1891, when Queen Nathalie invited her to come to

Blarritz to act as her dame d'honneur, or court lady. From that time to the autumn of 1897 she lived at the court of Queen Nathalie. For all that time her life was perfectly pure and her conduct absolutely honorable. Queen Nathalie can, and must, confirm that fact if she fears God! She was even considered as a "strange creature," just because of her extreme reserve and irreproachable character. On one occasion a Spanish Infanta was dining with Queen Nathalie, who was describing to her royal guest the character and manner of life of her own dame d'honneur. Whereupon the Spanish princess exclaimed: "But is that possible? And is she in a normal state of health?"

In this connection I may mention that my sister Draga was always well received at the court of Spain, and she was the subject of much gracious sympathy on the part of the Queen Regent Christine and of the then little boy, King Alfonso. By special desire of Queen Christine she accompanied Queen Nathalie twice to San Sebastian. When General Franasovich went as Servia's special ambassador to Madrid (on the occasion of King Alfonso's coming of age), Infanta Eulalia spoke to him of the sympathy which all the members of the Spanish royal family had for Queen Draga.

Queen Nathalie used to laugh at Draga's idealistic notions of "love." "Things do not happen nowadays,

Draga, as you would wish them to happen," Queen Nathalie used often to say to her. "Don't expect anyone to come to play a mandoline under your window!" On another occasion she said, "You, Draga, seem to wait for a wonderful Prince of Folk-Lore!"

Queen Draga was then only twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. She was daily in the company of handsome, elegant, and witty French and Spanish noblemen. There is no man who could boast that he dared say an equivocal word in Draga's presence. Her conduct was absolutely correct, dignified, and proud. She knew well that her future was not at all secure in the service of Queen Nathalie. Six weeks after her arrival in Biarritz she had reason enough to weep over her destiny. It was a bitter life which my sister had to lead at the side of the ambitious and heartless Queen Nathalie. Always delicate in health, she was not always able to hold out during the famous long and fatiguing "walks" of Queen Nathalie. It was due to Draga's unsatisfactory strength in walking that the first disagreeable scenes happened between Queen Nathalie and Draga. Besides, she could not comply with the Queen's order to tear up all petitions for assistance without laying them before her. Nathalie was often annoyed and angry when my sister persisted in submitting to her letters and petitions which arrived at the Sachino Villa. Especially bitter was my sister's treatment at the hands of Queen Nathalie after 1893. In that year our mother died. Queen Nathalie wrote to me that, in order somewhat to console Draga, she had decided to educate at her own expense our youngest sister. In consequence of that, I sent my youngest sister to Paris, where at that time Queen Nathalie, with Draga, was staying. But Queen Nathalie seemed to have repented of her promise, and although she did place our sister in an inexpensive convent, she often reproached Draga for it, causing her pain and many sad and tearful hours.

By Queen Nathalie's side my sister Draga certainly had great opportunities of moving in the best society, but her lot was not as happy as some people thought.

II.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE IDEAL LOVE OF KING ALEX- ANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA.

In the year 1894 King Alexander came for the first time to Biarritz to visit his mother. On that occasion he saw Queen Draga also for the first time.

Although by that time Draga had already suffered much from the injustice and heartlessness of Queen Nathalie, she rejoiced sincerely to see King Alexander arrive to visit his mother. In the young Alexander she admired the sovereign of her country, at the same time feeling for him deep sympathy and almost pity because, notwithstanding that he was a king, he was, practically, an orphan, left by his parents to the tender mercies of men who were nothing to him and who did not care for him.

The young king was, on that occasion, received with great cordiality by his mother. The pleasure which he felt at such a reception she cleverly utilized to make him invite her to visit him in Belgrade. This invitation was something like a victory for Queen Nathalie over King Milan.

In the autumn of the same year (1894) Queen Nathalie arrived in Belgrade, and was received officially and with great ceremony by her son. She was accompanied by her dame d'honneur, Draga, who was lodged with the queen-mother in the New Palace. During their sojourn in Belgrade that autumn the young king (who lived in the Old Palace) began to pay his attentions to Draga. My poor sister in the beginning did not even notice this. When, a little later, these special attentions were more evident and unmistakable, she thought they must not be taken seriously, and that the king only paid

them in the foolishness of his youthfulness. But, still later, the persistence of the young king filled her heart with anxiety, and she wondered what she should do!

When the king went to visit the king of Greece, and the rumor spread that he was going there to be engaged to Princess Mary of Greece, Draga prayed fervently that the engagement should take place, as she believed that such a marriage would be good for King Alexander and Servia. But our "brethren," the Russians, managed to prevent that union, sending in a great hurry one of their grand dukes, who became engaged to Princess Mary before the arrival of King Alexander in Athens.

During two years this young woman rejected the fervent declarations of King Alexander's love. This was known to several friends of the king. His first aide-de-camp, Colonel Tyrich, knew it well. On one occasion King Alexander was, in the presence of that colonel, pressing his mother's dame d'honneur to allow him to talk with her alone, which request Draga peremptorily refused. Thereupon, the colonel went to Queen Nathalie and told her that—although Mme. Mashin's character and conduct were irreproachable—it was necessary to send Draga away from the court, as the young king had fallen madly in love with her. Queen Nathalie went straight to her son to ask him if that was true. King Alexander was so annoyed at this betrayal by his first aide-de-camp that he immediately relieved Colonel Tyrich of his duties at the court.

But Queen Nathalie did not consider the love-making of her son to her court lady as a serious affair. She was amused by it, and used to laugh at it, and tease the young king about it. When, a little later, she noticed the persistence of King Alexander's attentions to her dame d'honneur, she tried to use Draga's influence for her own purposes. At that time she particularly wanted to persuade her son not to go to Carlsbad—where he was to

meet his father, King Milan—but to remain in Belgrade drinking at home the mineral waters. But in this she did not succeed.

When they returned to Biarritz Queen Nathalie one day forced Draga to sit down at her own (Nathalie's) writing-table and write to King Alexander that, "at the order of the queen she, also, takes the liberty of asking his majesty to come to Biarritz!" This was the very first letter which Draga wrote to King Alexander.

And King Alexander came to Biarritz, this time received somewhat coldly by his mother, who could not easily forgive him for spending several weeks that year with his father. During his sojourn at Sachino on that occasion Draga arrived at the conclusion that the young king's love for her was not the temporary effervescence of a young man's heart, but that it was the real and deep love of an affectionate and true, loving, warm heart. She herself, poor woman, notwithstanding her youth, beauty and affectionate disposition, never knew what true love was. We ought not to wonder that she was longing for such a love, nor ought any one to reproach her that at this time she began to waver in her, until then, absolutely firm resolve not to encourage the young king's love for her.

However, she would not have given way if the king had not at this time had a narrow escape from drowning in the sea. His swimming teacher, in his efforts to save the king's life, lost his own.

Arriving at Sachino after having been saved from death, he managed to be alone for a few moments with the object of his love. When she told him, deeply moved, how she thanked God he had been saved, the young king implored her to allow him, "in celebration of his having been brought to life again," to kiss her. She did allow him to do so. It was their first kiss. Who can justly reproach her that, in such an extraordinary circumstance, she did not refuse his request?

Meantime, her life in Queen Natha-

lie's service became more and more intolerable. Nathalie, seeing that her plans for exclusive influence with her son were not successful, became very irritable and ill-tempered. She came to the conclusion that Draga could not and would not make herself a tool for her ambitions. Indeed, Draga refused to exploit the young king's tender love for and devotion to her to estrange him from his father, even to secure the further friendship and good graces of Queen Nathalie. This can be proved by Queen Draga's letters to King Alexander from that time, letters by which she tried to induce him to show every deference and respect both to his father and his mother. Those letters were kept in King Alexander's private archives.

On the night of the assassination they were carried away, but they have not been destroyed. Those letters will one day prove the absolute truthfulness of my assertions.

My sister left Biarritz and arrived in Belgrade in November, 1897. From that time she lived only for her beloved king and for us. Queen Nathalie tried to persuade her to remain with her, and, indeed, retained our youngest sister, Voyka, with her. But all her efforts were unsuccessful.

III.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA.

After the arrival of my sister from Biarritz in Belgrade all sorts of intrigues were started against her by those few friends—mostly in petticoats—whom the ex-Queen Nathalie had in Belgrade. They were annoyed by the reserved and most dignified behavior of my poor sister, and still more by the constant devotion and faithfulness of King Alexander to her.

Their love was, in truth, something unique. It was evident that Providence had decreed it. But I will not say anything more about it here, and will pass on at once to the most important event of her life.

In the spring of 1900 Belgrade was full of rumors about the impending marriage of King Alexander. Often I found my poor sister in tears. She felt that the time was coming when she was to lose her "Sasha." I tried to console her, but often all my consolation consisted in weeping with her. She had resolved to leave not only Belgrade, but Servia altogether, and to live somewhere abroad, probably in France, which country she loved above every other, and where she had many friends and acquaintances who appreciated her very much. I begged her to take me with her, which she promised to do.

That was the situation up to June 26, O. S. (July 9, N. S.), 1900.

On that day she came to my vineyard, accompanied by our two youngest sisters, who, together with our youngest brother, Nicodemus, were living in her house.

The moment she arrived she said to me: "I have something of the greatest importance to tell you."

I took her into one of the rooms of my villa. She looked very serious and very troubled. The moment we were alone she asked me in great agitation: "Dear sister, give me your advice! What am I to do? Something has happened that none of us could have foreseen!"

I was disturbed by her agitation; an intense fear came over me, and I begged her to tell me at once what was the matter.

"The king has told me that he has decided to make me his wife and to marry me! What on earth am I to do?" she said, in evident bewilderment.

I was dumfounded. For some moments I did not know what to say. At last I ventured to observe that she was intelligent and a woman of great good sense, and that she should act as God directed her, and not ask me for advice. I finished by asking her what answer she had given him.

"I implored him not to talk about marrying me! I told him that I would

not listen to it—that our marriage is an impossibility. What would his father, King Milan, say to it? What would the Servian dignitaries say, who expect a foreign princess for their queen?”

A strange fear overwhelmed me. I felt that we were standing before a great and grave crisis. I begged her to do all she could to make the king abandon that idea, to do everything so that later on she should have no reason to reproach herself.

“My dear sister,” she said, “you do not know the character of the king. When he once decides to do something, no one—not even I—can induce him to change his resolve. But you are right, and I am personally of the same conviction, that it is my duty to do everything to induce him to give up the idea of marrying me.”

And she really did everything she could to persuade him that he ought not to marry her. I doubt very much that any other woman in her place would have spoken to him as she did. She reminded him that the Servian people did not like to see young men marry widows; she drew his attention to the difference of their ages; she told him that she feared she would not be able to win the love of the people. But all her arguments were useless. He laughed at them, and repeatedly assured her that nothing could change his resolve.

Extremely alarmed, she thought that the only way to frustrate the king's intention was—to leave the country, live abroad, and make the king forget her. When she told him what she contemplated doing, the king's answer was:

“If you really mean to leave me by leaving Servia without my consent, then I also will leave Servia, the crown and everything, and follow you. I want to be happy, and without you I cannot be happy! I want you to be my wife before God and before my people.”

After such a declaration, what could she do? That that statement was not

an empty menace and that King Alexander earnestly meant to do what he said, everybody who knew the king's character would admit. She argued with herself in this way: “If I consent to the marriage, I fear the consequences for him, but if I do not consent, and go away, then he will do what he said, leave the throne and the country, and be ruined! Whichever way I act, people will make me responsible and attack me.” She used to walk about her room in great distress, exclaiming repeatedly, “Oh, God, why hast Thou brought me into this terrible dilemma? Thow knowest that I have always longed for a quiet and peaceful family life! What am I to do now? * * * Oh, show me what is Thy will, that I may do it!”

Yes, her ideal of a happy life was a quiet and peaceful home life. No woman was less ambitious than my poor sister, Queen Draga, a woman of noble heart and angelic soul.

On June 29 (July 12, N. S.) she came again to me to tell me that she had endeavored by all and every means to dissuade the king, but that she had not succeeded in making him abandon his intentions. I thereupon said to her: “If that is so, then may God help you both, and that is all I can say.”

On July 6 (July 19, N. S.) she came to me for the last time as my own sister Draga. She was accompanied by our youngest brother, Nicodemus, to whom on that day she confided the great news. Poor Queen Draga! If she could only have foreseen that the cursed throne would cost them both their lives!

Parting most affectionately from me, she said: “I shall not be able to come to you, my dear sister, any more. The king will to-day inform his government of his decision. He has invited the dignitaries and the generals to tell them that he has chosen me for his wife. On Sunday he will come to me to be formally engaged.”

But instead of on Sunday, the engagement took place, in consequence of unforeseen events, on Saturday,

July 8 (21st), amidst the greatest emotion.

On that day, about noon, my sister Draga was sitting quietly in her morning room, with our two younger sisters and our younger brother Nicodemus. Suddenly the door-bell was rung violently. When the maid opened the door two gentlemen rushed in and, in great excitement, asked to see madame at once. Those men were the Home Minister, Genchitch (who afterwards turned a traitor to his king), and the Minister of Public Works, Lieutenant-Colonel Neschitch. Our brother met them. "Where is madame? We want to speak with her at once!" Our brother requested them politely to enter the drawing-room, while he went to fetch his sister. "No, no!" they shouted, in great agitation; "you must take us at once to her. We must speak with her without delay."

But my sister would not appear before them until she had dressed in a toilette de ville.

The moment she entered the room both ministers addressed her almost in a rage, shouting: "Madame, you must at once leave the country! You must this moment leave Belgrade, and go across the river to Hungary."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," my sister answered quietly, "but what have I done that you consider you have the right to order me to leave the country?"

"We cannot discuss the question with you. You must leave the country this very moment, without delay!"

"But for God's sake, why?"

"It is in the interest of the country and of the king that you go abroad at once!"

"If it is in the interests of the king," my sister said, "I give you my word of honor that I will go away the moment I finish packing a few things. But if something happens to the king, or if he should do something desperate, then the responsibility will be yours."

"We accept the full responsibility, only you leave the country at once."

The traitor Genchitch suggested that

she should go for a few hours to his wife, to their own villa in the vineyard on the hill of Topchider (a few miles from the town). But Draga refused to do that.

"I will go at once; I will not see the king; but if anything untoward occurs to him, the sin be on your souls!"

The ministers then left. She gave orders that only a few of the most necessary things should be packed in a small portmanteau, and sent the maid to fetch a cab, kissed her sisters, and asked them to go the next day to Zimony (the town on the Hungarian shore of the Danube), where she would be waiting for them. She remained a few moments alone with her brother, asked him to swear to her that he would not tell any one where she had gone, and then confided to him that she was going to—Aunt Mira. That she earnestly meant to hide herself is best proved by the fact that she did not come to me, her own sister. As she afterwards explained to me, she did not come to me because she thought the king would naturally think that she had taken refuge with me, and would then come at once to my house in search of her.

Hardly had my sister Draga left her house, when our two young sisters, still crying, and our brother Nicodemus heard the sharp trotting of some horsemen. When they looked through the window they saw the young king, accompanied by several horsemen of the Royal Guard. The king rang violently at the street door and asked to be let in at once. Our brother, after a few moments of astonishment, rushed to the front door and opened it. The king gave him his hand and greeted him: "How do you do, my brother-in-law?" and then rushed into the house, asking, "Where is Madame Draga?" When he did not find her in the drawing-room he went from room to room in a state of increasing alarm, looking for her. Seeing that she was not in the house, he asked my brother: "Tell me, where is Madame Draga?"

"I cannot tell you, sire, where she

is, as, on her demand, I made an oath not to tell any one where she had gone," he answered.

"But before you made that oath to your sister," continued the king, "you made an oath of fidelity and obedience to me, and now I as your king command you to tell me where your sister is. No," he said after a moment, "as you evidently know where she is, I command you to go and bring her here at once!"

The king entered the drawing-room again, while my brother remained in the hall with the king's aide-de-camp, Colonel Damyan Popovitch, who later on became one of the principal regicides. My brother hesitated, and looked at the colonel, who whispered to him: "No, don't go! Don't go!"

My brother felt disgusted. "But, colonel," he answered, whispering, in amazement, "how can I refuse to obey my king?"

At that moment King Alexander shouted from the drawing-room: "Nicodemus, take my own carriage, and go and fetch Madame Draga. If she does not come at once, I will order that every house in the town shall be searched until she is found."

Nicodemus did not take the king's carriage, but went on foot to Aunt Mira's house. The king remained in the drawing-room with our young sisters, and the Horse Guards stood in the street before the house. The king was most impatient, looking through the window every moment to see if his poor fiancée were not returning.

When my brother reached Aunt Mira's house he found it closed. He had some difficulty in getting admission. He said to our sister Draga: "I pray thee, come at once. The king calls thee, and waits for thee at thy house." He told her what the king said about the searching of every house in town.

Our sister then considered for a moment what to do. And, having come to the conclusion that it was the will

of Divine Providence, and fearing always lest the king should do something desperate, she, in deep agitation and bitterly crying, returned to her own house, where King Alexander received her most tenderly and immediately placed on her finger the engagement ring.

This is how it happened that the engagement took place on Saturday instead of on Sunday. The king told us that himself.

He—the king—was presiding at a Cabinet Council at the palace, convoked by him for the purpose of acquainting the ministers with his intention to formally engage himself with Madame Draga the next day.

"In the midst of the discussion I suddenly noticed," said the king, "that Genchitch and Borivoy Neschitch had left the room. Immediately the thought came to me that perhaps they had left to remove Draga while I was in the palace trying to break the resistance of my other ministers. I rang the bell. The officer on duty, Captain Blaznavats, entered the room. 'Where are the Ministers Genchitch and Neschitch?' 'They have left the palace, in the direction of the Krunska Ulitsa'—Krunska Ulitsa was the street in which our sister's house was situated. 'That was enough for me to guess what was the situation,' continued the king. 'I took out from my bosom the little eikon (holy picture) and asked the ministers to swear to me on it that they would not leave the palace before I returned. I then gave orders that the Horse Guards should at once mount their horses, that my carriage should be brought, dressed myself in general's uniform, and entrusted my aide-de-camp, Damyan, to carry the ring. And then I hurried to Draga's house, to find that she had disappeared!'"

So my sister's enemies, instead of succeeding in their attempt to prevent King Alexander's engagement with Draga, only succeeded in causing it to take place a day earlier.

The Liberal Government and Its Opponents.

By J. A. SPENDER.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

WE have had the expected lull after the excitements of last January, and during the summer months of this year the public by all the signs were dead to politics. But with the meeting of Parliament for its autumn sitting, it is realized that we are living in extremely interesting times. Discovery is gradually being made of the meaning and results of the General Election. On the one side we see the biggest Parliamentary majority of our time firmly established in the House of Commons; on the other, we see the House of Lords treating the chief bill which this majority has completed in its first session as if nothing had happened since 1902. There is an element of comedy in the peculiar method chosen by the bishops and peers for the "reconstitution" of the Education Bill, but that scarcely disguises the direct challenge thrown thus early by the unrepresentative House to the victors at the last election. This and more treatment of the same kind which threatens other measures portends a long constitutional crisis to decide whether we are, after all, in any real sense a democratic country.

Simultaneously there has been much searching of heart within the Liberal Party as to its relations with labor, which means in large part its attitude towards the future and to the social legislation which will be demanded in

the future. Meanwhile, the government is seriously applying itself to the problem of harmonizing democracy with the government of an empire, which means first putting the army on a footing which shall suffice for the defence of our interests over seas without restraining the liberties of the individual or unduly infecting our politics with military ambitions and ideals, and next finding the middle term between the opinion of self-governing colonies and the opinion of the home public.

In these and other respects we are testing our political system for the first time, and questions which were held in suspense during the Home Rule period and the South African period are now at length beginning to stir the electorate constituted in 1884. Thanks to the skill and prudence with which foreign affairs have been conducted, the present government has thus far escaped the embarrassments and entanglements which from the first weeks of its career onwards blighted and thwarted until the government of 1880. The Colonial Office also has so handled the problems of South Africa as to gain credit where its opponents predicted mischief and disaster. Here are great advantages upon which the most sanguine of us could scarcely have counted with confidence twelve months ago, and we are accord-

ingly free for the moment to apply our minds to internal affairs.

The question of Liberal and Labor is for the moment overlaid with other controversies, but it is of such enduring importance that one can scarcely regret the time which has been spent on it this autumn, thanks to the indiscretion of the Scottish whip. Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends have, of course, no right to complain if Liberals are hostile to candidates who declare their hostility to the Liberal party. And in so far as the Liberal whips seek to defend their candidates against those who attack them in the constituencies, they are merely doing their duty. But the rest of us have been anxious lest in the pursuit of this quarrel with Mr. Keir Hardie the party should be thrown into opposition to the legitimate ideals of labor, and the keener spirits in the working-class led to suppose they must look elsewhere for satisfaction. That would be a misfortune not merely for the Liberal party, but for the country as a whole, which has hitherto been saved from the bitterer kind of class politics by the co-operation of the middle-class and working-class Progressives. For this reason, if for no other, a good many of us were seriously concerned when the Scottish whip passed out of the sphere of organization into a general declaration of policy which might easily have led to a rupture between these two forces.

One thing is clear to start with: If the working class votes Conservative, as large portions of it have done during the last twenty years, or if it is divided against itself, or if a section of it succeeds in scaring the public about the security of its property, the Liberal party goes out and the Conservative party comes back. It is almost the most elementary fact about British politics, that when the public is scared about property, it votes Tory by way of making assurance doubly sure. A Liberal, therefore, who sets out to persuade them that Socialism is a serious

menace must do so with the full knowledge that he is presenting votes to his opponents. It might conceivably be his duty to do it, notwithstanding, but let him at least be clear that the proceeding is quixotic and disinterested in the highest degree.

Can it be anybody's duty to raise this alarm at the present moment? A glance back at quite recent history will, I think, help us to take a moderate view of the present circumstances. The difficulty in the past has been to get the working-class to take any continuous interest in advanced politics. Socialism has flared up temporarily in bad times and died down again as suddenly in good. The great sporting interest and the great public-house interest have their revivals between times. Or a war breaks out, and the working-class is diverted from home politics and swept by the war fever, like other classes.

Twenty years ago Socialism was apparently in a stronger position than to-day. Causes like land nationalization seemed really imminent when Henry George was on the warpath with a considerable backing from substantial middle-class people. The Fabian Society was then in its ardent youth, and eminent men of letters like William Morris and Ruskin were sowing the seed by their vehement impeachment of modern industrialism. And yet in spite of all these efforts we have since lived through nearly twenty years of Conservative Government.

At length, by a joint effort of the working and middle classes some fifty Labor members have been returned to the House of Commons, and of these but the merest handful would avow themselves to be Socialists. There is, indeed, a group which dreams of a working-class party independent of all middle-class parties, and since the Liberal party is the chief obstacle to that ideal, this group is tempted to declare war on the Liberal party. But this is a class quarrel rather than a quarrel about political principle; and Liberals

should be careful to distinguish the two things. For Mr. Keir Hardie and those who wish the working class to be politically separate get their chief advantage when they can say that Liberals are opposed, not merely to this kind of organization, but to the policy and principles of the labor movement. The bulk of the Labor M. P.'s are, I believe, not at all anxious to pursue the quarrel on these lines. They realize that the chance of maintaining their present position will depend at the next election, as it did at the last, on a good working relation between Liberal and Labor, and that if Labor broke away and hoisted the flag of Socialism in opposition to Liberalism, it would emerge in an infinitely worse position, even though it inflicted disaster on the Liberal party.

The painful thought to a man of really Liberal disposition is not that the poor agitate or that they make impracticable and extravagant demands, but that so many of them acquiesce inertly in conditions which are fatal to a civilized existence. As Liberals we may disagree with some of the ultimate solutions which the Labor leaders advocate, but our sympathies are wholly with them in their efforts to stir the working class into a fresh life and quicker realization of the things that are wrong in society as it is. It is good news, not bad, that the peripatetic lecturer is rousing the young men and giving them fresh interests and more intelligent thoughts, however visionary these may seem to staid and elderly politicians. This is exactly what the country wants, and its way of redemption from the tyranny of drink and gambling and from the low level of thought and culture which gives free play to these vices. The least that can be expected of Liberals is that they should be sympathetic to this movement, even when it manifests itself in ways that are temporarily inconvenient to party organizers, for the good so far outweighs the evil that

they can wait with confidence for the final ingathering.

Let us, if possible, persuade the Labor leaders to study the susceptibilities of the British people and not to be too sanguine about their immediate conversion to extreme views. It would be a fiasco for both parties if, having alarmed the public about certain projects which may ripen in a more or less remote future, they found themselves unable with their combined forces to break down the opposition of the House of Lords to other immediate and quite moderate measures. But let us also remember that this ferment about ideals and with it the discussion of all manner of generous and visionary schemes is absolutely essential even to the Liberal movement. The Liberal party has no future and no intellectual basis unless it can keep in touch with this movement and gradually guide it to practical issues. If we quench the smoking flax or strike the attitude of the stern parent scenting heresy in the opinions of the rising generation we shall presently find that we have destroyed the force on which Liberal politics of a practical kind depend.

The political orthodox will have to resign themselves to a good many shocks during the next few years, for the whole world is apparently exploring anew some of the fundamental questions about the sphere of the state and the sphere of the individual. Everybody talks glibly about Socialism, but there is so far no approach to agreement about what is meant by the word. Latterly the fashion among politicians has been to use the blessed word "collectivism," for that avoids most of the emotions which attach to its synonym. Nothing is commoner than to hear a good Conservative, who would be shocked if anyone called him a Socialist, declaring blandly that the Tory party is the true collectivist party; and, indeed, Professor Dicey has just told us that the long period of Tory Government which came to an end last

year may properly be described as the collectivist period.

It is not at all fanciful to suppose that an astute Conservative leader who had scared the public about Socialism might next succeed in attracting the working-class voter by "collectivism." The Master of Elibank tried to explain what he meant by laying down four principles, to which he said, with some courage, that the Liberal party was unalterably opposed; but the merest glance showed that nearly all of them were already embedded in our legislation and by no means least in the recent legislation of the Conservative party. The late Government expropriated the water companies and was not unwilling to expropriate the dock companies; the argument which it had with its opponents on these subjects was not as to the propriety of state action, but as to the particular kind of public authority to be set up and the amount of compensation to be paid to private interests—details which have nothing to do with Socialism proper. Conservative statesmen have advocated old age pensions and Conservative Boards of Guardians have on the whole been much more inclined than Liberal to the indiscriminate distribution of out-relief which is denounced as Socialism in Poplar.

In saying this I have no desire to confuse the boundaries or to deny the importance of the issue. But the lines are not yet drawn on this subject and they probably never will be drawn in such a way as to coincide with the divisions between existing parties. We are in the stage in which free speech and free thought is for the benefit of everybody, and in which party leaders have no call to excommunicate heretics. Wherever men are serious, they must be concerned with the unequal distribution of wealth and its gravitation under modern conditions into the hands of a few powerful individuals or Trusts.

America, as Mr. Wells has been telling us in his brilliant book ("The

Future in America"), is in revolt against the chaotic individualism of her industrial system, and the most popular plank in Mr. Hearst's platform at the recent election was apparently his advocacy of what in this country would be called municipalization against the tyranny of the Trusts which batten on American cities. If Americans really got in into their heads that their choice was between state monopoly and private monopoly, they might yet astonish the world by the audacity of their experiments.

Prediction on this subject is quite useless, but we may fairly look forward to a long period of ferment on this question. The difficulty in this country is to let opinion go free and to release the disputants to speak honestly to each other without damaging the party system which is our necessary machinery for practical politics. It is scarcely to be expected that zealous propagandists should forgo the special opportunity of educating the public which is offered by a contested election; it is still less to be expected that the politicians in possession will withdraw in order to give the propagandists their opportunity. Since the pursuance of this quarrel means equal disaster to both parties, some sort of working compromise is likely to be found, as before, when a General Election approaches, but it is in the meantime becoming a serious question whether the adoption of the second ballot would not from the public point of view be the better solution, for that would leave the propagandists free to pursue their campaign in the constituencies, and yet provide security that the member should ultimately be the choice of the majority.

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The Liberal and Labor question, however, may easily be determined in this Parliament by the House of Lords question. For if that assembly blocks the way, it must quickly become clear to both parties that mutual succor and

concentration of forces are absolutely essential at this stage.

How much of reality there is in recent proceedings of the House of Lords it is impossible for anyone except the peers to say, and they probably do not know. One is in the dilemma of having to impute a levity to the proceedings of this grave assembly which has not till now been thought part of its character, or to assume a miscalculation of the forces at work which does equally little credit to its sagacity. Possibly the situation will have cleared up before these lines appear in print, but at the moment it is common ground between all parties that, whatever may happen to the Education bill, there is not and never was the slightest chance of its being "reconstituted" in the manner that the peers and bishops propose. For they have not only obliterated the Government bill, but they have used the paper on which it was written to construct a new bill far stronger in its denominational tendencies than even Mr. Balfour's bill of 1902.

It would be waste of time to dwell in detail on the process by which they have arrived at this result, but the effect is, roughly speaking, to compel the local authorities to permit the denominational system to go on as before and on every day of the week in ex-voluntary schools and to place the teaching staff at the disposal of the clergy for that purpose, while a new opening is secured for the church in the provided schools in single-school areas and the widest opportunities in all areas of establishing sectarian schools which shall be withdrawn from the control of the authorities. Nearly all that the Government took away from the denominationalists has been restored; everything that the Government gave in compensation for what they took is retained and extended. If the bill passed as the House of Lords proposes, the rent that the Government offered would be added to the rates that Mr. Balfour gave, and scarcely

anything else would be altered except to the advantage of the church.

Mere secular politicians would scarcely have conceived this courageous plan for inverting the mandate that the Government received from the country last January. The history of the famous wear and tear clause of 1902 is, however, on record to show us how much wiser the children of light can be than the children of this world. For it was a bishop who invented the ingenious device whereby in that year the financial control of the House of Commons was evaded, and a little more money obtained for the church than Mr. Balfour proposed. It is the bishops again this year who have swept Lord Lansdowne off his feet and brushed aside the milk and water moderation of the House of Commons Unionists. One would have thought that an appearance of moderation would have served them well within so short a time of the great disaster to their party, and the more so because it was possible to take the sting out of the bill by a very few amendments, each of which could have been defended with a show of reason. Yet to the bishops the election apparently means so little that they think the moment opportune for making proposals which, as Mr. Birrell said at Bristol, could not be made by the Unionist party if the election were blotted out and Mr. Balfour re-established on the Treasury Bench with his former majority.

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A lasting settlement of the education question is immensely to be desired, and it is well recognized on the Government side that some give and take is necessary to it. Settlement, however, is impossible, unless it is recognized that the two principles of popular control and abolition of tests to which the Liberal party pledged itself at the last election have a definite meaning, carrying definite consequences which cannot be evaded by any skilful make-believe. If the whole system is to go on as before except for a change of

nomenclature in an Act of Parliament, it would be folly for the Government to devote a large sum of public money to the pretence of changing it. The thing aimed at may be good or bad, but the government would reduce itself to absurdity, if having asked the public to pay for it, it left the thing undone. It has always seemed to some of us that there was one possible line of compromise which left the central principles of the government bill intact, and that was to grant the "right of entry" into all the schools, provided the teaching staff was kept absolutely clear of the denominational instruction. That is in practice the easiest way of giving the denominationalists their opportunity without impairing the principles of public control and freedom from tests. It would still no doubt be necessary to add the frank exception of the extended facilities schools, in which the teacher would be a denominational teacher and the atmosphere that of the denomination, but this should be strictly limited to the children of parents who are in the true sense of the term conscientious objectors to any other schools.

Now the House of Lords must, I suppose, be taken to have rejected this solution when it refused Lord Balfour of Burleigh's amendment—one of the most decisive events of the committee's stage. If so, there is nothing more to say about it. Its difficulties are very great. The Nonconformists cry "hands off the provided schools"; the teachers object to the intrusion of amateurs, and the clergy are only too willing to depute the teaching office to the professionals, provided they have security that these are of their faith. These obstacles might be removed by persuasion and argument, if it could be said to the objectors that the Church would in return for concessions be prepared to abandon all other claims upon the schools and their staffs. But if the Church is not willing to do this, and if she herself has no mind for this solution, no government could attempt

to force it on unwilling parties. It would, in any case, have been extremely difficult to recast the bill in this sense before the end of the session, and I am afraid after the rejection of Lord Balfour's amendment this course must be held impossible.

Assuming this to be so, let me try to state roughly how the chief questions will present themselves to both parties, if there is a real desire for settlement in the final stage. The main question for the government will, I still believe, be whether they can concede the demand that the teacher shall continue the denominational lesson in the transferred schools. If that were conceded, one could not imagine the Church rejecting the bill, for the practical result in four-fifths of the schools would be to leave nearly everything as before, the teacher taking the lesson on two days a week, as before, and being appointed, as before, with a view to his fitness for that part of his duties. The Nonconformist would, indeed, be able to withdraw his child on the two days of the week without invoking the conscience clause, but the non-attendance of his child would carry with it the same consequences as hitherto, and the denominational character would not be disturbed even in the single-school districts. Where a Liberal or a Nonconformist authority was in power it might retaliate by appointing in future only such teachers as it was assured beforehand would object to taking this lesson—i. e., by applying a sort of anti-test which would be fully as objectionable as any other test. But this would be a rare incident, and in most cases would not be possible except after the eviction of the existing teacher, which would be more objectionable still.

If the government passed the bill in this form it could have no illusions about the results. Within two or three years of its becoming law—possibly on the eve of another General Election—it would be discovered that nothing had happened except that a fresh dip had

been made into the pockets of the taxpayer and ratepayer for the benefit of the voluntary schools, and for this unnecessary gratuity the government, rather than the Church, would be held responsible.

If any churchman will take the trouble to reason it out from the government's point of view, he must see that it is no mere obstinacy or bigotry which renders this concession difficult. From the Liberal point of view the main purpose of the bill is to make the system frankly a public system, and above all to release the teaching staff from the entanglement which in nearly half the schools divides its allegiance and compels it to serve two masters. If that can be done, something of importance is done for education and for the country which justifies the efforts of the last three years and the concessions made in other parts of the bill. If it cannot be done, what else is there in the bill which is worth purchasing by the extra grant of public money, or—a still more serious matter—the setting up of the extended facilities schools? The more that question is reflected on the more difficult it is to answer.

I own, then, I have great doubts whether any compromise is possible on Clause VIII. The plan of leaving existing teachers to go on as before is open to the objection that it will tempt some authorities to continue existing teachers when they are otherwise unsuitable, in order that they may take the denominational lesson; and tempt other authorities to get rid of teachers who are otherwise suitable in order that they may obtain the benefits of the act.

A prolonged moratorium before the new system is established is for many reasons highly undesirable. To secure Clause VIII. substantially as it stands is, therefore, vital to the government, but, if that can be done, the way will be clear for give and take in other directions. Obviously the government will not insist on removing compul-

sion from religious teaching, nor need they boggle at any amendments required to give the voluntary schools security that the local authority will not for any arbitrary reason decline to take them over when they are suitable and necessary. The substitution of a majority for "four-fifths" as the necessary proportion of parents required for extended facilities schools is, of course, impossible, but if the ballot is retained, three-fourths of those voting would probably be a sufficient proportion. The point is, as I have already suggested, that those schools should be a provision for parents who are conscientious objectors to the normal system, and not an opportunity for clergy who wish to break down the normal system.

The difficulty is to make any amendments which will not convert the clause from the first to the second of these things. That, indeed, is the difficulty from beginning to end. The bill was already loaded with concessions and exceptions when it went to the House of Lords, and it was cast in such a form that even slight alterations are liable to invert its intention. There is no disguising the fact that many of these concessions are greatly resented by supporters of the government who do not forget that they won, and the Church lost, the last election. That, however, is a fact which the peers and bishops find it very difficult to remember.

Whatever happens, I suppose it must be taken for granted that the House of Commons will refuse to consider the Lords amendments in detail. To do so would be equivalent to entering upon the committee stage of an entirely new bill with the prospect that the session would be prolonged into next year and a large slice taken out of next session. No one who knows the temper of this House can imagine that it is going to put itself to this trouble to arrive at an absolutely foregone conclusion, nor, if it did so, would the chances of peace be at all improved.

The best hope now is to get as quickly as possible to some kind of practical negotiation between those who speak for the Commons and those who speak for the Lords.

The difficulty at this stage is that though we know who the first are, we cannot say for certain who the second are. In past times, when the two houses were at deadlock, the peace-makers could appeal with certainty to Lord Cairns and Archbishop Tait, and in later days to Lord Salisbury. But nothing in recent debates has been more noticeable than the absence of a controlling hand to keep the extremists within bounds or even to keep the House informed as to the cumulative effect of the amendments proposed. The result has been a state of confusion and perplexity as far as possible removed from the businesslike gravity which is commonly claimed for the proceedings of the House of Lords.

The government has been admirably served in these debates by Lord Crewe, who has never lost his nerve or his temper, or, so far as an observer from without can judge, made a false point, whatever the provocation.

The House, however, is ruled by the Opposition and the bishops. Among these the Archbishop of Canterbury, while using studiously moderate language, has drifted into a position in which he appears to be the advocate of the extremist course. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor Lord St. Aldwyn appears to have made any definite arrangement with him for a joint course of action; the Duke of Devonshire has intervened with great effect at certain moments, but has taken no regular part or responsibility.

The bill as it came out of the committee was, apart from its inversion of the government policy, a hopeless tangle of administrative impossibilities. Everybody had had a hand in it, and nobody was responsible for it. The movers of the different amendments blamed each other for results which none of them had anticipated. All this

follows as a matter of course when an Opposition, which is not united and organized, and which has no responsibility, takes upon itself to "reconstitute" a bill.

Yet the fact that the result was to this extent unpremeditated may help to a settlement, if the Archbishop of Canterbury can find his way back to his right position of moderator of the English Church, and if men like the Duke of Devonshire and others who believe that popular institutions count for something will assert themselves at the last stage. Nothing need be regarded as a foregone conclusion now that the Trades Disputes Bill has been accepted by the Unionist party in the House of Commons without a division and after something like a benediction from Mr. Balfour. A calm weighing of the consequences which follow from the loss of the Education Bill will not, I think, make rejection seem quite so clear and easy a course as some ardent Churchmen suppose.

This is not the last Liberal government which will be seen in this generation, but it is certainly the last stand which the Church will be able to make against the logical consequences of the Act of 1902. Other solutions, simpler and more drastic, will be powerfully advocated by men who are lukewarm to the present proposals because they think them too complicated and too favorable to the denominationalists. The Church, meanwhile, will rely wholly on the House of Lords to support her claim to ascendancy in schools which are entirely maintained out of rates and taxes. That must, surely, seem a perilous position to any Churchmen of long vision who look to the future in a democratic country.

In the immediate future the government and Mr. Birrell will be thrown back on administering the Act of 1902. We already know what that means even under a Conservative government, but, if the bill is lost, passive resistance will, I imagine, be more formidable than before, and no power exists

which can compel the Welsh Councils to vote rates for Church schools, or, for that matter, any English Councils which follow their example. What the Church and the House of Lords have to reckon with in this matter is not the ordinary kind of political agitation, by public meeting and Hyde Park demonstrations, which will flag and die down when refusal becomes definite, but the stubborn resistance in administration of serious and zealous people who are deeply in earnest. And all the while the man in the street will more and more be converted to secular education as the only possible way out of the interminable impasse,

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The government, of course, will not dissolve Parliament if the bill is lost. It is trustee of a great many causes besides education, and not least of free trade. The House of Lords question may at the end of a normal period of office present itself as the dominant issue, but, if so, it will be an issue summing up and concentrating in itself a whole series of conflicts between the two Houses. The time for that is not yet, and least of all can the present government with its immense majority afford to lose patience and declare the conditions impossible after one session. What is expected of it is continuous and patient effort in administration as well as legislation so that, when the time comes, it may say truly that it has done its best and ask the country to remove the veto by which it has been thwarted.

The essential thing is that the Cabinet should definitely make up its mind as to the right course and not be driven from it by vacillating or divided counsels. If the decision is, as I think it should be, for three or four years' hard work in spite of the House of Lords, then the work must be mapped out and carried through in such form and order that the public may see, as they have not seen before, what the House of Lords veto really means. In this matter there is no middle course between

instant battle and a long and careful campaign on these lines. What is to be feared and what must be avoided is loss of patience and flurried counsels leading to disaster on some minor and confused issue half-way through the normal life of the government.

Here we may learn something from the disaster of 1895. The government of that year declined the opportunity of challenging the House of Lords on the Home Rule question and failed to make an opportunity on other questions. It fell on the cordite vote, while the bills which might have "filled up the cup" were still fighting their way through the House of Commons. It is not to be blamed for its failure. It fought gallantly and tried heroic measures with a majority which fluctuated between 10 and 20.

Lord Rosebery raised the House of Lords question at the election, but the Cabinet was not united, and he got little or no support from his more eminent colleagues. The speeches he made on this occasion will bear re-reading during the next few years, and I rather think that some people who doubted their wisdom at the time will come to regard them as scrolls of prophecy. But while every sort of excuse may be made for that government, no kind of excuse could be made for that government, no kind of excuse could be made for this government if with its big majority and established position in the House of Commons it were similarly caught between wind and water. Its measures must have the House of Commons behind them, they must be straightforward, well drafted and easily defensible. They must be completed in the House of Commons, and, if rejected or mutilated by the House of Lords, they must be briefly reaffirmed by the House of Commons with the aid of the guillotine closure and sent up again for a second rejection or mutilation, if that must be. At the same time let no false point be taken or any mere obstinacy shown against amendments which are plainly reasonable.

Above all, let the leaders of the party work together and agree to bring their various measures to the same focus. On these lines the government will either reap a substantial harvest in spite of the House of Lords or be able to put the House of Lords question to the country as it has never before been put.

The quiet citizen who hoped to escape from raging and tearing propagandas for a few years may find this prospect far from consoling. It is indeed a vain hope that politics can be free from excitement in these times. Neither in Europe nor in America can that kind of peace be guaranteed to any citizen of a living and progressive state. But politics need not be violent because they are serious and interesting, and in any case there is an abundance of work to be done by hard and quiet workers which should lie outside the area of disturbance.

Such is the reform of the Poor law, which ought to be the chief social measure of this government and which need by no means divide parties or bring the two Houses into conflict. One sees in the mind's eye a measure which should, so to speak, strike a new compact between social classes, be more humane and intelligent to the deserving poor on condition that the undeserving were visited with sharper discipline. Experiments such as well-meaning people made at Poplar came to grief because they relaxed the conditions of relief without applying the discipline. And the failure proves to us not that Mr. Crooks and Mr. Lansbury were wrong in desiring to humanize the Poor law, or wrong even in desiring to demonstrate the unfairness of the rating system, as between the richer and the poorer areas, but that the problem is far too wide and deep to be dealt with at the discretion of Boards of Guardians making haphazard and unrelated experiments in different parishes. Equal rating and uniform policy, combined with the abolition of all that considerable part of the pres-

ent Poor law, which manufactures paupers and enables loafers and ne'er-do-weels to fasten themselves on to the public without fear of penal consequences should release funds for the rational treatment of the children, the aged and the genuine unemployed. Here is work which need not cause violent controversy, but which will need the best thought of the best brains and prove a real test of constructive statesmanship.

A variety of other measures come under the same category, and in so far as they are pursued with zeal, the government will escape the discredit which the House of Lords can inflict on a Liberal ministry by the mere act of rejecting its measures and thus reducing it to futility. The first session has been well planned on these lines. Even assuming the worst to have happened, which means that the House of Lords will have rejected or caused the abandonment of the Education Bill, the Plural Voting Bill, and possibly the Land Tenure Bill, the measures that survive, such as the Trades Dispute Bill, the Merchant Shipping Bill and the Workmen's Compensation Bill will represent a good deal more than the harvest of an average session of Parliament. If this degree of energy can be kept up, the country will see clearly what a Liberal Government can do and what it could have done but for the veto of the House of Lords. And all the time finance will be open to it without obstruction, and we may hope that it will be proved to all classes that by economy on one side and the creation of fresh sources of revenue and redistribution of burdens on the other, it is possible to supply the needs of the country and to find the necessary funds for social reform without flying to the desperate remedy of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal schemes.

On these lines we ought gradually to work to a very clear and simple issue. Nothing can be predicted with absolute certainty, for no man can say in advance where the House of Lords

will yield and where it will stand firm, but suppose at the end of four years that a Liberal Government could, in existing circumstances, make no progress with education, or temperance legislation, or land reform, and suppose that in the meantime it had reaped practically the whole harvest from what may be called the neutral ground, then in a last session of Parliament the rejected measures would be brought definitely before the country, and submitted to its judgment. And then, I think, it would become plain that the issue was not merely between one House and the other, but between a party endeavoring, according to its lights, to stand for the public and certain great interests which were permanently entrenched in the Second Chamber.

At this point much, if not everything, would depend on the attitude of Labor. "Leave that to us," said Mr. Keir Hardie, when someone suggested that the House of Lords would reject the Trades Disputes Bill. It can, indeed, with confidence be left to Labor, if Labor is well organized and will accept the necessary conditions of political warfare in this country. The first of these is the concentration of all available forces on the immediate objective. If there are to be divisions and quarrels and split candidatures, or if we are to be asked to discuss ideal reconstitutions of society to take place when there is no House of Lords, and we are all in our graves, then we may look out for a reaction in which the Tory party and the House of Lords will be set up for another ten years. For if

the public is seriously scared about Socialism, thousands of voters who object to the action of the House of Lords will give their support to the Unionist party in the belief that with all its faults the Second Chamber must be kept strong to defend us against worse evils.

Impatient politicians are occasionally to be heard saying that, if the House of Lords does this or that, the old Liberal party, with its constitutional procedure, must be abandoned as useless, and recourse had to a new kind of extremist guerilla warfare. There could be no greater mistake, if the object is to get things done in our own time. Nothing is to be done in this country except by patient effort on constitutional lines, and in proportion as the case is strong, action must be patient, if persistent.

If the House of Lords during the next few years succeeded in causing flurry and agitation and divided counsels in the Liberal and Labor ranks, so that one party scared the public by its violence, while another spent its time in apologizing for the indiscretions of its allies, the battle would have been lost before the next election came. Here there is no possible half-way house. If the Liberal party determines to play the long game, it must play it with composure, dignity and patience; so arranging its Parliamentary business that the climax should be reached at the right moment, and that as little energy as possible should be wasted in the meantime in mere verbal protests against what cannot be resented effectively till another election comes.



The Riddle of Emotional Expression.

By J. DONOVAN.

(From the *Westminster Review*.)

THE wisdom of Darwin's attitude toward the work of writers whose principles or stand-points were opposed to his own is nowhere better exemplified than in his appreciation of Sir Charles Bell's attempt to grapple with the difficult problem of expression, and his protest against the neglect which Bell's work had suffered at the hands of foreign writers on the subject. Indeed, the attitude of the evolutionist chief in this matter might, even to-day, well serve the cause of science if it warned some of his followers against too hasty a conclusion that Bell's suggestions on the subject of expression are already obsolete. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, the foundations for inquiry laid down by Sir Charles Bell appear to form the only basis upon which the problem of expression can ever be worked out to a satisfactory and strictly scientific solution.

As is well known, it was through working upon the knotty problem of expression that Sir Charles Bell came upon the discoveries which gave him the right of sharing with Majendie the great honor of putting science on the track of tracing the inward or centripetal tracts of nervous impulse in the animal body, and distinguishing them from the outward or centrifugal tracts. But the facts regarding centripetal nervous impulses which were acquired in Sir Charles' own day were too

meager to throw any convincing light on the problem of expression. Brilliant as was the pioneer work of this great physiologist in regard, for instance, to the centripetal nervous impulses from muscles, unless these impulses appeared to reach consciousness as sensations, Sir Charles saw no value in them, indeed he did not recognize them at all; no experiments had been performed in his time to show that centripetal impulses might make their way inward to nerve centers, and be of some value to the animal even if there was no possibility of them becoming sensations.

And even more than half a century later, when Professor W. James followed in the path of Sir Charles Bell, and endeavored to obtain from centripetal nervous phenomena some further light for the problem of expression, he also found no use, so far as concerned this problem, for centripetal nervous impulses unless they came to the front door of consciousness with cards of introduction as sensations.

But I think it can be now made clear that we lost most valuable light for the old puzzle of expression by this limited appreciation of centripetal nervous impulses. Unfortunately, however, with the exception of the special senses, the centripetal arrangements of the nervous system are not matters of everyday knowledge, and are rarely re-

ferred to outside of strictly physiological writings.

Therefore a few technical generalities are necessary at the outset, even at the risk of thinning my audience.

For instance, attention must be called to the fact that all of us, indeed all animals, possess a greater number of ingoing than of outgoing paths for the conveying of nervous impulses; that besides the special sense channels, our internal organs, our skin, and every limb, muscle, tendon and joint in the body is so richly furnished with nerves for conveying ingoing impulses that every movement we make, voluntarily or involuntarily, may contribute centripetal impulses to our nerve centers.

Now it is not only beyond question that these centripetal nerves exist, and are furnished with receiving organs (muscle spindles, organs of golgi, etc.) to pick up nervous impulses from movements of muscles, tendons and joints, but it is beyond question that they actually pick up and transmit these nervous impulses. It is proved that locomotion depends on the performance of these centripetal functions.

The mutual help arrangement that is maintained between antagonistic muscles by way of their centripetal nerves has been called reciprocal innervation.

It is, of course, out of the question to present in this article even a summary of the various illustrations and proofs advanced to show the reality of centripetal innervation. Numerous experiments have been performed specially for this purpose, other experiments illustrate it incidentally. Then there are cases of locomotor ataxia, and other nervous diseases, and even the various well-known phenomena of the long-continued innervation of limbs that have been placed in a certain position during catalepsy and hypnotism, which illustrate the point. But probably the experiments of Verworn and Baglioni on strychnia convulsions

most strikingly show the depth to which the principle of centripetal innervation is rooted in animal life, and its utter independence of volition or consciousness. According to the very extensive experiments of these physiologists, strychnia convulsions are prolonged because the first twitch and each succeeding twitch causes centripetal nervous impulses to start from the moving muscles, tendons or joints, and pass inward to the center to initiate another twitch, which in its turn makes further ingoing impulses, and so on, until fatigue occurs.

Although attempts have been made to discount the very decisive results of these strychnia experiments, the general fact of centripetal innervation from both voluntary and involuntary movements can no longer be regarded as a controverted question; and the reader who is not satisfied with the above meager indications on the point, must be referred to the physiological text books, while we pass on to consider the light which the broad principle of centripetal innervation throws on the old problem of expression, and the immensely interesting questions it raises.

Now when we see that even in extending an arm or a leg animals cannot dispense with the nervous energy which passed inward from the flexing of the limb an instant before, we should be impelled to ask whether on occasion of urgency animals may not have some auxiliary means of obtaining an inward supply of nervous impulses. Besides the muscles, tendons, joints of the limb or limbs actually required in the action of the moment, do animals ever lay any other muscles under contribution? Is the principle of centripetal innervation of far wider scope than between flexor and extensor muscles? Is this principle so wide that muscles far distant from those employed in the action of the moment may be moved for the sake of the centripetal impulses thereby produced?

With this question in mind I watch

an athlete finishing a race which he is winning easily. Roughly speaking, I detect no sign of him moving or contracting any muscles except those required in the act of locomotion. I watch him again finishing a race breast to breast with his competitor. In the latter case it is easy to observe the movement or contraction of muscles not actually required for the act of locomotion. It may be only a grin on his lips, a tighter clenching of his jaws. But these familiar movements will suffice to point the question: Are they unconsciously made for the sake of centripetal nervous impulses which they supply indirectly to the locomotor centers in the moment of emergency?

I again watch an animal rushing upon its prey. The act of locomotion is accompanied by a grin and a growl. I watch the hunted prey preparing to defend itself or to escape. I detect outward signs of certain muscles being moved besides those required for locomotion, or for the blow of its claws, or the snap of its jaws in battle—that is to say, I see the fearful and angry prey raise its hair or feathers, I hear it crying out.

Now these and other movements, such as disturbances of the organ of circulation and respiration, and of the vasomotor system, are already familiar to us as the characteristic emotional expressions of lower animals and man. And the questions I propose to put and answer regarding them are the following:

Besides making the very muscles that bend a limb contribute nerve impulses to the center to help to extend it again, have animal organisms kept in touch with other available muscles to contribute nervous impulses to nerve centers? Have they for this purpose especially kept grip upon muscles that would interfere the least possible with the business of locomotion? Have they to some extent specialized these muscles, and parts attached to them, to become, some of them permanent,

and some of them auxiliary, means of centripetal nerve supply?

To find an answer to these questions, let us first of all take muscular movements that are constant throughout life, and may be permanent sources of supply of centripetal nervous impulses, namely, visceral movements. Besides making the muscles, etc., of locomotion contribute centripetal nervous impulses to nerve centers, do animal organisms also make the viscera play an important role in the supply of centripetal nervous impulses, in addition to their respiratory, circulative and nutritive functions? This suggestion has bearings of medical import. Throughout the immense literature of the physiology of the viscera, an attentive ear will detect a wondering and uncertain tone regarding many visceral (especially cardiac) movements. But we must hasten on to consider that behavior of the viscera which is the most constant mark of our own and all animal excitement. And the following questions may be put regarding this behavior:

Is there anything to guide us toward ascertaining whether the familiar disturbance during excitement of the normal movements of the viscera is a result of these organs, and the muscular, tendinous, or osseous walls enclosing them, being compelled to move especially in the interest of supplying centripetal nervous impulses to the nerve centers? Is this the explanation of the familiar tightening at the pharynx, gasps for breath, etc., etc., in all powerful emotion, joyous or painful?

In answer to these questions comes first of all the guidance of anatomical facts, namely, the immense riches of the machinery of centripetal nerves, leading from the viscera of all animals. And besides the viscera themselves, the entire moving apparatus of the thoracic and abdominal walls have their receiving arrangements for centripetal impulses, their muscle spindles, organs of golgi, etc.

Then comes the guidance of the physiological and psychological facts; it being entirely beyond question

that nervous impulses make their way from the viscera to nerve centers. Besides the physiological evidences on this point, the evidence of human experience is very weighty. Here we have the bodily or somatic feelings that give the psychologist the main elements out of which he builds up the empirical ego. And in pointing out that the stream of nervous impulses from the viscera to the nerve centers only occasionally emerges into consciousness as sensations, no psychologist ever suggested that this stream does not start until the instant these sensations arise, or that it ceases the instant they sink from consciousness again. There is everything to indicate that the stream keeps flowing continuously while life lasts. And most important of all comes evidences available from observation of the excited visceral movements themselves. We must note how animals have organized some of these movements in connection with minor disturbances, as the visceral movements of yawning, and also the visceral part of the movement of stretching. And in human life the visceral movements of laughter.

Then advancing to greater occasions of disturbances or shock, until we reach cases of extreme emergency when the central functions of the nervous system are in immediate danger of failing, what do we see?

Here the conflict between the interests of circulation, respiration, etc., and those other interests which we are trying to trace out, as belonging to visceral movements, becomes more and more violent according as the danger of central nervous failure increases. And what is the lesson taught by the ultimate behavior of the muscles that normally work the viscera, and all the muscles and tendons, etc., of their enclosing walls?

The lesson is this. Whatever be the nature of the interest, apart from circulation, respiration, etc., which animals have in the movements of these muscles, this interest becomes the pre-

vailing one in extremity. It bears every stamp of being the primary interest of muscular movement. In the extreme stages of central nervous failure, the interests of circulation and respiration have to give way to it. It may now assert itself with an utterly blind and elemental fatalism over all other interests of visceral movement, as in the convulsions that in higher developed animals produce asphyxia. And in extreme stages of central nervous failure, as is well known, the locomotor muscles, tendons, etc., may join those controlling the viscera in making convulsive movements; then it is significant that among the few experiments which have been successful in dodging the enormous difficulties of testing the state of nerve centers while animals are in convulsions, those of Verworn and Baglioni show that nerve energy passes inward to nerve centers in consequence of these convulsive movements.

So much at present for the viscera as a permanent source of centripetal nerve energy, a source which is masked by other functions of the viscera in normal conditions, but which is to some extent unmasked during extreme excitement.

We may now pass on to note very briefly a permanent source of centripetal nerve energy which is not masked by the organs in question performing any other functions. I mean the source of centripetal nervous impulse in the semi-circular canals and their lower analogues. As every one acquainted with the subject will admit, if there is a general point which has been clearly established above all the mysteries surrounding the functions of the semicircular canals, it is that they contribute centripetal nervous impulses to nerve centers. But the centripetal functioning of the semicircular canals is not obviously affected by excitement, and therefore they are, of course, never placed among the means of expression of excitement.

Let us next approach what may be

called the auxiliary sources of supply of centripetal nervous impulses, namely, the movement of muscles which remain more or less quiescent in normal conditions, but which may come into action on occasion of shock or excitement. The most important of these are the muscles of the sound-producing apparatus of animals, both stridulatory and vocal, muscles already to some extent brought into action by excited visceral or other movement. Only in the case of sound-production it is not only the centripetal nerves of the moving muscles that conduct the nervous impulses inward. Here we have a centripetal channel of a very high order, namely, that of audition. And the way in which animals have taken advantage of this inward channel for the business of centripetal stimulation is witnessed by the development of music in both lower animals and man, and the development of language in man.

The second great auxiliary source of centripetal supply of nervous impulses in excitement is that of the pilomotor and facial muscles, and the muscles of the hands. And here, again, as in the case of sound-production, these movements are connected with centripetal channels of a higher order than those of muscle spindles or organs of golgi, namely, the channels of the tactile sense which are so richly supplied to the face and hands.

In the case of these various auxiliary muscles and apparatus for the supply of centripetal stimuli, it may be noted that as the more highly developed receiving organs in the skin, and in the cochlea, are here available, the muscles of the face, and also of the larynx, are not so richly endowed with muscle spindles as other muscles, indeed some physiologists (Sherrington in England, Cipollone in Germany) have announced their failure to find any muscle spindles at all in many of the muscles of facial expression.

We may now venture a step closer to the most interesting aspects of the old riddle of expression, and note that

various needs and circumstances of life in different families and classes of animals have affected the use of development of the auxiliary arrangements for centripetal supply of nervous energy.

Let us take that distinction in habits of expression between carnivorous and plant-eating animals which has always proved the greatest of the many puzzles of lower animal expression. Who was ever satisfied that the difference between biting herbs and biting living prey accounted for the differences in the behavior of the muscles of the head and face in the carnivora and herbivora, to say nothing of the vocal differences in these animals?

But from our standpoint we must see that the constant dangers involved in the hunt for, and battle with, prey bring repeated and sudden calls for increased centripetal supplies of nervous impulses to the carnivora. Thus the machinery of supply starts to action at any moment on the slightest cause; it may be always more or less in motion in the waking hours of these animals. The constant movement of this machinery gives the carnivora their character. The grin and snarl of ferocity is always ready to supply a share of the centripetal impulses required for the actions of battle and slaughter, upon which the obtaining of food depends.

On the other hand, the animals that obtain their food from plants have no such sudden calls for auxiliary centripetal supplies of nervous impulses, hence their "meek" character; the machinery of centripetal nervous supply only getting into motion in the last extremity of danger.

Coming now to the immense use man has made of what we have called, from our standpoint, the auxiliary sources of centripetal supply of nervous impulses, it may be noted that with lower animals it is, generally speaking, only when shock overtakes them, or special life-caring efforts are required, that the auxiliary sources of centripetal supply, in vocal, pilomotor,

and facial, muscles are called upon. But in the case of man we have to face a great structure of habits that has been built up upon these auxiliary sources. For example, the habits of human emotion, will, language, memory, and thought. A man's use of voice, gesture, and facial expression is as constant as his use of these habits. Passing over, as, of course, is inevitable as far as this article is concerned, the profoundly interesting question of the manner in which man made the auxiliary sources of the centripetal supply of nervous impulses lead him on gradually to the development of human emotion, will, language, memory, and thought, we may take these habits in their fully developed state, and still compel them to reveal at least a glimpse of the secret of their origin.

You are, let us suppose, an orator making a speech. Never mind for the moment the deeper grounds of the processes of thought and memory and language within you; but note that your ear, the centripetal nerves (organs of touch) of your face, and hands, are all, so to speak, subscription plates held out for contributions toward the central fund of nervous energy. And contributions are picked up from every contraction of your brow, every pursing or compression of your lips, every wave of your arm, every clenching of your hands, no less than from the sounds of your words. It is, however, no more necessary that these tiny streamlets of centripetal nerve energy should appear in consciousness than it would be necessary that the athlete should be aware each time he bends a limb of the centripetal nervous impulses which passed inward from the movement, and helped to extend it again.

Or take a case where the significant uses of the gestures made are less intentional than those of the orator, namely, in the case of any suddenly conveyed incitement to amazement, admiration, or even abhorrence.

It need no longer puzzle us that these gestures might be made as strenuously

in the dark and in perfect solitude as when in the light of day and in the presence of others. The centripetal nerves of the raised arms and hands, and the delicate receiving organs of the facial nerves, pick up nervous impulses from these movements and transmit them inward to nerve centers that had just suffered a slight shock from the object of amazement, admiration, or abhorrence.

It must be admitted, of course, that every possible movement of voice, lips, eyes and hands has become significant. And the value of these movements to convey meaning may entirely mask their primary centripetal values. But the mask can be torn away by many very simple experiments. If you are what is called a "sensitive" or "nervous" person, an uncontrollable impulse often comes to your hands, fingers, lips, brows, eyes, to make some "nervous" movement—a movement of some of the machinery of expression. You are most keenly aware of the impulse, and precisely because of the communicative aspects of the threatened gesture, because it will betray your emotion, you try and, may be, succeed in suppressing it. But if you carefully note what has really happened, you will find that instead of entirely suppressing the movement your act of will merely transferred it from one part of the machinery of expression to the other—probably to a part whose movements are less visible. You may suppress a contraction of the brow, to find that at the same moment you have, however, slightly accented the closure of the lips or jaws—and vice versa. You may unclench your teeth, to find that, at the same instant, you clenched your hands. You may again unclench both fingers and teeth, and find that some part of the viscera, or their walls, at the same instant, backed your act of will with a barely perceptible spasm, and so on.

In short, the entire machinery of human expression in voice, face and hands, with its infinite varieties and complexities of movement, appear

primarily as the sources of supply of machinery, however, rarely impinge centripetal nervous impulses, not only upon consciousness, and therefore for emotion, but also for the actions of these streams are easily masked by will, memory and thought. The great communicative values of the streams of nervous impulse from this movements that produce them.



SPANISH SERENADER'S SONG.

(From Don Quixote.)

By FRANK H. RICHMOND.

Love's mariner am I,
And in its waters deep,
Hopeless of making my port,
Sail havenless for aye.

Following a star I go,
That from afar I spy,
More bright than all that gleams,
That Palinurus saw.

And so bewitched I steer,
Where guided knowing not,
My watchful gaze upon the star
With heedless soul intent.

* * *

O clear and shining star,
O light that leads me on,
The bearing deathward points
That from me hides thy face.

Some Thackeray Prototypes.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

HE who would trace the prototypes of Thackeray's characters is met at the outset with the novelist's declaration that he never copied any one. There can be no doubt, however, that, like all writers of fiction, he derived, more or less consciously, from his acquaintances many suggestions. "Mr. Thackeray was only gently skilful and assimilative and combinative in his characters," said the late George Augustus Sala. "They passed through the alembic of his study and observation. The Marquis of Steyne is a sublimation of half-a-dozen characters. So is Captain Shandon; so are Costigan and the Mulligan. And the finest of Mr. Thackeray's characters—Becky, Dobbin, Jos Sedley and Colonel Newcome—are wholly original, from the celebrity point of view at least." The accuracy of these statements will now be examined.

It is commonly supposed that the imitable Becky had an original, though her name is known to few. Mrs. Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had

been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich and very selfish old woman.

The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of "Vanity Fair" she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling place to gambling place.

Charles Kingsley used to tell a good story of a lady who confided to Thackeray that she liked "Vanity Fair" exceedingly. "The characters are so natural," she said, "all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, and surely he is over-drawn; it is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life." "That character," the author smilingly replied, "is almost the only exact portrait in the book." The identity of the prototype was not revealed for many years; but it has recently been asserted that the character was sketched from a former Lord Rolle. "Sir Pitt's letters to Becky were very badly spelled and written," remarks the gentleman who puts forward this theory, "and I may say that I have in my possession a letter written by Sir Robert Brownrigg to

His Royal Highness the Duke of York when Commander-in-Chief of the British army, complaining that a report received from Lord Rolle, as Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was so badly written that he could not decipher it."

"You know you are only a piece of Amelia," Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield. "My Mother is another half; my poor little Wife—y est pour beaucoup." Mrs. Brookfield was a daughter of Sir Charles Elton, who lived at Clevedon Court, Somerset—which house figures in "Esmond" as Castlewood. Her husband, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, was one of Thackeray's intimates, and their friendship dated back to their university days. Thackeray paid tribute to Brookfield's fine qualities by drawing him as Frank Whitestock in "The Curate's Walk"; and when asked toward the end of his life which of his friends he loved the best, replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, of course; and Brookfield." Fitz was Edward FitzGerald, the translator of "Omar." Another old college chum, John (afterward Archdeacon) Allen, was presented as Dobbin, who at the outset obviously was to be the butt of the story; but in the end the character, mastering its creator, developed into the fine, noble gentleman we know.

Although all are agreed that the original of the Marquis of Steyne was a Marquis of Hertford, the question is, which Lord Hertford is entitled to the invidious distinction? The first marquis lived too early, and for many reasons the fourth may be put out of court. Mr. George Somes Layard plumps for the third marquis; Mr. G. M. Ellis is all for the second, and writes as follows to the present writer: "May I give my reasons for thinking Thackeray had Francis, second Marquis of Hertford, in his mind when writing his description of Lord Steyne and Gaunt House? The third marquis was the son of the second, and both were intimate friends of George IV., who in point of age came just between the two: second marquis born 1743;

George IV. born 1762; third marquis born 1777. Now, the second marquis did not die until 1822, which would cover the 'Vanity Fair' period.

"Again, if chronology may be relied upon, there is much evidence in the book itself that points to the second marquis being Steyne. For instance, in the chapter entitled 'Gaunt House,' where the 'fast' history of the house is given, Thackeray says: 'The Prince and Perdita have been in and out of that door,' etc. Now the Prince of Wales finally separated from Mrs. Robinson in 1783, when the future third marquis was only six years old. In the same paragraph Thackeray mentions Egalite, Duke of Orleans, as a friend of Steyne's. Egalite was executed in 1793; and then, so far as dates are concerned, the Gaunt House period is in the twenties, when the third marquis would have been forty years old or so, whereas Lord Steyne is described as an old man and a grandfather. Of course, these dates may prove nothing in view of an author's license to transpose and alter such things to suit his purpose.

"My strongest point is that the second marquis was a notorious rouse, whereas his son, the third marquis, was nothing out of the way in this attribute—for a Regency buck. But his ancient father was a byword even at this period. He was called 'The Hoary Old Sinner,' and is constantly mentioned in 'The Examiner,' 'The Courier,' and the other papers which supported the cause of Queen Caroline against the king and his friends. One of the most notorious acts with which the second Lord Hertford excited society was the seduction of Mrs. Massey. This is alluded to by Thomas Moore in his satirical series of poems 'The Twopenny Post-Bag,' where he also calls the marquis 'the hoary old sinner.' Of course, Lord Hertford's wife was the mistress of George IV., and her husband and son were very complaisant over the matter. There is one other point: Thackeray says Lord Steyne was 'Lord of the Powder Closet'; the

second Marquis of Hertford was Lord Chamberlain of the king's household, but his son was not."

Mr. Layard's opinion, however, is stated very plainly: "No one who has taken the trouble to investigate the lives of the three marquises can hesitate for a moment in identifying the 'Marquis of Steyne' with the third Marquis of Hertford." And he dwells on the resemblance between Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the third marquis and the "suppressed" woodcut of Lord Steyne contained in the first issue of "Vanity Fair."

Both he and Mr. Charles Whibley, the well-known critic and the author of a recent interesting monograph on Thackeray, assume that Lord Steyne of "Vanity Fair" and Lord Monmouth of "Coningsby" are drawn from the same peer. But is not this assumption too readily made? It is generally accepted that Lord Monmouth is the third Marquis of Hertford.

Yet, though there are so many differences between Lord Monmouth and Lord Steyne, the critics are content to state that these differences arise naturally from the diverse treatment of the two authors. For instance, Mr. Whibley remarks that Thackeray gives us a brute, Disraeli a man. Yet this, to a certain extent, is explained if Thackeray drew from the second and Disraeli from the third marquis. But surely there is a still simpler explanation. Disraeli presented in "Coningsby" a roman-a-clef, a political study of a period, and naturally he was at pains to give an accurate portrait of his model. With Thackeray the case was very different. He was writing a work of fiction and nothing more. He had heard stories of the Marquises of Hertford, and when he created a profligate peer, what more likely than that he should tack these stories on to his creation? Or, being in possession of these stories, he drew a purely fancy portrait of Lord Hertford, since there was no reason why he should trouble to study the character of the nobleman

in question. With these suggestions we may take leave of "the richly-dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end."

There seems no doubt, however, that the Marquis of Steyne's managing man, Wenham, was drawn from the managing man of the third Marquis of Hertford, John Wilson Croker, who, of course, stood for Rigby in "Coningsby." Now Rigby is Croker to the life, as seen by the prejudiced. In some such fashion would Macaulay have depicted him. Unfair as is the portraiture, this is not the place to rehabilitate the much-abused, well-hated politician. Wenham, however, could have been no more flattering to the original, for he is depicted as a mean, despicable creature. Thackeray had coals of fire poured upon him a little later when he was proposed at the Athenaeum Club as a candidate to be elected without ballot as a person of distinguished eminence in literature, for then Croker supported him. It must have been strange, indeed, as Milman remarked, to see Macaulay and Croker row together in the same boat.

A good story is told of Croker and the author of "Vanity Fair." When Croker was dead a mutual friend told Thackeray how Croker had begged his wife to seek out some homeless boys to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. "They will destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands, but we can help them more than they can hurt us." Thackeray choked, and went to see Mrs. Croker, and assured her he would never speak or think ill of her husband again.

"The History of Pendennis," so the story goes, was based upon a true anecdote of Brighton life, told to Thackeray by the Misses Smith (daughters of Horace, part-author of "Rejected Addresses") when he told them he had to produce the first number of a novel in a few days, and had no idea how to start one. In gratitude he christened

his heroine Laura, after a younger sister, Mrs. Round. When "Pendennis" was finished the original Laura was very angry, or at least pretended to be very angry. "I'll never speak to you again, Mr. Thackeray," she declared. "You know I meant to marry Bluebeard"—Lady Rockminster's name for George Warrington.

Young Pendennis was a great favorite with the author, which is not unnatural when it is remembered that the character was in great part drawn from himself. "Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son, Arthur Pendennis," Thackeray wrote from Brighton to the Brookfields, "I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder if he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many parts."

Pendennis followed closely in the footsteps of his creator. Both went to the Grey Friars School—the Charterhouse of reality—where Doctor Swishtail was as severe upon the eponymous hero as Doctor Russell upon the novelist when a lad. Pendennis lived for a while at Ottery St. Mary, in a house—Fairoaks—that corresponds to Larkbeare, the residence of Thackeray's mother and stepfather. Pendennis sent poems to "The County Chronicle and Chatteris Champion," Thackeray to "The Western Luminary." Pendennis made friends with the vicar, Doctor Portman, who is no doubt drawn from Thackeray's friend, the Rev. Dr. Cornish. Pendennis went to the Chatteris Theatre, as we may be sure Thackeray visited the Exeter Theatre. The latter was always a lover of the theatre. It is recorded that he asked a friend if he loved "the play," and was answered, "Ye-es, I like a good play;" whereupon he retorted, "Oh, get out! I said the play. You don't even understand what I mean."

It is not known that Thackeray fell in love with an actress in the Exeter Theatre stock company, but so autobiographical, apparently, is this part of the novel that Mr. Herman Merivale is inclined to think the fiction is based upon fact. Miss Emily Costigan, better known under her theatrical name of Fotheringay, was freely adapted from Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Becher. We have it on Thackeray's authority that her father, Captain "Jack" Costigan, was a fancy portrait. Pendennis went later to St. Boniface's College, Oxbridge (as Thackeray had been to Trinity College, Cambridge), where he was a more notorious character than his prototype. Crump of Boniface was Whewell, Master of Trinity. Subsequently Pendennis came to town to study law, which, however, he soon abandoned for journalism, as Thackeray had done before him. Like Thackeray, too, he lived in the Temple, and shared chambers with George Warrington, as Thackeray had lived with Tom Taylor or another.

"You will find much to remind you of old talk and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Arcedeckne," Thackeray wrote to George Moreland Crawford, who had nursed him through the illness that nearly brought "Pendennis" to a premature conclusion. "There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the Deanery and the Garrick, and Warrington is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

Mrs. Ritchie thinks there is something of her father in Warrington, and

perhaps a likeness to Edward Fitzgerald; and it has been said that the character was based partly on George Stovin Venables, whose name figures in Thackeray's personal history as the smasher of the latter's nose in a fight at the Charterhouse.

Opinions are divided as to whether Jack Sheehan or Maginn sat for Captain Shandon. But Maginn, an old friend of the author, was a greater than Shandon. He may have dictated the prospectus of some "Pall Mall Gazette" from the Fleet Prison; he may have written—indeed, he did write—articles that were models of virulent abuse; but he was a parodist of no mean merit, and his Shakespearean essays and his Latin versions of "Chevy Chase" and other ballads extorted praise even from his enemies. The noblemen on the staff of the paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen" were Lords William and Henry Lennox and a brother of the Duke of St. Albans, of whom Sheehan said, "His name Beauclerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog and never clear about anything."

Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters, for there can be little doubt it was an accurate portrait of Andrew Arcedeckne of the Garrick Club. It was probably this which was the cause of Thackeray's being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, on the grounds that the members feared they might appear in some later novel. It is said that Arcedeckne was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing, drove stage coaches as an amateur, loved fighting cocks and the prize ring, and had a large estate in Norfolk. The Hon. Henry Coke says he was so like a seal that he was called "Phoca" by his intimates. It was Arcedeckne who criticised Thackeray's first lecture on "The Four Georges." "Bravo, Thack, my boy! Uncommon good show! But it'll never go without a planner!" There was, however, no enmity between them.

Thackeray declared his model to be "not half a bad fellow;" and Arcedeckne remarked, "Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he didn't mind me a bit. But I did take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for repartie."

Pendennis naturally went to Thackeray's haunts. "The Cave of Harmony" and "The Back Stairs," better known as Evans's Coffee house and "The Cider Cellars," and at the latter heard Mr. Nadab the improvisatore, who in life was known as Charles Slocman. He was intimate with Thackeray's friends and acquaintances, and in his illness was attended by Thackeray's doctor, Elliotson—to whom "Pendennis" is dedicated—who figures in the story as Doctor Goodenough, the friend of Major Pendennis. Major Pendennis's noble friend, Lord Colchicum, was sketched from the very naughty Lord Lonsdale of the day; and there was, says Thackeray, writing to American intimates, "a friend of mine who is coming out to New York, and to whom I shall give a letter—a queer fellow, the original of the Chevalier Strong."

Many of the journalists and men of letters in the book had their prototypes. Bungay is a caricature of Colburn, the publisher, and the proprietor of "The New Monthly Magazine," to which at one time Thackeray was a contributor. Colburn is eminent among the publishers who have missed opportunities, for he declined to commission Thackeray to finish a novel of which he was shown the earlier chapters, and which is known to us as "Vanity Fair." It is said that the late W. H. Wills, the business manager of "Household Words," suggested to Thackeray the publisher's reader who, "from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr. Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman."

A visitor at one of Bungay's dinner-parties, Captain Sumph, with his silly stories of Byron, was sketched from

Captain Medwin, the author of a volume of dull "Conversations with Byron." Mr. Wagg, a henchman of Lord Steyne, was drawn from Theodore Hook, the author of some now almost forgotten novels, and, more particularly, of the Ramsbottom Letters in the "John Bull" newspaper. Those letters were parodied by Thackeray in "The Snob" and "The Gownsmen," weekly periodicals written and published by Cambridge undergraduates in 1829 and 1830. Thackeray actually had the audacity to put into Wagg's mouth one of Hook's own jokes. Wagg is made to ask Mrs. Bungray, "Does your cook say he's a Frenchman?" and to reply, when that lady expresses her ignorance, "Because if he does, he's a-quizzin' yer" (culsinier).

Mr. Charles Whibley informs us that "Archer, the quidnunc," whose advice is always wanted at the palace, and whose taste for cold beef the Duke himself consults, is none other than Tom Hill of "The Monthly Mirror," whom Theodore Hook painted as Hull in "Gilbert Gurney."

Of all the women in "Pendennis," only one has been traced to an original. Like Becky, Blanche Amory, if, strictly speaking, she had not a prototype, at least was suggested by an acquaintance. "At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever and depraved," Thackeray wrote to the Brookfields. "We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging, London love as two blase London people might act, and half-deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him."

The resemblance of Blanche Amory

to Miss G—— was distinct enough for Mrs. Carlyle to notice. "Not that poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented," she remarked. "But the looks, the manners, the wiles, the larnes and all that sort of thing are perfect." This was almost magnanimous of Mrs. Carlyle, for both she and her husband disliked the girl. "Oh, my dear!" Mr. Carlyle exclaimed when she went away, "we cannot be sufficiently thankful!" Not that Carlyle's objection counts for much, for he was a gay ill person to get along with.

In Thackeray's remaining books—other than the historical works, of which the discussion in this article is forbidden by considerations of space—it is not so easy to trace originals. Abraham Hayward, whose elderly effigy was cartooned in "Vanity Fair," was also introduced into "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" as Mr. Flam, and, Mr. Locker-Lampson has recorded, like that exquisite he had curling locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermilion and an abra'm nose. There was a prototype for Dorothea, and probably for other heroines of Mr. George Savage Fitz Boodle's amorous adventures. Captain Granby Calcroft lives as Captain Granby Tiptoff; and Mr. J. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of "Punch," was portrayed in "The Kickleburys on the Rhine."

Miss Baxter claims that her sister Lucy (to whom, on her seventeenth birthday, the novelist sent the verses, "Seventeen rosebuds in a ring") suggested at least some aspects of Ethel Newcome, the sweet and wayward—"my sister at that time going much into (American) society—she was not yet twenty, and had both wit and beauty. In his picture of Ethel Newcome, as she holds a little court about her at one of the great London balls, Thackeray reproduces some impressions made by the New York girl. Some of Ethel's impatience for the disillusion of society, its spiteful com-

ment and harsh criticism, might well be reflections from discussions with my sister in the Brown House library, where Mr. Thackeray passed many an hour talking of matters grave and gay."

Finally comes Colonel Newcome, who, like Jos Sedley and James Binnie, was the outcome of the author's Anglo-Indian connections; like them he stepped out of the Oriental Club in Hanover Square. After visiting that institution when "The Newcomes" was appearing, a friend said to Thackeray, "I see where you got your Colonel." "To be sure you would," said the writer; "only I had to angelicise the old boys a little." It has been asserted by those who were acquainted with Thackeray's family circle that the character was taken from one or more of his relatives—from Major Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers; or General Charles Carmichael, of the Second European Bengal Light Cavalry (Twentieth Hussars); or Colonel John Dowdeswell Shakespear. It matters little from which of these the preux chevalier was drawn.

Thackeray was at his old school, the

Charterhouse, on Founder's Day, 1854, when the idea struck him to make the Colonel a "Codd" (a colloquial term for a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse). He invited a boy with whom he was acquainted to introduce him to Captain Light, an old army man whom reduced circumstances had compelled to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital. Many times he went to see the veteran, who gleefully told all and sundry, "I'm sitting for Colonel Newcome."

As readers of the book can never forget, the Colonel spent the last months of his life as a "Codd," and it was in that quiet retreat he drew his last breath. "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."



La Chaise-Dieu.

By VIOLET R. MARKHAM.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

VICHY, at 7 o'clock on a bright summer morning, when the little town is opening half-sleepy eyes upon the world, is, perhaps, more attractive than at any other moment of the day. It is the unfortunate specialty of the majority of villes d'eaux to appear as structural banalities in the midst of beautiful scenery. For the most part mineral waters are to be found in the neighborhood of a mountainous country, and suffering humanity in search of them creates much the same type of town all over Europe to minister to the needs of bathers and drinkers.

Vichy is no exception to this rule. It contains a vast number of hotels and boarding houses, ranging from the stereotyped caravanserais of the rich to pensions adapted to the pockets of the poor. There is the inevitable Promenade, round which are grouped the equally inevitable Etablissement de Bains, Casino, Club, Theatre, Concert Room.

The old town—for a town has existed here for centuries—has been elbowed practically out of existence by modern buildings and improvements, though Madame de Sévigné's pavillon yet survives, whence that distinguished lady discoursed to Madame de Grignan on the virtue of the Vichy waters and the horrors of the douche. The prim and pretty park along the borders of the Allier is thoroughly characteristic of

the place; a decorous, well-ordered garden, where Nature is kept up to a sense of her responsibilities and not allowed to run riot.

But this morning we are to escape from daily dallies in the park and the claims of Hopital or Grande Grille. The distant hills of Auvergne, which we have watched so often with envious eyes from the banks of the river, are our affair to-day. No longer are they to be dream hills guarding unexplored beauties in the south. They have beckoned long enough; now we answer to the call, and are to journey through them, unromantically it may be, but withal adequately in the car which annihilates distance.

The haze of the early morning still lies low over the valley as we glide rapidly through the waking streets. The country people are already astir, Sunday morning though it be. In this land of France, for all its fairness, the pressure of life seems to rest with heavy hand on the peasant, and the Sabbath to him brings but an inadequate measure of relaxation.

But save for the country folks we have the road very much to ourselves for the 150 kilometres which separate us from our goal, La Chaise-Dieu—the Throne of God—an ancient Benedictine church and monastery, far removed from the tourist track among the hills of the Auvergne. It is a magnificent road, too, all the way; one worthy of

the race on whom the mantle of the old Roman pathmakers has assuredly descended. The Anglo-Saxon, whether of the Old World or the New, when journeying by motor abroad, soon realizes how much he has to learn from the Latin in the building of walls and roads. Police traps and minions of the law with stop watches have no existence here, and there is a sense of keen exhilaration as one rushes smoothly and rapidly through the morning air along the perfectly constructed highway.

Vichy is left behind, in a flash, and once we have gained the open country, among the vineyards, our car settles down into her stride, making but small account of the milestones she devours minute after minute in her progress south. For a time we follow the valley of the Allier where the river flows below among its pebble beds, in winter a raging torrent, now an insignificant stream. To the right the forest of Randan stretches north and south along the horizon line, concealing the Comtesse de Paris chateau; to the left we catch a brief glimpse of the castle of Bourbon Busset. A soft mist still hangs over the distant mountains, and it is only by straining the eyes that the great sentinel of the Puy-de-Dome can be perceived dimly in the far west, rising, at it were, above the woods of Randan.

For many miles the road runs between an avenue of poplars, those strange, much-lopped trees immortalized by Hobbema, which impress the English visitor so curiously. The agricultural prosperity of protected countries is a theme frequently enlarged upon with much eloquence by the Tariff Reformer. It may be permitted to suggest that if such abounding prosperity exists it hides itself with great skill from the gaze of the casual traveler.

Even to-day one is too often reminded of Arthur Young's exclamation

over one hundred years since, "the poor people seem poor indeed." This district is considered a well-to-do part of agricultural France, but the general impression left by it is one of poverty; poverty, too, in the teeth of untiring industry and commendable self-respect. If La Bruyère's famous and appalling description of the French peasant mercifully applies no longer, there remains nevertheless much room for improvement as regards the standard of comfort and living.

Through the Auvergne the scrupulous neatness of the women and children contrasts painfully with the wretched appearance of their homes. Tawdry clothes, cheap feathers and pearl necklaces have no existence here. But the evidences of thrift emphasize the signs of a livelihood wrung with toil and difficulty from its surroundings. Everything is made to contribute; nothing is wasted, nothing is overlooked. The smallest boughs of the most insignificant tree are carefully cut and stored for fuel. Hence the curiously truncated appearance of the timber at which one at first exclaims.

After a time, however, one learns to feel a curious affection for these foreign trees so shorn of their boughs and their beauty. It is as though they, too, had been called upon to share in the toil and labors of sorrowing humanity, to enter in some intimate manner into the cramped lot of those who dwell beneath their shadow. They become, as it were, humanized and invested with a strange touch of pathos unknown to the proud monarchs of an English glade.

Life, however, is full of compensations, and the light-hearted Gaul may be extracts more happiness from his poorer surroundings than the morose Saxon from his better circumstances. Along the road, as we pass by, we see many a little auberge at which Pierre and Paul sat laughing and talking over

their sour bread and sourer wine. A fine upstanding race of men and women they seem too, these natives of Auvergne, with no signs of physical degeneration about themselves or their sturdy children. All over France the standard of physique would appear to be rising. Good friends of the Entente will welcome the fact with gladness.

We leave Thiers to the left, hanging far above us on the mountain side, and now the character of the country has changed. The alluvial plains and "petite culture" of the Vichy district have given place to a mountainous country of heather and bracken and forest trees. Brown streams flow through the valleys with cool limpid pools in which many a trout must lurk. This part of the journey, in fact, recalls the dales of Cumberland or Derbyshire rather than a foreign land. The illusion of the home country is only broken now and again when we meet a cart drawn by the beautiful white oxen of this province, patient, meek creatures, for all their strength. Does any recollection haunt those melancholy brown eyes of dim, forgotten days in distant Egypt when such as they were worshipped as divinities, not bound to the sorry yoke of man's toil and labor?

Up and down we climb, but always more up than down, and as the car sweeps along, and the hills open and close, it is a panorama of ever-changing but ever-increasing beauty that we behold unfolded. As the hours slip by we begin to grow conscious that Central France is yielding place to Southern France. The character of the whitewashed houses, with their high-pitched roofs, clinging together in little villages on the hillside, already recalls the shores of the Mediterranean and Northern Italy. The greater wildness and aridity of the soil, the pine-woods which are replacing the chestnuts and

walnuts of the lower valleys, bespeak a hilly country and a hot sun.

On and on we glide, first through Ambert, a sleepy old town which seems to have shrunk round a church too big now for its needs, then through Arlanc, still smaller and yet more sleepy, while the hills, which at Vichy appeared to bar our progress south, now have swept round and enfold us in their cup. But these Auvergne mountains have the friendly aspect of the Apennine, not the crushing visage of the Alp. They do not approach too near; they do not overwhelm the traveler with their height, as though grudging a view of the beauties of the land beyond. On the contrary, they lead him ever onward by visions of far-stretching distance and vale and hill.

At last we come to the foot of the great slope up which our car must climb over 3,000 feet to La Chaise-Dieu, and in truth the glory of the view as we mount is one which may well have tempted pious men of old to forget the pregnant warning "neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem," and to believe in all faith that here God's habitation might be fixed throughout the ages. Through a forest of grand pine trees, with wide-spreading boughs, dense and mysterious like the aisles of some Gothic cathedral, the road winds ever upward to the forgotten town and monastery above.

Has this same forest stood here perchance for centuries, and did the long-dead builder from Provence, who raised the lofty columns of the neighboring church, find inspiration among predecessors of the pines of to-day? These latter stand with boles strong and fair as though prepared to carry the very arch of heaven above them. On any weekday the axe of the woodman must ring through the forest, for long lines of fallen giants piled by the roadside show that industry is busy here with its desecrating though inevitable hand.

But to-day absolute silence reigns among the woods, broken only by the aggressive snorting of our car, which appears to hurl the message of "the old order changeth" as it passes through this unfrequented land. We do not see a head of game throughout the day's journey. No brown-eyed rabbit sits, as assuredly he would sit at home, among the fir cones, to scamper away at our approach. The very birds are silent, if birds indeed exist. Overhead, though, the sky is blue, and the pleasant aromatic scent of the pine woods fills the air, causing us to draw deep breaths of satisfaction as we rush along through the Sabbath quiet.

At last the solid grey pile of the monastery appears over the brow of the hill, and in a few more minutes we have reached our journey's end; the end at least for two of us, though fresh beauties in the seldom-explored valley of the Tarn await our more lucky companions.

Like a pinnacle on the roof of France stands La Chaise-Dieu, dominating a view which can challenge comparison with prospects far more famous. To be hypercritical, from the eastern ridge of the hill up which we have climbed perhaps an even finer expanse of vale and mountain may be seen than from the western slope on which the town is situated. One might wish the original founder had elected that his monastery should face the rising rather than the setting sun.

In whichever direction one turns, however, the view is of surprising beauty. The church and monastery crown the summit of the hill, the grey old town sliding half wearily below them into the valley beneath. Bounding the horizon still rise the Puy-de-Dôme hills. The swift motor has whirled us from department to department at a speed undreamed of by those whose wanderings in this country are circumscribed by the *dolce far niente* progress of the omnibus train. But, in our rapid journey south, the range to

the right has borne us company all the way as the Auvergne hills to the left. Now, as though torn from the flank of both, rises the great spur of rock which an age of simpler faith thought worthy to bear the name of the Creator's Throne.

Even under the sunshine of an August noon, La Chaise-Dieu has a stern as well as a desolate aspect. What must it be at this altitude when the winter winds sweep round the mountains or the snow-wreath descends over the cowering houses of the little town? Remote and inaccessible even at the commencement of the twentieth century, for nearly a thousand years a monastery has stood here. For centuries generations of men have worshipped in this place; worshipped well or ill, with lofty enthusiasm or degraded fanaticism, but worshipped nevertheless with a certain spiritual continuity before which our restless modernity halts in silent surprise.

Vague, ill-defined emotions cling to any old building which has given expression to the religious aspirations of mankind. The shrine, the temple, the cathedral, mean more to the world than architectural relics of a past age. For religion has been bound up with crucial moments in the lives of generations after generations of men long dead and gone, and to feel no touch of kinship with the human record of the stones is to proclaim the lack of tears for things which touch the hearts of mortal men.

A brief walk down the straggling main street brings us to the entrance of the cloisters. Church and monastery built for purposes of defense as well as of worship, the exterior of the granite pile with two short towers uncrowned by spires is eloquent of medieval grimness. The whole appearance of the west front, with its well-worn flight of forty steps leading up to the principal entrance, is stern and uncompromising. Here we have Gothic in unadorned strength, not the Gothic which veils its strength in beauty. No angels or saints

smile at us from the stonework, no cunningly wrought foliage softens the harshness of the facade. The fine west porch has been mutilated terribly—we learn, subsequently, during the wars of religion—and one can only guess at the appearance it formerly presented. We hurry through the neglected galleries which once connected all the numerous buildings of this Benedictine stronghold.

Pushing open a heavy door to the left, we find ourselves unexpectedly standing in the choir of the abbey itself. For a moment one is arrested by the size and vastness of this building, devoid of triforium or clerestory. The eye follows the great columns rising high into the air, there to spread out fanwise to support the roof. The beautiful apse at the east end formed by six lancet windows, the stone screen with carved Gothic arches dividing the church in two, the richly decorated choir stalls surmounted by priceless Flemish tapestries, it is alas! not by these things that the attention is riveted finally

It is the all-pervading atmosphere of neglect and desolation which is the last and abiding impression left by La Chaise-Dieu. It seems incredible, monstrous, so fine a church could have been allowed to fall into this cruel condition of decay. "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas!*" "*How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How has she become a widow that was great among nations . . . all her gates are desolate, her priests sigh, and she is in bitterness.*"

Involuntarily the cry wrung from the Hebrew prophet centuries ago rises to the mind as one stands in this fair but most neglected fane, and the bitter irony of its name strikes home.

The great founder of the church lies near at hand. Well for him, perhaps, he cannot realize the indifference stamped to-day on every line of the building dear to him. No obscure abbot or pious layman laid the foundations of La Chaise-Dieu. Designed and com-

menced by one pope, finished by another, whatever evil days it may have fallen on in these latter times, the great church sprang originally from the ecclesiastical purple. One halts almost in astonishment before the recumbent effigy on a tomb which stands in the center of the choir.

It is hard to realize that any occupant of St. Peter's throne, before whose word once the faithful trembled, should find a last resting place in this Auvergne eyrie. But the triple tiara shows that one of the popes lies within the church of La Chaise-Dieu, and the black marble tomb, stripped of every effigy with which it was once decorated, in very truth holds the dust of Clement VI. The desecrated tomb of a desecrated church, in such sad guise does Pope Clement keep watch and ward over the work of his foundation till the riddles of time find their solution in eternity.

Yet another incident brought home to us forcibly the changed conditions of the present day. In the choir, where once the long procession of Benedictine monks prayed and worshipped, we found a smiling rosy-cheeked nun with a few little girls gathered round a harmonium. Our unexpected entry from the cloister caused the party to pause, in evident hesitation and surprise. But, as we moved quietly down the church, the nun rallied her little flock, and the dilapidated harmonium emitting fitful chords, the children's voices were raised in some little song of praise or prayer. Two or three old women presently joined the party and knelt by the side of the children.

Alien we lookers-on might be, in race and in faith, but who could fail to be touched by the significance of the sight—this little knot of worshippers, hard by the tomb of the pope, struggling to keep alive the torch of what they held to be the truth? A pathetic group indeed, but nevertheless the one human, the one redeeming sight which met our eyes that afternoon. Poor, humble and feeble they might be, but at least they

stood for what is left of faith, hope and charity in *La Chaise-Dieu*.

Of the monastery founded by St. Robert d'Aurillac in the eleventh century, only three priests out of the original three hundred remain to-day who minister to the attenuated congregation. The church itself dates from the fourteenth century, but appears—especially, as already noted, at the west front—to have suffered more from the enmity of man than from the slow attacks of nature. Inside, against the west wall, stands another battered relic of former glory, an organ with pipes all twisted and broken, a daughter of music which has indeed been brought low. The beautiful case and singing galleries, carved elaborately in Renaissance style, are claimed as a triumph of Coysevox, a French sculptor of the seventeenth century. The Caryatides and putti and garlands of flowers, the pagan joyfulness of the spirit they breathe, stand out with poignant contrast against the squalor of their present surroundings. Each way we turn and look, whether in church, cloister, or monastery, it is only to find the same story repeated.

The inevitable sacristan, last and most difficult inmate to dislodge from any such place as this, has appeared upon the scene by this time, and is pouring forth the monotonous stream of information peculiar to his kind. He leads us to the sacristy, where the few remaining treasures of the monastery are preserved. Vestments are unfolded for our inspection, as beautiful and as decayed as all the rest of this sad building. Copes of faded Cordova leather lie side by side with tarnished, but once costly, embroideries. One of them at least links this remote Auvergne hill city with the stirring events of history.

Cardinal de Rohan, when the scandal of the diamond necklace was shaking Marie Antoinette's throne to its foundation, during several months found refuge from the storm gathering round his own head at *La Chaise-Dieu*. His

cope still remains in the sacristy of the church. Some fine wood panelling is also preserved, said to have been brought from his dining room. Far removed, however, *La Chaise-Dieu* seems to-day from the main current of history or intrigue. The stream of events has flowed elsewhere, and, so it would seem, little care priests or people to-day what may be the ultimate fate of the building.

We pass through a neglected courtyard, choked with weeds and rubbish, where a line of beautiful cloisters seem to utter a silent protest against the neglect of their surroundings. It is sad to think that the authorities of the district can contemplate with such complete indifference the decay of what at least has claims on their attention as a fine and historic monument. The sacristan, when questioned on the subject, answers with a shrug. The State, he says, is responsible nowadays for the upkeep of the building, "*et l'Etat ne s'en occupe pas beaucoup, vous savez.*" And the people of the town, or the clergy? The monastery is practically closed, and as for the people, "*on est tres pauvre ici.*" No money therefore is forthcoming for repairs, and the half-dozen learned societies in England, which would be protesting under similar circumstances in the columns of the "*Times*," apparently have no existence here. One last look and we turn away, for in truth the temptation to linger is not great.

Despite the warmth and brightness of the day, the whole atmosphere of the place is sad and depressing. It is as though the old church had no heart left to rejoice in the sunshine—as though the gloom of autumn or winter were better attuned to its spirit. It all seems pitiful enough, and one must travel perhaps a long way up the stream of history to reach the source of the trouble. When the bigotry of that French monarch, misnamed the Great, and the vicarious morality of his still more bigoted mistress, robbed France of religious liberty, they set in

motion a chain of events the ultimate evil consequences of which are written on the mouldering walls of such buildings as La Chaise-Dieu. Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—truly, though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.

It is impossible not to look upon this crumbling Auvergne church save as an unhappy symbol of the strife at present raging between Church and State in France. Foreigners naturally should refrain from passing judgment on a quarrel concerned with differences springing from a point of view of which they have little experience. But, without entering into the merits of the dispute, it is difficult to travel in rural France to-day without realizing that religion in its wider and best sense would appear to be in a very parlous state. The aspect of the village churches throughout the country speaks of nothing but neglect and indifference. Still further, during our journey of over 100 miles this Sunday morning, not once did we see man, woman or child who would appear to be bound to or returning from a place of worship.

When one reflects that a traveler similarly situated in England would have encountered in every village scores of persons en route for church or chapel, the contrast was astonishing and disturbing. Grateful we of the older establishment should be for the spirit of Mount Zion or Little Bethel, thanks to which the diverse spiritual aspirations of mankind may be satisfied, unhampered by the claims of a cramping uniformity.

The faith which springs from freedom, which fears nothing, and is prepared, if necessary, to question everything—such a faith alone can stand the ultimate shocks of time and change. We English have learned but slowly the homely lesson of "live and let live" in such matters; other nations lag far behind us in an apprehension of the fact. What matter diversity of faith

and ceremony, so long as the spirit from which alone truth and life proceed is kept alive? But to those who feel that, however secondary and unimportant the question of forms, spiritual atrophy in a nation must result inevitably in grave moral and social evils, there is much to give anxious pause in France to-day.

The controversy excited by the Education Act in England at least has the merit of proving an almost universal pre-occupation with the first principles of religion. If Church and Chapel alike are open to the charge of showing much unnecessary bitterness in their discussion of the problem, both may plead the extenuating circumstances of a great sincerity and a desire, from however widely different a standpoint, to further the true spiritual welfare of the land. In France, unfortunately, religious strife assumes a purely iconoclastic aspect. The nation, impatient of abuses, has arraigned not only ecclesiasticism but religion in its widest sense, and the elements of construction would appear to be lacking in the judgment passed.

The more intelligent even of the peasants appear to have no illusions left on the subject, but discuss their priests with frank cynicism. In matters religious, it is as though the people had dethroned their monarch and can find no other ruler. The principles of the Reformed Churches have little influence with the nation at large. They are alien to the temperament of the large majority of the people. By race and character the latter are sons of Rome, but to-day she fails to command their allegiance, and the trouble is that they know no other mistress. Naturally they cannot adapt themselves to the ecclesiastical point of view familiar to the citizens of countries in which the Reformation won the day.

Authority in full conflict with agnosticism, in a land devoid of that wholesome buffer of free religious institutions which Protestantism brings in

its train; authority which recognizes no *via media* reconciling both faith and science—unhappy is the country which finds itself involved in such a struggle. A whole nation in religious rebellion, and a nation, whatever the outcome, less happily situated than our own to deal with the situation, seeing that men must be disciplined as slowly and laboriously in the uses of religious liberty as of civil freedom—one can only feel there has been terrible mismanagement somewhere to provoke such a struggle, and to drive half France, with its back against the wall, in this attitude of passionate revolt. The outlook is not hopeful. People released from ecclesiastical leading-strings, and unaccustomed to stand alone, are apt to plunge somewhat wildly before they learn the novel uses of freedom.

France, however, foremost among the nations, has the genius of recuperation. What she has proved time over and again politically it may be her good fortune to prove ecclesiastically.

Monsieur Paul Sabatier has written hopefully of late as to signs pointing to the growth of a new and liberal Catholicism among the youth of France. If this acute and sympathetic observer should prove correct in his surmise, salvation may lie for the country along the lines he has indicated.

May they dawn for her yet, those happier days of peace and reconciliation when her churches no longer stand as symbols of strife to be looked upon as such with hostile and indifferent eyes. May all that is best in the faith of ages past merge with what is strong and wholesome in the present, so that generations to come will cherish with better understanding the venerable fabrics, bearing witness to their national inheritance and to the common ideal of Christendom.

And it may be in such a future that the old Abbey Church of La Chaise-Dieu will verily fulfil its name, throned not only on the summit of the mountain, but in the hearts of the people.

'NOTHING USELESS IS OR LOW.'

By RALPH HODGSON.

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

No pitted toad behind a stone
 But hoards some secret grace,
 The meanest slug with midnight gone
 Has left a silver trace.

No dullest eye, to beauty blind,
 Uplifted to the beast,
 But prove some kin to angel-kind,
 Though lowliest and least.

Pan-Islamism.

By VALENTINE CHIROL.

(From the National Review.)



WE often speak—rather lightly—of the British Empire as, among other things, the greatest Mohammedan power in the world, and unquestionably no sovereign counts among his subjects so many millions of Mohammedans as King Edward. The total number of Mohammedans in the world is approximately estimated at some 250,000,000. Of these barely one-tenth own direct allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey, whereas there are no less than sixty-two millions within the frontiers of our Indian Empire, and millions more are to be found scattered about our possessions and protectorates in Malaya, and in Eastern, Central and Western Africa, while in Egypt and the Sudan we have assumed responsibility for another twelve million followers of the Prophet. This is unquestionably a factor of the very greatest importance in considering the interests and the future of the British Empire, for in the East religion is still a force more potent than any other; and in this, as in many other respects, the East stands much where Europe stood in the Middle Ages.

Both in Egypt and in India we have recently had reminders—which have come as a surprise to many of us—that Islam especially still represents an elemental force with which British statesmanship may have seriously to reckon. From this point of view I thought it might be of some interest to collect a few notes concerning the history and

growth of the movement which is now known as Pan-Islamism, in connection more particularly with its influence upon India.

It is just thirty years since the present Sultan Abdul Hamid came to the throne of Turkey. His Empire then seemed to be on the point of dissolution. His treasury was bankrupt. His Christian provinces were in revolt. Within two years a victorious Russian army was encamped at the gates of his capital. He himself was deemed to be a mere puppet in the hands of the powerful bureaucratic oligarchy which, after a succession of Palace conspiracies, had placed him upon the throne. We may reprobate the ruthlessness of his methods, but we cannot refuse our admiration to the consummate ability, the resourcefulness and the inflexibility of purpose with which Abdul Hamid—certainly one of the most striking figures of our times—faced so desperate a situation, and applied himself with mingled daring and cunning to the twofold task of restoring the despotic power of the Sultanate at home, and of seeking compensation for the curtailment of his temporal dominions by reviving and extending throughout the Mohammedan world the spiritual authority to which he lays claim as heir to the Khalifate of Islam. With regard to his domestic policy, all I need say is that, however severely we may condemn it according to our own standards, it has been from his point of view eminently successful.

The old oligarchy, which under his predecessors ruled Turkey from the Sublime Porte, has been swept away, and though Abdul Hamid never issues forth from his well-guarded Palace of Yeldiz Kiosk, the Sultan's will is the only law which to-day governs the Turkish Empire unto its uttermost limits. What I propose to deal with this afternoon is the influence which Abdul Hamid exercises and projects far beyond the immediate frontiers of the Turkish Empire, as the Khalif whose spiritual supremacy is proclaimed every week in the "Khutbeh," or Friday prayer, which is read in all the mosques of Sunni Mohammedans within his dominions, and in many mosques beyond them. This prayer runs as follows:

"O Allah, Mercifully help the 'Just Khalifs' (i. e., Abu-Bekr, Omar, Osman and Ali) and the Imams Mehdi (i. e., the descendants of Ali) who have administered justly and equitably. O Allah, strengthen and assist Thy Slave and Khalif, the Most powerful Sultan, the Most Glorious Khan, the Shadow of Allah on Earth, the Lord of the Kings of the Arabs and the Ajems, the Servant of the Twain Holy Places, the Sultan and Son of a Sultan, Sultan el Ghazi, Abdul Hamid Khan, Son of the Sultan el Ghazi Abdul Mejid Khan, Son of the Sultan el Ghazi Mahmoud Khan.

"May Allah preserve his Khalifate and strengthen with Justice his Sultanate, and may His benefits and favors be showered upon the whole world up to the end of All Times, Amen."

In theory it is easy enough to dispute the claims of the Turkish Sultans to the Khalifate. The title of Khalif, it will be remembered, was that assumed by the immediate successors of Mahommed as vicegerents of the Prophet. In the earliest days of Islam the succession of the Khalifate gave rise to the first great Mohammedan schism—a schism which has been perpetuated to the present day, between Sunnis and Shiahs, Persia being now the one important Mussulman power that represents the latter sect. It was undoubtedly held by the early doctors of Mussulman law that the Khalif himself must belong to the Arab tribe of El Koreish, and that he must be

elected by the suffrages of the whole Mussulman community. But the process of election soon became a mere formality, and practically fell into desuetude long before the Khalifate had passed out of Arab hands. It became merely an honorific title, which was indeed at one time borne simultaneously by the independent rulers of different portions of the Mussulman world in Baghdad, Cairo and Cordova.

The claim of the Turkish Sultans to the Khalifate dates only from the sixteenth century, and arises out of the conquest of Egypt, where the fugitive descendants of the Abasside Khalifs who had formerly reigned in Baghdad were allowed to retain a shadowy authority, which lent to the turbulent Mameluke rulers of Cairo a certain spiritual prestige. The story is well worth recalling, for the spirit in which Selim I. compassed the conquest of Egypt would seem to have inspired in no small measure the latest of his successors on the Ottoman throne. The authority of the Egyptian Mamelukes extended, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, over the whole of Syria and Arabia to the valley of the Euphrates.

But in 1512 there came to the throne of Turkey, in the person of Selim I., a Sultan who combined with the devouring ambition of his ancestors a novel tendency toward philosophic mysticism, and a curious craving for spiritual illumination. Poet, philosopher and theologian, as well as conqueror, he was the first Ottoman Sultan to conceive the idea that the most powerful of Mohammedan princes might well claim to be also the paramount prince of Islam and the vicegerent of the Prophet. The first war waged by him was in the nature of a religious war. It was waged against Shah Ismail of Persia; it began with a wholesale massacre of Shiahs throughout Selim's dominions, and it ended with the complete overthrow of the Persian army at Tchaldiran, not to the wanted Turkish war-cry of "Padishah, Pa-

dishah," but to the essentially Mohammedan warcry of "Allah, Allah."

Selim's armies continued their career of conquest through Kurdistan into Mesopotamia, and thus ultimately came into direct collision with the forces of the Egyptian Mameluke Sultans in the Euphrates valley. Selim himself had by that time returned to Adrianople, and the various incidents related by Turkish historians throw an interesting light upon the frame of mind which determined his expedition to Egypt. The possession of the holy places of Arabia had already fired Selim's imagination, and all his courtiers harped upon this theme. His Vizier, Ahmed Pasha, who was all for war, taunted Selim with the story of how in his youth he had been a prisoner in Cairo in the hands of Kait Bey, and how the latter had boasted that the power of Egypt would always close the road to Mecca and Medina against the Turkish hordes. Selim's chief secretary impressed upon him that in Cairo, both actually and metaphorically, must be sought the keys of the Holy Places. His Master of the Ceremonies dreamed opportunely that the four disciples of the Prophet appeared to him waving victorious standards. This supernatural lead Selim was bound to follow, and he set forth in person to take command of the expedition in June, 1516.

The octogenarian Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, Kans Ghaury, had in the meantime collected the flower of his forces near Aleppo, at Merjdabik, near the reputed tomb of David. His defeat was as complete as had been Shah Ismail's, and Selim held a triumphant entry into Aleppo, where for the first time at the Friday service in the Mosque, the title of Protector of the Holy Places was added to the other titles of the Ottoman Sultan. Such was Selim's delight that, following the example of the Prophet, who bestowed his own coat on Kaab Ibn Soheir for a poem of homage and good tidings, the Sultan took off the costly robe he

was wearing and placed it on the shoulders of the officiating divine.

At Damascus, where Selim paused for some weeks in his victorious progress toward Egypt, he spent, we are told, most of his time within the precincts of the wonderful Mosque of St. John, discoursing with learned doctors of Mohammedan law, and from the greatest of them, Sheikh Mohammed of Bedakshan, who had preached before him on the duties and responsibilities of the Khalifate, he implored and received a solemn blessing on his undertakings. Marching southward along the coast, Selim turned aside for a few days to make a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which is still, next to Mecca and Medina, the holiest city in the eyes of the Mohammedans. He reached Cairo early in 1517.

The Mameluke Sultans of Egypt and their followers were destroyed root and branch, but the last scion of the Abbaside Khalifs, El Muttawwakil, was not only spared but treated with the utmost show of deference. Having formally transferred to Selim the somewhat shadowy title he himself possessed to the Vicegerency of the Prophet, he was carried back with the conqueror to Constantinople, and together with him what was, perhaps, still more valuable, the famous Bordah or mantle of the Prophet, which had been for centuries the most cherished heirloom of the Abbassides.

Whether, according to Mohammedan law, Muttawwakil was competent to convey to Selim a good title to the Khalifate is no doubt a moot point, but possession is nine points of the law in the East as in the West, perhaps even more so in the East. In Cairo, as had been foretold to him, Selim received from Mohammed Abdul Barakat, the thirty-fourth Grand Sheriff of Mecca, through the hands of his son and special envoy, the keys of the sacred Kaaba, the immemorial shrine of Islam, and the title already conferred upon him at Aleppo, of Servant of the Holy

Places, thus received practical confirmation.

Before leaving Cairo Selim took care to discharge his new responsibilities by making elaborate provisions for the dispatch, under his auspices, of the annual pilgrims' caravan to Mecca, which had been hitherto one of the privileges of the rulers of Egypt, and the presents which accompanied it for the people of Mecca and Medina were on a scale of lavish munificence well calculated to secure their loyalty.

From that day to this none of Selim's successors has allowed the title to lapse. In the heyday of their military power, it is true, the Sultans were content to rely upon the keenness of their scimitar rather than upon spiritual power. The first Sultan who attempted to make capital out of his authority as Khalif in support of his temporal policy seems to have been Mustapha III., and it is interesting to note that this new departure coincides almost exactly with the first attempt of a great European Power to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey as the champion of the Christian subject races. Catherine II. had sent Admiral Orloff into the Mediterranean during the recent war with Turkey in order to induce the Greek populations of the Morea and Magnesia to rise against their oppressors.

During the peace negotiations at Fokshani in 1772 one of the conditions demanded by Russia was the recognition by Turkey of the independence of the Crimean Tartars. To this demand Sultan Mustapha replied by a "non possumus" based upon his duties as Khalif. He declared formally that to him as Khalif belonged spiritual supremacy over all Sunni Mussulmans, and that if he did not fully exercise that supremacy over India, Bokhara, Morocco and other countries whose rulers were Sunni Mussulmans, this was due merely to material difficulties of distance, but that he would be neglecting his duties as Khalif if he agreed to surrender the Tartars to the dominion of a Christian Power. This

interesting claim proved, however, of little avail against Catherine's big battalions, and the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainaldji, on the contrary, introduced a new principle of which the subsequent application in a far more extended form has repeatedly affected and still largely governs the relations between Turkey and the rest of Europe, for it recognized the right of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople to intervene with the Porte on behalf of the Sultan's Christian subjects in the Danubian provinces.

Perhaps because Mustapha's appeal to his authority as Khalif failed so lamentably on that occasion, the Khalifate dropped into the background, as far as Europe was concerned, for another century. Indeed, after the Crimean War and the Treaty of Paris, when Turkey was admitted into the comity of European nations, her chief anxiety was, at least as far as outward forms were concerned, to merge the Oriental in the Occidental, and in international documents we find even the title of Sultan transmuted into the westernized designation of Emperor of the Ottomans.

Abdul Hamid, however, is a keen student of the history of his own country, and it may well be Mustapha's claim which first inspired him to revive for his own benefit the pretensions of his less successful ancestor. Certain it is that for the last five and twenty years his policy both within and without his immediate dominions has been more and more closely bound up with his claim to the spiritual headship of Islam. Although it was to British intervention that Abdul Hamid mainly owed the mitigation of the harsh terms of peace imposed upon him by Russia in the Treaty of Saint Stephano, the relations of friendliness between this country and Turkey which followed the Berlin Congress were not of long duration.

With the advent of Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1880 Great Britain assumed the lead in a policy of suasion

and even of coercion, which though not in itself by any means antagonistic to the real interests of Turkey, frequently wore an outward aspect of hostility to the Sultan and to his Mohammedan subjects in the exclusive interests of his Christian subjects. In the eyes of Mohammedans, at least, the action of the European Concert, headed by England, often assumed the aspect of a religious crusade directed against the ascendancy of the ruling Moslem race in Turkey.

It is not unnatural that in these circumstances the Sultan should have been led to conceive a counter policy by which the forces of Islam should be brought together and organized for the purpose of resistance to the pressure of Christendom. Equally excusable was it that as to England had fallen the lead in bringing the pressure of Christendom to bear upon Turkey, the Sultan should have seen in a Mussulman revival possibilities of effective reprisals against that European Power which of all others had the largest Mohammedan element to reckon with in its own dominions.

It was during the complications which led to the British occupation of Egypt that Yeldish Kiosk appears to have become the seat of an organized propaganda on behalf of what has come to be known as Pan-Islamism. That was five and twenty years ago, and the channels through which Pan-Islamism works are so tortuous, its ramifications so subtle, that its slow and steady progress attracted but little attention except from those who know something of the East, and who were generally jeered at for their pains as visionaries and alarmists—until the events of the last twelve months in Egypt revealed as in a sudden blaze of light the activity of forces which we had ignored with our usual self-complacency because they are difficult to reconcile with our own conception of the fitness of things.

While Europe had been vainly protesting and demonstrating against Armenian and Macedonian atrocities, and

European diplomacy at Constantinople had been reduced to impotency by its own intestinal jealousies, emissaries had been constantly passing to and fro between Yeldiz Kiosk and Mohammedan centers throughout the Eastern world, spreading the fame of the ever-victorious Khalif, who had drowned rebellion at home in rivers of infidel blood and stubbornly defied the wrath of the Powers.

Had not the mightiest of all the potentates of Christendom, the great War Lord of Germany, humbly traveled to Constantinople to do homage to the Padishah, and openly proclaimed himself at Damascus, "the devoted friend of the 300,000,000 Mussulmans who own His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid to be their Khalif?" Surely the sword of Islam had sprung once more from the scabbard in which it had so long rusted. The word prestige is deprecated nowadays in humanitarian quarters as redolent of obsolete militarism and alien barbarism; but in the East it has lost none of its potency, and throughout the East, wherever Mohammedans congregate, in the porches of Mosques, in the bazaars of crowded cities, in wild mountain fastnesses, in the tents of the wandering nomads, in the great religious fairs, and above all, at that world-centre of Mussulman pilgrimage under the shadow of the Kaabah of Mecca, the name of Abdul Hamid has been sedulously magnified for the last quarter of a century with the results which we are now for the first time beginning to realize.

Among the concrete facts which demonstrate the earnestness and thoroughness of Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy, none is more remarkable and significant than the construction of the Hejaz Railway, which will ultimately link up the seat of his temporal power as Sultan at Constantinople with the seat of his spiritual power as Khalif at Mecca. A very full and valuable description of this railway was contributed in August last to *Petermann's "Mittheilungen,"* the well-known German magazine of geography and ex-

ploration, by General Auler Pasha, a Prussian officer of engineers in the service of the Sultan. The following details are borrowed from it. The railway, which starts from Damascus and follows in the main the old pilgrim road to Mecca, was begun in 1901, and before the end of the year reached Deraa, whence a branch line of about 100 miles now connects with Haiffa on the Mediterranean. In 1904 it reached Ma'an, which was used as a military base for the dispatch of troops to Akabah and Tabah during the Turco-Egyptian controversy last spring. It has now reached Tebuk, which is halfway between Damascus and Medina, and next year it will reach Medain-Salih, a very important strategic point in connection with Nejd and Central Arabia. The total length of the line from Damascus to Mecca will be about 1,100 miles, of which 435 miles have been opened to traffic. The rate of construction, which is increasing, now averages about 100 miles a year, and the railway is expected to reach Medina in 1910, and Mecca about three years later.

The cost is estimated at a little more than £3,000 a mile, or altogether perhaps four millions sterling, including the branch from Deraa to Haiffa, and the prolongation from Mecca to Jeddah on the Red Sea—an extraordinarily small sum, considering the engineering difficulties and the still greater difficulties of transport and supply in a region which is almost entirely desert and waterless. The explanation is that no financial provision has to be made either for the acquisition of land or for the payment of labor.

The land is the Sultan's, and the labor is supplied by the troops. Three battalions of Infantry, each 1,000 strong; two railway battalions, each 1,200 strong; one company of Pioneers, and a detachment of the Telegraph Service Corps have been furnished by the Fifth Army Corps from Damascus, and recently two more infantry battalions from the Sixth Army Corps have been ordered up from Baghdad. A German

engineer-in-chief, Meissner Pasha, with about a dozen German, Austrian and Swiss engineers, is in charge of the railway works, under the supreme direction of Field-Marshal Kiazim Pasha.

To General Auler's technical report, General von der Goltz, the very distinguished officer of the German General Staff who for so many years presided over the reorganization of the Turkish army, has written a most instructive preface, of which the following is a summary:

"The world at large hardly heard of the Hejaz Railway until on September 1, 1904, H. M. the Sultan Abdul Hamid, on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, caused the opening of the line as far as the little town of Maan, in a remote southern corner of Syria, to be celebrated with a pomp and ceremony of which the echo resounded throughout the Mohammedan world. . . . To-day a considerable portion of the line is already completed, and the work of construction is being pushed on with an energy which shows not only what Turkey is capable of doing when the Sultan has proclaimed his will, but also how powerful is the religious sentiment of Islam. Contributions to the Hejaz Railway constitute a deed of piety, and that word has lost none of its magic in the East.

"The railway, covering a distance of about 1,100 miles, follows for the most part the old caravan route over which thousands and thousands of pious Muslims have braved the tedium and dangers of the long journey in order to accompany the yearly offerings of the Sultan to the Holy Places. This journey will ultimately take only five days, and vast numbers of his subjects from Europe and from Asia Minor will be able, as never before, to achieve their hearts' desire and perform their devotions on the spot where the Prophet himself lived and died. To the elder generation this must sound as a fairy tale, and the Sultan could hardly have conceived an undertaking better calculated to enhance his prestige amongst all the peoples of Islam. By the time the railway reaches the gates of Mecca, it will undoubtedly be linked up from Damascus, via Aleppo, with the Anatolian system and the Baghdad line, and there will thus be an unbroken iron road from Constantinople to the Sacred City.

"Abdul Hamid's rule is inspired with the steady, unswerving purpose of bringing into closer and mightier cohesion the whole Mohammedan world under his sceptre, or, at least, under his influence. Of late years his efforts have been directed specially to Arabia, where the acknowledgment of Turkish supremacy has made great strides, though in the land of Yemen, the ancient Arabia Felix, the struggle has yet to be fiercely fought out. The

policy of the Sultan, directed to what may be called internal conquests, which shall compensate him in the Islamic world for the losses suffered on the fringe of his Empire under the pressure of Christendom, will receive a mighty impulse from the opening of the railway to the Holy Places. The remoteness of the southern provinces of his dominions has been a serious cause of military weakness in the past. But all this will be altered when railways reach from Constantinople to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Turkey will then regain, as it were, a new lease of youth and vigor."

So far General von der Goltz. There are other aspects of the policy embodied in the Hejaz Railway upon which he does not dwell, though they are clearly present to his mind. At present the Sultan's position in Arabia, much as he has already done to consolidate it, depends very largely upon British good-will. The vast majority of the forces which he has poured into Arabia, and especially into the Yemen, where a ten years' campaign has not yet broken the stubborn resistance of the tribes, have been transported by sea. Men as well as supplies and warlike stores of every description have to be sent across the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea. What that means with our command of the sea and our dominant position in Egypt, I need not point out. The completion of the Hejaz Railway will in a large measure relieve the Sultan from the galling dependence upon friendly relations with Great Britain which the maintenance of his main line of communication with Arabia now necessitates.

It is not, however, only as a means of securing continuous land communication between Constantinople and the Holy Places that the construction of the Hejaz Railway will strengthen the strategic position of Turkey in Arabia. The existence of practically independent principalities in Central Arabia such as that which Ibn-el-Rashid carved out for himself in Nejd, has from time to time been a severe thorn in the flesh to the Sultans. Next year, as we have already seen, the Hejaz Railway will reach Medain Salih, and

as that place is about the best jumping-ground for Nejd via Teyna, the arrival of railhead there must vastly strengthen the Turkish position throughout Central and Southeastern Arabia, right down to the Persian Gulf.

We have only to remember the large share which our own protege, the Sheikh of Koweyt, has played during the last few years in the struggle for power between the descendants of the old Wahabi Emirs and the successors of Muhammed Ibn-el-Rashid, in order to realize how severely the establishment of Turkish supremacy in the Gebel Shammar might press upon our allies along the Arabian shores of the Persian Gulf. I had an opportunity of discussing this question a few years ago with the Sheikh of Koweyt himself, whose friendly relations with the Indian Government had given deep umbrage to Turkey. In fact, Turkish troops had moved out from Bassorah and Baghdad, and the presence of British ships had alone averted the aggressive intervention of the Turks. Nevertheless, Sheikh Mubarak professed to entertain little apprehension with regard to Turkish aggression from that quarter, but laid great stress upon the necessity to him of keeping his communications open with Arabia, and of securing the independence of Nejd from Turkish control by retaining it in possession of his Wahabi friends.

Nor is it only in connection with our own position in the Persian Gulf that the consolidation of Turkish power in the Arabian Peninsula may directly affect British interests. The history of India within relatively recent times offers a very striking example of the influence which events in Arabia can exercise upon the Mohammedan population of India.

One of the most important religious movements among Indian Mohammedans under British rule was the direct result of the great Mohammedan revival in Arabia toward the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, known as Wahabism, after its founder, Mohammed

Wahab, of Nejd. That movement, it will be remembered, swept over the whole of Arabia, and for a time wrested even the Holy Places from the power of the Sultans, who had to call in the aid of Mehemet Ali, the great Pasha of Egypt, to stamp it out by sheer force. One of Wahab's disciples, Seyyid Ahmad Shah of Bareilly, introduced his doctrines into India in 1826, and preached a holy war against the Sikh confederacy, which was then supreme in the Northern Punjab.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which his teachings were welcomed, the movement in that part of India proved abortive, but some of its adherents established themselves permanently both in the northwest and in the western districts of Bengal, where they made their headquarters at Patna. From the latter place, especially, they sent out emissaries all over India, and notably into Eastern Bengal, where Hajji Sharnet Ullah, who had himself been at Mecca and come into personal contact with Wahab, became an active missionary of the new doctrine. He made a large number of converts, especially among the lower classes, and both he and his son after him, waged successful war against the Hindu superstitions which had continued to maintain their hold over the followers of the Prophet. Their proceedings were often lawless and brought them frequently into conflict with the British authorities. But they undoubtedly gave a powerful impetus to Mohammedan feeling throughout Eastern Bengal, and also in Behar.

Before proceeding, however, to the consideration of the effect which the growth of Abdul Hamid's prestige as a leader of Islam has produced upon the Mohammedans of India, I want to draw your attention to a very significant movement which has been going on in Persia, the one country where the Shiah form of Islam is supreme. One would have imagined that the bitter hatred which has subsisted for thirteen centuries between Shiahs and Sunnis would have rendered Persia inac-

cessible to the Pan-Islamic propaganda of a Sunni Sultan, though the possession by Turkey of the Holy Places of Arabia, to which the duty of pilgrimage is imposed on both Shiahs and Sunnis, and also of the shrines more peculiarly sacred to the Shiahs—such as Kerbela and Meshed Ali, in the valley of the Euphrates—necessarily confers upon the Sultans a prestige which the Persians are compelled to recognize, and in various treaties concluded between Sultan and Shah, the former's title of "Protector of the Holy Places" is duly recognized.

But the danger to which the independence of Persia, like that of Turkey, has been exposed by the growing pressure of the Western Powers has unquestionably been used with no little effect of recent years by the missionaries of the Sultan to bring home to the people of Persia the expediency of sinking sectarian differences in the common cause of Islam. The unpopularity of the present Shah among the clergy of Persia, who have openly charged him with selling his country to the infidel, is so great that on several occasions the protests against his misgovernment have taken the form of threats to appeal to the protection of the Sultan, even if such protection were to involve a reconciliation with Sunnism. About two years ago the Mujtehids, or High Priests, of Kerbela were stated to have openly threatened the Shah with excommunication for his subservency to an infidel power, and even these high ecclesiastics, whose fortunes would seem to be indissolubly bound up with Shism, did not hesitate to hint that the time was at hand when Shiahs as well as Sunnis would be compelled to take refuge under the sheltering aegis of the one great Mohammedan Sovereign who had proved himself to be the providential protector of Islam.

It would be still more interesting to have some really trustworthy data respecting the presence of Pan-Islamic influences in Afghanistan, the only survivor to-day, but a survivor full of

vitality, of the independent Moham-medan States of Central Asia. But so rigidly is Afghanistan closed against foreign intercourse, in spite of our Treaty relations with the Ameer, that our information in regard to the present condition of affairs is altogether scanty, and scantiest of all in regard to the relations between the Afghans and the Sultan. The only occasion upon which Abdul Hamid is known to have exerted his influence by an official mission to Kabul was at the time of the last Afghan war, when our own relations with Turkey still retained the cordial character they had acquired at the Berlin Congress.

The Sultan's influence was then exercised toward the restoration of peace between Afghanistan and India. Shortly afterward, however, the wind shifted at Yeldiz, and Abdul Hamid sent his former envoy at Kabul to be Turkish Consul-General at Bombay, where the first agency was established for distributing items of news concerning Islam and the Khalif among the Mahomedans of the northwest frontier and Afghanistan. That Afghan chiefs and Mollahs on their way to and from Mecca are frequent visitors to Yeldiz Kiosk, we know, and some of them are no doubt the bearers of political messages between the Sultan and the Ameer, while they all carry back with them to Afghanistan stories, which lose nothing in the telling, of Abdul Hamid's munificence, and of the glories of Islambole—the Persian and Afghan corruption of Stambul—which thus acquires the meaning, "where Islam is plentiful."

It is certainly worth noting that a growing amount of interest has been manifested of late years in the fate of Turkey, and in British policy toward the Sultan, among the border tribes of the northwest frontier, which are in close contact with and to some extent under the influence of the Ameer. It is generally admitted that the excitement and enthusiasm caused by the victories of the Turkish armies over Christian Greece in the spring of 1897

had a good deal to do with the aggressive turbulence of the tribes which led to the Tirah campaign in the autumn of the same year. Last winter I happened to be at Peshawar at the time when the annual jirgahs or meetings between the frontier tribesmen and the British political officers of the frontier took place, and I was struck with the very keen interest which they displayed in our relations with Turkey. The naval demonstration, in which we naturally took a leading part, was being then carried on in connection with the Macedonian question, and the tribesmen made no secret of the disfavor with which they viewed our co-operation in the coercion of Turkey. They had been taught to look upon it solely as an act of hostility toward Islam, and they were not at all inclined to listen to any attempt to discriminate between the Sultan as a temporal ruler and the Khalif as the spiritual head of Islam.

The question of paramount importance to us, however, is whether and to what extent Pan-Islamism has reached the great masses of our Indian Moham-medans, who number roughly one-fifth of the whole population of our Indian Empire, and of whom the vast majority are Sunnis, like the Turks.

It is not infrequently contended that in spite of their large numbers, the Mohammedans of India do not represent a really cohesive force, because they comprise several dissident sects, and consist very largely of the descendants of converts upon whom their religion sits very lightly. There is no doubt some truth in this contention, and to a certain extent Islam may be said never to have entirely prevailed over the more ancient influences of Hinduism. Witness the extent to which caste feeling has preserved its hold upon Indian Mohammedans, though the fundamental conception of caste is absolutely at variance with the democratic principles of the founder of Islam.

Again, it may be urged that, as a large number of Indians were won

over to Islam by the prospect of relief from the social disabilities imposed upon them by the caste system peculiar to Hinduism, they represent a lower social stratum than the Hindus. This also is true up to a certain point. But on the other hand, it must be remembered that if many of the converts to Islam were drawn from the low caste Hindus, a very considerable number were also drawn from classes influential by their wealth and by their position in every respect except in that of caste.

Nor should it be forgotten that among the ruling chiefs of India, a good many are themselves Mohammedans, including the most powerful of all, the Nizam of Hyderabad, who rightly prides himself on being the premier-Prince of the Indian Empire. Another argument often used is that after all the Mussulmans only form a majority of the population in a few provinces, such as Eastern Bengal, the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier. But against this fact may be set off the other and perhaps more important fact that there is scarcely a single province in which they are not represented, and that their strength lies chiefly in the large towns, where public opinion is much more articulate than in the rural districts. They have, above all, and not only in that part of India which was the seat of the Moghul Empire, the prestige which attaches all over the East to a race which has been a ruling race. At various periods during the thousand years which have elapsed since Islam was first imported into India from Arabia and Mesopotamia, Mohammedan dynasties have reigned and flourished in almost every part of the peninsula, and there is scarcely a Hindu whose ancestors have not at one time or another bowed their knee to a Mohammedan ruler.

On the whole, a careful analysis of the various elements which make up the Mussulman population of India to-day would, I think, show that the Mohammedans occupy a position which

cannot be measured merely by their numbers.

During the last twenty years there has unquestionably been a growing feeling among them all over India that the maintenance of Turkish power and independence is a great Mohammedan interest, in which all Mohammedans are concerned. Amid the decay of all other Mohammedan States Turkey remains in their eyes the one Power which represents the traditions of militant Islam. As an influential and liberal-minded Mohammedan remarked to me, if Turkey were to disappear, the Mohammedans would become like unto the Jews—a mere religious sect whose kingdom was gone. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the Sultan's policy should have produced so many causes of conflict with England, many of them connected with issues to which the Sultan's emissaries could easily give a sectarian coloring.

The public meetings held last year by the Mohammedans in many of the chief Mohammedan centers of India to protest against the coercion of Turkey in connection with Macedonian affairs, were symptomatic of the growth of a feeling which had already become manifest years ago when Lord Salisbury denounced the Sultan himself as the author of the Armenian massacres, and with still less reserve when in the following year Abdul Hamid had once more on European battlefields victoriously wielded "the sword of Islam," though only against so puny a foe as Greece. Even more symptomatic is it that in this very year, just after the acute crisis which nearly ended in open hostilities between Great Britain and Turkey, the Sultan's name-day has been celebrated by the Mohammedans in many parts of India with conspicuous and unexampled fervor. In India, too, as in other parts of the Mohammedan world, the Hejaz Railway has been used by Abdul Hamid as a splendid advertisement for the virtues of Khalifate, and a part of its cost has been defrayed by Indian contributions.

In what light exactly the Moham-

medans of India view the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is a point of no slight interest. In many mosques his name appears to be used in the Friday prayers, but excellent authorities assure us that this does not imply anything more than a mark of respect and reverence for a great Mussulman sovereign. The most interesting pronouncement on this subject is that which was made a few months ago at the time of the Anglo-Turkish differences by Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, the Hon. Secretary of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental Club at Aligarh, who has been since the death of Sir Sayyid Ahmad the foremost leader of enlightened Mohammedan opinion. The Nawab gave it as his opinion that if the Indian Moslems speak of the Sultan as Khalif, they do so by way of honoring the greatest Mohammedan king of our time, whose position is rendered still more important by his being servant of the sacred places and the Kaaba. "The term," he added, "is on no account to be taken to mean that Indian Moslems regard him as their ruler in any way, or consider his orders to be binding on them." Quoting from authoritative works on the subject of the rights and duties of the Khalif, the Nawab said it was impossible, having regard to the duties set forth, for any man of even common understanding to think that the Sultan is the Khalif of the Indian Mussulmans in the real sense of the term, or that they are in any matter bound by their religion to obey him. They are the subjects of the King-Emperor, and owe their allegiance to him alone.

"It does not, however, follow (he continued) that the Indian Mussulmans have no love for the Sultan of Turkey, or that they do not care for the safety of the Turkish Empire. On the contrary, they all wish with one heart for the stability of Turkish rule, and earnestly pray God that friendly relations between Great Britain and the Porte may be firmly established. Those of us (he said in conclusion) who say they care nothing for the Sultan and for Turkey are either cringing flatterers of the British Government, whom the Government will assuredly never credit, or they have no love for religion. Loyalty toward our Government does not exclude the idea of sym-

pathy with one's country, who think that the each other are ignorant of their religious duties and of their political relations."

Another Indian Mohammedan of repute, Hajji Muhammed Ismail Khan, of Dataoli, late member of the Legislative Council of the United Provinces, has recently published a letter on the same subject, and on much the same lines, which, however, contains a noteworthy admission that goes considerably further than the Nawab's letter. For he acknowledges in so many words that "there are certain Mohammedans in India who have a greater love and reverence for the Sultan than is legitimate, or than should really exist. They consider him as a necessary part of their religion."

Without wishing to exaggerate the importance of these and other utterances, one cannot but infer from them that the influence which Abdul Hamid is beginning to exercise as the Khalif of Islam over the minds of Indian Mohammedans is causing among the more loyal and enlightened section of the Mohammedan community in India a certain measure of apprehension, and that they feel that the time has come openly to discountenance its growth.

This is a matter which deserves very close and serious consideration at the hands of our rulers, especially at a time when the Mohammedans of India are, rightly or wrongly, disposed to believe that their interests no longer receive from the Supreme Government the same impartial treatment to which they had been hitherto accustomed. I do not wish to enter upon controversial questions which have lately been raised in regard to British administration in India, but the fact remains that recent events have produced upon the minds of not a few Indian Mohammedans the impression that their rights as a minority have been sacrificed, and are likely to be still further sacrificed in the future, to the claims of the Hindu majority, and merely, in their opinion, because the Hindu majority has had recourse to methods of agitation which

the Indian Mohammedans have not hitherto considered to be compatible with their deep sense of loyalty toward the British Raj.

Their resentment is all the greater in that whatever the antagonism between Christianity and Islam, they have hitherto always believed that there was a certain community of religious thought between Moslems and Christians, which cannot exist between either us or them and the Hindus. We are, like them, as they term it, "ahl-el-kitab," people of the Book, that is to say, that we have in common with them a belief in revealed Scriptures, and the Koran to them is only a later revelation which has superseded, but has not destroyed, the sanctity attaching to the Old and New Testament. Above all, they share with us, as they contend, the common ground of a belief in the Unity of God, which should draw us more closely toward them than we can possibly be drawn toward the idolatrous polytheism or pantheism of the Hindus.

To these religious considerations are now added political considerations no less weighty, for they rightly contrast the large part which the Mohammedan races of India have borne in the defense of the British Raj with the disloyal agitation of many Hindus, and especially of the noisiest section, the Bengalis, who have, to say the least, never been conspicuous for the martial qualities which the Mohammedans have so often displayed shoulder to shoulder with ourselves.

Among the younger generation of Mohammedans there is a certain feeling of impatience which cannot be safely ignored. It is finding vent at the present moment in the proposal to establish Mohammedan organizations which shall be as effective for the furtherance of Mohammedan interests as the Indian National Congress is conceived to have been in the furtherance of Hindu interests. Though the Mohammedans may be perfectly sincere at present in protesting that they have no intention of adopting Hindu meth-

ods of agitation, one cannot feel quite confident as to what they may do in the future. Should the expectations of the Mohammedans be disappointed, the tendency of these new Mohammedan organizations might well be to seek at least the moral support of their co-religionists beyond the frontier of India, and that is a tendency which Pan-Islamic propagandists would not fail to encourage.

One word in conclusion to deprecate exaggerated apprehensions. It may well be that Pan-Islamism in its present form will not survive the remarkable ruler to whose energy and ability its inception and growth are mainly due. One feature which is in many ways reassuring is that it has achieved greater popularity outside than inside of Turkey proper. None know better than the best class of Turks what Abdul Hamid's policy has cost them, and none deplore more deeply the estrangement of British friendship. So long as Abdul Hamid steers the same course as in the past, all that this country can probably do is to avoid as far as possible any action which can be construed into deliberate hostility to Islam or injustice to our Mohammedan subjects, and especially to our Indian Mohammedans, whose splendid qualities and militant loyalty constitute perhaps the greatest of our imperial assets in India.

But whenever a real change takes place at Constantinople, whether it be in Abdul Hamid's lifetime, or more probably when he is gathered in due course to his forefathers, it may be hoped that whatever British Government is in power will take the earliest opportunity of showing in the face of the Mohammedan world that British policy is inspired by no settled antagonism to Turkey, but on the contrary is prepared to respect and even to support the legitimate exercise of both the temporal and the spiritual authority of the Sultanate, so long as, on the other hand, these are not employed to subserve purposes of hostility to the British Empire.

The Key-Note of Canada.

By H. C. THOMSON.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

THE romance of Canada, how great and various it is! What memories of chivalrous daring, of bygone feuds, of fierce and glorious encounter, are linked with the names of Quebec and Montreal, and of a conflict with the forces of nature, equally heroic though of a different kind, with those of Winnipeg and Vancouver! Nor is this romance altogether of the past. Wherever the settler, with ceaseless struggle, is pushing his way into regions hitherto unknown, in the trackless wilds of the untrodden Labrador, and in the still vaster recesses of the mountain ranges of the great Northwest that stretch back into the frozen and uninhabitable North, the same lives are still being lived of the iron resolution, the stanch, unyielding courage, which have made Canada what she is.

And when we ponder over her history, what is it that for us, in Great Britain, at the present time, may constitute perhaps Canada's greatest value? If we consider the forces that go to the building up of nations may it not be thought to lie, not so much in the extent of her territories, in their boundless resources, in the indomitable energy of her people, as in their instinctive love of freedom, and in the spirit of justice and fair dealing by which they have always been animated? For that is the key-note of it all—of the imperial lesson that Canada is enforcing.

It is a legacy from the earliest days of Canadian colonization. "Spaniards, led to the New World by the lust of gold," wrote Warburton in an eloquent passage which we would do well to bear in mind lest the fate of Spain overtake us also, for we have been treading lately in a perilously similar path, "soon sacrificed their America to slavery; Englishmen, led thither by the love of liberty, consecrated their new soil to freedom. Europe rushed forth to colonize, each nation according to its character, leaving forever the stamp of that character impressed upon its colonies." If we examine, we shall find that in every aspect of Canadian policy, in the relations established from the first between the British and the French, in the gradual and unforced extension of self-governing rights to the different provinces of which Canada is composed, but most of all in the treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants this original impress is apparent.

And in these days, when Great Britain is acquiring immense territories all over Africa, and with their acquisition is assuming a great and onerous responsibility to the natives who inhabit them, a study of the Canadian treatment of the Indian tribes is of imperial concern. All over the Dominion they are prosperous and content; nomads as they are, bred up wholly to war and the chase, they have nevertheless acquiesced peacefully in the new conditions of life

which the onward march of the white man has imposed upon them, because they have been treated with justice, and with what is even more to the purpose, with a sympathetic tact.

This has been due in great measure to the fortunate circumstance that until quite recently Canada was not a gold-producing land; nor was it ever enervated like Africa, and like the Southern States of America, with the curse of servile labor. The Indians had no disposition to work and were too powerful to be compelled to do so, and the settlers were obliged therefore to depend entirely upon their own exertions. Their character was, as a result, in marked contrast to that of the settlers further south, "most of whom" pathetically wrote Capt. Smith, "were come to do nothing else but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold and load gold. I entreat you," he added, "rather send me but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons and diggers up of tree roots than a thousand such as we have." Their treatment of the Indians was not good, and before many years, like the mine owners of Johannesburg to-day, they had recourse to imported labor, and brought in the negro slaves from Africa, who are so increasing a perplexity to America now.

The New England States, from which the Canadian loyalists were mostly drawn, became on the contrary the abiding place of the Pilgrim Fathers, among whom a very different spirit prevailed. Roger Williams bluntly told the Massachusetts people that the charter of Charles the First was worthless because the King of England had no right to cede to them the possessions of the Indians; and Robert Cushman made complaints of certain of those who had been sent out to him in the *Charity* that "they are no fit men for us, and I fear will hardly deal as well with the Indians as they should." And he goes on to say "that warring with them after another manner than their wont, by friendly usage, love, peace, honest and

just carriage and good treatment, we and they may not only live in peace in that land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ." Nowadays it seems a mockery to quote such words, but at the time they were written they were not in the least hypocritical. Men then not only wrote and spoke like that, but they tried honestly to live up to their speech.

Robert Winslow wrote to a friend in England:

We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenant of peace with us; very loving and ready to pleasure us; we often go to them, and they come to us. Some of us have been fifty miles by land in the country with them. We entertain them familiarly in our houses, they as friendly bestowing their venison upon us. They are a people without any religion, yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe witted, just.

And a like spirit happily actuated the British government. The proclamation of George the Third of October 7, 1763, is a notable document. It recites first that certain specified territories should be reserved exclusively for the several Indian nations or tribes then living upon them, and it goes on to enact that all persons who had settled there should remove therefrom, and that no purchase of land therein should be made by any private person, and that any purchase by the Government should be made only in the name of the Government, and formally ratified at a public assembly of the Indians. The terms of this proclamation were strictly enforced; the result being that in Canada there have been few of the native risings which have been so frequent in the States and elsewhere. These risings are largely due to encroachments, both by the State and by private individuals, upon the native reserves; encroachments to which, in spite of formal treaties with the aborigines, judicial sanction has been given.

Obedience to law has always been, however, a strikingly Canadian char-

acteristic, and it is so still. In 1898, in the city of Quebec, with a population of over 75,000 people, there were only 425 convictions for crime, some of which were convictions several times over of the same persons; and at the time the writer visited it there were only 350 prisoners in the jail, thirty-six of whom were women. It should be mentioned in passing that the Canadian criminal law is the most humane, as well as probably the best, in the world, and the administration of justice is inflexible without being oppressive.

Quebec is a long settled district, and its immunity from crime is not nearly so remarkable as is that of the recently absorbed Northwest territories. These immense regions comprise 375,000 square miles, an area almost equal to that of Germany and France combined, and nearly twice that of Spain and Portugal. When they were taken over they were inhabited by a considerable number of warlike tribes, numbering, it is computed, not less than 27,000 fighting men; and it has only been by the exercise of the most patient forbearance that serious rebellions have been averted.

A principal agent in the work of administration has been the Northwest mounted police, whose record has seldom been equalled, and has certainly never been surpassed; though like all quietly successful performances it has attracted comparatively little attention.

It was called into existence when the great wave of westward emigration began, it being found absolutely necessary to have an armed force, not only to keep the Indians in check, but to maintain order among the settlers, many of whom were not of the most law-abiding character, and above all to suppress absolutely and at once the traffic in drink which was playing such havoc among the tribes.

Some years ago, when on a visit to Canada, the writer was enabled to obtain the annual reports of the force from the year of its formation up to

1899. They constitute an invaluable record of the growth of the territories and furnish a vivid picture of the conditions under which the early settlers lived, and the difficulties and dangers they had to surmount.

It originated in a small body of 300 men raised in the spring of 1874 by Lieut.-Col. French. The task before them was no easy one, and Col. French told the men plainly on parade what lay before them—that they might have to lie in wet clothes night after night, that they might often be without water and sometimes without food—and he called upon any who were not prepared to take their chances of these privations to fall out, and they could have their discharge. A few did so, Col. French's laconic comment being: "One feels they acted properly in the matter."

The men knew perfectly the work they were undertaking and none have ever better acted up to what they undertook. The first duty they were called upon to perform was to put down the traffic in drink, which had attained dangerous proportions and required immediate handling. For four months, from July to November, they were kept unrelaxingly at work in the most trying variations of climate—the temperature when they started from Dufferin being 95 degrees to 100 degrees in the shade, and when they returned between 20 degrees and thirty degrees below zero. In that short time they marched over 1,900 miles, and on December 4 Mr. Macleod, the assistant commissioner, had the satisfaction of being able to report the complete stoppage of the drink traffic throughout the whole of that immense section of country. It was the salvation of the Indians, who were being ruined irretrievably in mind and body by the whisky dealers. Their chiefs expressed the keenest delight at the arrival of the force; drunken riots, they said, were frequent among their young men, many of whom were shot in them; all this was peremptorily stopped, and one old chief gave vent to this graphic

expression of gratitude: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

Six years later the force was increased to 500 men in accordance with a recommendation by the commandant, Lieut.-Col. Irvine, who did not consider the existing force of 300 strong enough to cope with the requirements of the country. His report is interesting:

The Blackfeet nation is composed of the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens, notably wild and warlike; three numerically strong tribes, forming the most powerful nation in the Northwest Territory. It is more particularly with these tribes that the utmost care and delicate handling is demanded in their management. In 1877 it must be remembered that large quantities of buffalo were to be found in the country, the Indians were then self-supporting, in fact almost rich, and certainly contented. Thus, notwithstanding the fact of these tribes being no less than savages, they were not dangerous. Now matters have completely changed, the savage nature alone remaining; and being purely dependent upon the government for a living, the yoke of dependence hangs somewhat heavily upon them.

• • • It must be remembered that these Indians have led a lawless and roving life, that they have been accustomed from infancy to regard other men's cattle and horses as fair plunder, and that the habits of a lifetime are not easy to unlearn. It is not natural to suppose that they will at once settle down to a quiet, humdrum life, and devote themselves heart and soul to farming. Discontent may, in fact, more than probably will, break out, and the spirit of unrest show itself, particularly among the young men, which, if not suppressed in time, will result in periodical raids on the cattle and horses of settlers. This would in a short time lead to acts of retaliation, and a serious outbreak as a natural consequence.

That was in 1880, and twenty years later the policy so quietly and assiduously followed was bearing goodly fruit.

Why is it there have been no Indian wars as there have been in the United States—and only too frequently in Africa? It is because in Canada the fact has never been lost sight of that the natives must be protected from the swarms of adventurers who scatter themselves over a newly acquired territory in search of minerals, and still more because the Canadian

Government has never attempted to force the Indians to labor either by direct or indirect compulsion, by hut taxes, or taxes on additional wives, or by any other similar expedient. They have not been in a hurry to exploit the resources of their country; they have allowed them to develop slowly but surely, and the Indian intelligence to develop slowly with them.

Supt. Crozier's report in 1883 gives some idea of the thorough way in which the police have been trained to protect and assist the Indian population. The winter was a hard one, and exceptional measures had to be adopted.

Provisions had to be taken to the camps by the police, in some instances as far as sixty miles, and as the season advanced, this service became not only frequent and difficult, but dangerous. The Indian horses were so wretchedly reduced from cold and scarcity of grass that they were not even able to carry food from the fort to their camps. I cannot help remarking that it was fortunate indeed that the Indians about the Cypress Hills were looked after and able to procure a supply of provisions from the fort, otherwise hundreds would have starved to death. Feeling the necessity of economizing the supplies on hand in every possible way, I purchased tackle and nets, that by fishing the Indians might to a certain extent help to gain their living. The experiment was at first only partially successful, notwithstanding my sending members of the force, experienced fishermen, with the Indians to the different lakes to set their nets and render all possible instruction and assistance.

This is a very different tone from that expressed in the saying so often approvingly quoted that there is "no good Injun but a dead Injun."

The result of this considerate policy was that before many years the Indians became practically independent and self-supporting. Commissioner Herchmer, in his report for 1896, stated that nearly all the reserves had made considerable progress, that the Indians were increasing their herds of cattle, seeing the great advantage to be derived from the sale of them, that many Indians were at work putting up and selling hay, that even the Blackfeet and the Bloods had com-

menced to buy mowers and hay rakes and to take contracts for putting up hay for the ranchers, in addition to the quantity required for themselves. But what was more significant still, the Blackfeet were, he added, mining considerable coal, and the Bloods had obtained the contract for hauling part of the coal required at the McLeod detachments; very few blankets were worn, white men's clothes being generally used; and every year the treaty money was expended on more useful articles, such as stores, wagons, mowers and rakes, and that even furniture was freely bought.

And again, two years later, he reported that, although in some districts their crops were a failure, yet the means of earning money which they could then command had placed the industrious ones above want even where there had been little hunting.

So, too, Inspector Morris in the same years lays stress on the wonders worked by irrigation as a civilizing agent, how it was making the Indians self-supporting, and bringing about an entire change in their lives.

Indians are not necessarily lazy because they are Indians. They will work when they learn the advantages to be gained through labor, and thousands of them are learning that lesson and have learned it. It was first learned by the tribes of the Indian Territory, and it might have been learned by their brothers of the Northwest had the conditions been the same as theirs. In the old days there was no incentive to labor; if an Indian in the Northwest would plant the seed given him by the government he might have a crop, but he probably would not have. With irrigation introduced it is different; irrigation insures a crop, and removes the element of uncertainty that would attend farming in the Northwest Territories without it.

In the course of their duty the police had often to incur great risks from exposure to the terrible cold of the Canadian winter. Supt. Jarvis refers incidentally to the soldierly behavior of a detachment of thirty men under Inspector Dinny, who were obliged to ride to Fort Calgary and back, a distance of 200 miles, in the depth of winter without tents; and

Commandant Steele, in 1899, commends the fortitude and endurance shown by his men under circumstances of the most trying character amid the terrific storms which raged round their camps on the Yukon.

A report by Inspector Moodie in 1898 gives in a few words a clearer idea off the nature of the country the police have to operate in than could be obtained from any labored description:

The route I followed may be roughly said to be through heavy timber almost all the way, with the exception of from Sturgeon Lake to a short distance west of Dunvegan Ranch. Owing to this thick timber horses cannot even be picketted at night, and frequently, in consequence of down timber, cannot even be hopped, but have to be turned loose. The time spent in collecting in the morning twenty or thirty horses thus turned loose in the bush at night and wandering about to find good feed can easily be imagined. From the Rockies (about fifty miles east of Graham) to the Dease the country is simply one mass of mountains. There is no such thing as making a bee line between any two places. From the Dease to Frances Lake is rather better, but from there to the Pelly is again very mountainous, and covered with about two feet of moss, making travel very hard on both men and horses. * * * When I arrived at Fort St. John on the first of November it was perfectly impossible to go through the mountains with horses. Mine were tired and weak, as all the feed was frozen, and had no nourishment in it to work horses hard. Even had I got through, the horses, without hay and with snow four to five feet deep, would have died, and then, without dogs, I must have waited until the rivers opened, and gone to Fort McLeod Lake by canoe and thence ninety miles over land to Stuart Lake as best I could. Then again the ice had not taken on the rivers at St. John and west, and yet it was running too thick to ford or swim horses.

Nor is the weather the only danger the men have to meet. Among so large an Indian population there must be an occasional encounter, not always unattended with bloodshed, with those who are refractory or criminal. Only a year or two ago Sergt. Wilde was killed by an Indian called Charcoal, whom he was endeavoring to arrest, and whom, although armed, he had hesitated to shoot. Supt. Steele, in reporting his death, says he was one

of the finest men who ever served in the force, faithful, brave and true. And how good a class of men are attracted to it is shown by Wilde's career; eleven years' service in the Fourth Dragoon Guards, three years in the Second Life Guards, and fourteen in the Northwest Mounted Police.

Here and there the reports, although couched in the matter-of-fact language of official documents, are lit up with the most dramatic incidents, and read like a veritable romance. The hunting down of Almighty Voice, for instance, an Indian who shot Sergt. Colebrook, was a regular miniature campaign.

In following Almighty Voice through the bluff, Sergt. Allen had his right arm badly shattered by a bullet, and Sergt. Raven was wounded in the thigh, and it was found that Almighty Voice had one or more companions with him. * * * Later in the day Corporal Hoskins and a few men with him, with two civilians who had turned up, rushed the bluff with disastrous results, Constable Kerr and one of the civilians, named Grundy, being killed, and Corporal Hoskins mortally wounded, dying a few hours later. The Indians had dug a deep pit in the thickest part of the bluff and shot them all from that point of vantage. A 9 pr. gun was sent for from Regina, and the bluff was shelled. Almighty Voice and the two men who were with him being killed by the fire.

What is most remarkable is that these encounters do not seem to have engendered any feeling of vindictiveness against the Indians as a race. Punishment is meted out to the individual, not because he is an Indian, but because he is a criminal; and the punishment is equally stern if the criminal be a white man. There is no trace of the race animosity which is so pronounced in nearly every country where a white race holds a colored race in subjection.

In Canada the police, from the first, seem to have regarded the Indians as a people of limited intelligence, especially intrusted to them to protect, to educate and to raise. The reports

all through show how carefully their officers take into consideration all the attendant circumstances. They do not adopt an abstract view, as though they were dealing with a civilized race; they weigh all the probable effects that will be produced by any course of action upon the mind of an Indian; and they make every allowance for an occasional relapse into savagery, and prepare beforehand to try to prevent it. Take, for instance, a passage in Inspector Moodie's report from Fort Graham in November, 1898:

There is no doubt that the influx of whites will materially increase the difficulties of hunting by the Indians, and those people, who, even before the rush, were often starving from their inability to procure game, will in future be in a much worse condition; and unless some assistance is given to them by the Indian Department they are very likely to take what they consider a just revenge on the white men who have come contrary to their wishes and scattered themselves over their country. When told that if they started fighting as they threatened it could only end in their extermination, the reply was: "We may as well die by the white men's bullets as by starvation." A considerable number of prospectors have expressed their intention of wintering in this neighborhood, and I think it would be advisable to have a detachment of police stationed here, as their presence would go far to prevent trouble.

No country has ever treated its native population in a more admirable way, and Canada may well be proud of her performance. Nevertheless, there is no boasting in these reports, no seeking for praise; they are an unemotional statement of duty undertaken and fulfilled. It is impossible to read them without feeling that the object the force has worked for so singlemindedly has been the prosperity and security of the country, and of all the peoples committed to its charge; and that the Canadian Government has not sacrificed the hope of the future for the advantage or for the revenge of the moment, but that its foremost thought has always been "Do what is right, let come what may."

The Persecution of the Poles.

By "POSEN."

(From the National Review.)

THE fresh outburst of strife regarding the language of religious instruction in the schools of that part of Poland which is governed by Prussia, marks the active renewal of the campaign against everything Polish which has for many years been carried on by the Prussian Government. The main features of that campaign are two—the acquisition of the land from Polish landowners by the agency of the Settlement Commission, and the suppression of the Polish language. In order that the present position may be understood by English readers, who cannot be expected to have the time or the opportunity for studying what for them is naturally a somewhat remote question, it is essential that we should briefly recall for their benefit some of the most important stages in the relations between the German and Polish elements in Prussian Poland from the time when, by the visitation of God, they were first joined together under one Government.

Among other guarantees given to the Polish people by the King of Prussia at the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, was a promise made to his new subjects that their annexation should not in any way entail the loss of their nationality; * * * "Your language," it was declared, "shall be used, together with the German, in all public transactions." In spite of this assurance, however, only a few years had elapsed when endeavors were made to banish the Polish

language from the Government offices and from all official correspondence.

In 1831 it was decreed that the language of all Government authorities must be German. In vain did the Poles appeal to the Royal guarantee—the language, which was that of the majority of the people in these provinces, was placed under disabilities, and its importance reduced to a minimum; this was the first humiliation inflicted on the Polish people.

The next act of oppression was the attempt to banish the influence of the Catholic Church from the schools which had been created and endowed by it. The grasping hand of the Prussian Government was again extended and the schools were made its own; the endowments were seized upon, notwithstanding the opposition of the whole Prussian Episcopate. The struggle for personal and civic freedom, which marked the middle of the nineteenth century, has resulted in Prussia in the limitation of the autocratic power of the monarch by constitutional checks. The relations of Church and State were then defined. The school in the Polish provinces was declared to be a Government Institution; but the religious teaching was left to the care of the different religious congregations of the Duchy of Posen. The mainstay of the schools was then the clergy, who had the general supervision of them and who controlled the appointment of religious teachers; but, as it aimed at diminishing the influence of the

Church, the Government gradually transferred the religious teaching to the hands of lay schoolmasters, prevented inspection by the clergy and forbade all supervision of the methods of religious instruction employed by the Government schoolmasters, so that for all practical purposes the rights of the Church to religious teaching, though guaranteed by the Constitution, may now be considered as nonexistent.

It has already been pointed out that, notwithstanding the solemnity of the royal promises in 1815, and though in 1841 it was again declared that "The praiseworthy attachment of all noble-minded peoples to their language, literature and historical traditions shall be honored and maintained among the Poles," the Polish language was excluded from Government offices. In the schools the case was somewhat different. By the ordinance of May 24, 1842, it was provided that in the Duchy of Posen instruction should be imparted principally in the language which was spoken by the majority of the pupils in the bilingual districts. This system continued in force for thirty years; but in 1872 the Prussian Government determined to abolish it for one more in keeping with the exaggerated feelings of pride and exaltation which had been inspired by the events of 1870-71. The laurels Prince Bismarck had won during his wars of conquest and his adoption of the motto, "*La force prime le droit*," prompted him to wage war with the whole Catholic Church throughout the German Empire in the *Kulturkampf*, and his example awoke similar ambitions in other Prussian ministers.

The Minister for Education, Falk, wished to make his name famous by some similar victory. It was declared that the excessive liberality of the system established by the ordinance of 1842 had led to results extremely alarming for Prussia. The German element, it was maintained, was being gradually absorbed; German children were forgetting their own language and

were becoming, to all intents and purposes, nothing other than Poles. A commission was, therefore, appointed to investigate the matter: and after it had reported, in the sense expected and desired, a new regulation was framed ordering that instruction in all subjects, except religion, should henceforward be given only in German. The Catechism could be taught either in Polish or German, and it was left to the lay schoolmasters to judge whether their scholars had a sufficient knowledge of German to be taught religion in that language.

The then Archbishop of Posen, Ledechowski, afterward Cardinal, protested energetically against this perversion of the true aims of religious training, and against the attempt to lower it to a mere medium for the practice of the German language. In those places where the local authorities, acting on the discretion permitted to them by the regulation, banished the Polish language as the medium of religious teaching, parents, anxious for the salvation of their children, conjointly with the Archbishop, implored the Government to discontinue these dangerous experiments. Meetings were held, parents submitted to the substitution of German for Polish in all secular subjects, and begged only for three or four hours a week, during which the Catechism might be taught in the mother tongue. The Government either gave no answer, or answered only by forcing the children to say their prayers in German, with the natural result that that language, taught with the aid of the rod, became more and more hateful to both parents and children.

During the whole period of the *Kulturkampf*, Polish deputies and members of the Clerical Centre endeavored to obtain the Polish language for the Polish population. Concessions or aggravations succeeded each other in turns, according to the changes of Ministry, thus making it evident that the settlement of a question of such supreme import-

ance was left principally to the personal judgment of each man in power. When the *Kulturkampf* was ended, though Church and State had come to an understanding, the banishment of the Polish language became general, not only where the population was a mixed one, but also where it was purely Polish, again causing the Archbishop of Posen, Mgr. Dinder, a German, to intercede for the Poles under his charge, and inducing him to call upon both clergy and laity to protest against measures so ill-advised.

When the present monarch, the Emperor William II., came to the throne, his deep religious feeling and love of humanity led him, at the representation of the present Archbishop of Posen, Mgr. Stablewski, who was appointed in 1892, and that of the Chancellor Caprivi, one of the most noble-minded statesmen who ever lived, to introduce some more conciliatory measures, and for a while the state of affairs was somewhat bettered. But the policy inaugurated by Prince Bismarck had taken root too deeply to be easily eradicated. It was impossible that the trial of strength which resulted from the establishment of the hundred-million-mark fund and the Settlement Commission, the object of which was to increase the numbers of the German element by the State-aided purchase of land, should be confined to this one particular field of activity.

The Chauvinistic and Pan-German ambitions of the Hakatists aimed at nothing short of the total extinction of everything distinctively Polish, and of the assimilation of the Polish element by dispossession, by exclusion from office and by the abolition of their language. This party gradually succeeded in imparting to the internal policy of Prussia the direction they desired, and thus destroyed that seed of good will which had been sown by the monarch's benevolent hand. From the moment when this party definitely obtained the ascendancy, ever new measures have been taken to oppress

a people whose whole crime consists in being unable to forget that they are Poles, or to learn to lick the heel of the oppressor.

It will thus be seen that the present open strife is no mere transient outburst of discontent, but the natural and inevitable consequence of a long conflict which has never wholly ceased, though it has sometimes slumbered. The population of the Duchy of Posen was first aroused by the *Kulturkampf*. As a deeply religious and highly sensitive people they were wounded to the quick by the closing of their churches, and the arrest and imprisonment of their beloved Archbishop, Ledechowski, and a large number of priests; and the generation which had witnessed these acts of oppression continued, even after the *Kulturkampf* had ended in the victory of the Church, to cherish a feeling of resentment and indignation toward the State which had proved the enemy of their religion.

When at a later date the struggle again became acute the remembrance of past conflicts, together with the consciousness of fresh wrongs, threw them into open opposition to the Government. As to the children, worn out by unintelligible teaching, victims of the irascibility of their masters, from their very infancy they viewed with one feeling of hatred language, masters, system and State.

The battle which raged around the question of the language of religious instruction reached a climax in the year 1901. Although the regulation which prescribes that this language shall be German whenever, in the opinion of the teachers, the children are able to understand it has remained in force it has not always been applied with equal rigor. In the spring of 1901 an attempt was made to enforce it at the town of Wreschen, which met with open resistance on the part of the children. In order to compel their obedience both boys and girls were severely caned, and the indignation of the parents at this proceeding was so

fierce that some of them invaded the schoolhouse and endeavored to prevent the execution of the punishment. For this offense twenty-six persons were brought to trial in November and sentenced to periods of imprisonment of varying lengths.

The excitement caused by these sentences was so intense in all parts of Poland, that at Warsaw and Lemberg there were demonstrations before the German Consulates, and the question was debated in the Austrian and German Parliaments and in the Prussian Diet. Prince (then Count) Bülow made a long speech in the Prussian Diet in January, 1902, in which he stated that the present policy would be pursued, that larger sums would be voted for the acquisition of lands, and that, in a word, no concession would be made to the demands of the Poles for the right to preserve their language.

No hardships or persecutions have since then been spared the Polish people in this or in other respects. The Colonization Board continue to buy up Polish land with a capital formed partly of involuntary Polish contributions, dividing it subsequently among homeless, landless, uncultured people gathered from all parts of the world, from Transylvania and Ruthenia, from Russia and the Caucasus, and expelling the original owners. The Poles love their land, more perhaps than their own mothers, and the sight of those rich colonies scattered all over it, established out of their money, while they, the rightful owners of the soil, have no access to them, keeps constantly alive within them the bitter consciousness of injustice and wrong.

This Draconian law has now been supplemented by the prohibition to build even on land that has long been in the hands of Polish owners, who can scarcely be expected to feel respect for the laws when they themselves are being made outlaws. Further, the Germanizing of Polish names and surnames, the use of which is now punished by fines, the relentless Ger-

manizing, in spite of all protests, of the ancient Polish names of hundreds of localities, the punishments inflicted on children for the chance use of a Polish word in school, the vexatious interference even with the private life of the few remaining office-bearers of Polish origin, the boycotting of Polish tradesmen and craftsmen—all these petty persecutions are a constant source of irritation, a lash from which the shoulders of the Poles are continually smarting.

But, as though all this were not enough, the official and nonofficial Hakatist press constantly proposes new measures of oppression. This press is supported either by ambitious men anxious to rise by its help, or by paid agents who will do anything for gain, or by other unscrupulous individuals who, for one cause or another, are desirous to fish in the troubled waters of German patriotism. These different elements unite to form solid camarilla, strong through the influence of powerful supporters and the possession of large funds. It is they who are the leaders of opinion in the Prussian State in regard to the question of the "Eastern borders" (Ostmark), and who are the true inspirers of the decisions of the Government.

Some fifteen years ago, Baron Willamowitz, then Chief President of the province of Posen, a man of great ability, matured judgment and wide and liberal views, endeavored to bring about an understanding between the two races. His laudable intentions were frustrated by the above-described individuals, although he found that the Poles, for their part, were even then ready to forget the injuries that had been inflicted upon them.

There are, it is true, some indications that the danger of persisting in the present course is beginning to be realized. Here and there a warning voice is raised, and appeals are made to the central authorities; but God alone can tell how long it may be before the error is finally recognized. In the mean-

time, these mistakes are being constantly repeated. Hardly has one unjust measure been framed than another is proposed for consideration; and on the present political horizon a law for the expropriation of the Poles in favor of those colonists of whose nationality, faith and character nothing is known, even to the Settlement Commissioners themselves, is written in letters of fire a law such as is unknown to any Christian nation save during war and violent social disturbances. Yet, however incredible it may seem, this new scheme will probably find supporters who will be bold enough to exhibit it for the judgment of civilized Europe.

It will readily be conceived how, in the face of such systematic oppression and humiliation, the Polish element, troubled to the very depths of its soul, was ready to flame out into rebellion, especially when the Prussian mania of persecution laid violent hands on the deepest and holiest feelings of the Polish Catholics. Was not their faith the only remaining heirloom of their former splendor and freedom? Was it not to be treasured and loved? Was it not their solace in suffering, their sweetness in joy? Was life worth anything without their churches, without their holy pictures at home? And now the merciless Prussian Government stretches forth its ruthless hands to take from them even this.

What, then, will cheer them in the hard battle for the bare necessities of life, oppressed and anguished as they are? May not their children any longer learn in their own language the Catechism that was taught to their fathers? No great knowledge of psychology is needed to understand the feelings of an uncultured, hard-working people, who have no other thought but to support their families, and to earn their daily bread honestly and willingly, comforted in their trials by spiritual consolations. These feelings are outraged by the arbitrary action of the Prussian Government. How, then, can we wonder at the determination with

which they fight to be allowed to keep that one consolation in their very own language—not in that of a Government which has made itself loathsome to them from their very childhood?

The Government has turned a deaf ear to the tearful petitions which have been addressed to it again and again. It has recently decided to take fresh and energetic measures for the enforcement of the detested regulation regarding the language of religious instruction. And finding all their remonstrances of no avail, the Poles decided to accept the challenge that has been forced upon them, and to oppose the violence to which they are subjected by such means as are at their disposal. It was resolved that on October 17 a strike of school children should begin, and continue until its object had been attained. The children were told to return to their masters the German Catechism and Scripture-book that were given to them when the Government, justly suspecting that the parents would refuse to buy them, presented them free of charge. They were ordered not to answer when questioned during the German Scripture or Catechism lessons.

At first the Educational Board treated the matter lightly, thinking that the resistance would easily be put down. The result, however, has already proved that they miscalculated. Notwithstanding the severe measures taken against the children, opposition continues to grow stronger and stronger. Thrashings, threats, detention have proved quite unavailing to check the movement. At the present time about 70,000 children are taking part in the strike, and it is still spreading. This unforeseen event has filled the Educational Board with consternation; and the Central Authorities in Berlin, badly informed as to the circumstances, are quite at a loss what to do.

It is, of course, undeniable that the participation of children in this conflict is from many points of view most deplorable. It is only with extreme

reluctance that the leaders of Polish opinion have felt themselves constrained to sanction a form of protest of which the disadvantages are so obvious; and they have done so only after having exhausted all the milder methods of remonstrance at their disposal. It was not until long experience and repeated disappointments had convinced them that their innumerable petitions were merely so much waste paper that they at length consented to take so extreme a step.

It is impossible to leave this subject without some reference to the part played by the Archbishop, Mgr. Stablewski. As head of the Church in Posen it has been inevitable that he should be looked to for guidance in this crisis of the religious life of the people committed to his charge; and his pastoral letters issued in October, 1905 and 1906, have been carefully framed with a view to diminish friction and, if possible, to find some peaceful solution for the problem, as, for instance, by the suggestion that the religious instruction of the children should be supplemented by the parents themselves in their own homes. The Archbishop's long experience of the struggle between Church and State has eminently qualified him for the difficult task. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies at the time of the *Kulturkampf*, a friend of Windhorst, the famous leader of the Clerical Centre, who prized his quick wit and sound judgment accompanied as they were by a sincere and undisguised desire for friendly relations with the Prussian State.

Mgr. Stablewski, however, could not but foresee the inevitable consequences of the systematic oppression of the Polish population, and he warned the Government in the Chamber of the dangers involved in the course they were pursuing. His appointment as Archbishop of Posen was looked upon as a victory of justice and good sense over passion and prejudice; but, owing to the intrigues of the "Hakatist" party

the hopes that were then formed have not been realized, nay, the conflict has even become more embittered.

In the question of school-teaching, and especially of religious teaching, the Archbishop has constantly memorialized the Prussian authorities in defense of the rights of the Church; and has warned them that no State, however powerful, can lightly afford to incur the permanent hostility of a border population consisting of no less than three millions of people. Unhappily these repeated attempts to represent the situation in its true light have at the end of fourteen years remained without effect, with the result that the Poles have even begun to lose confidence in their Church and their clergy, and have accused them of selling their children to their persecutors.

When at last it became evident that the indignation of the people could no longer be contained, Archbishop Stablewski endeavored to calm the excited feelings of his flock by addressing to them an appeal in which he assured them of his entire sympathy with their claims, telling them of his own endeavors to defend the Polish language as the medium of religious teaching, and exhorting them to repair the damage done by recourse to prayer, and by completing the children's instruction in their churches and in their own homes. This conciliatory appeal, quite in harmony with the standpoint of the German bishops and clergy in Silesia (who, not long ago, made a petition—in which their parishioners joined—for the recognition of the Polish language), was received with visible marks of approbation by all the faithful, and even by the liberal German circles. The Government alone, together with the Hakatists, received this pronouncement with an indignation which showed that they were far from expecting this public expression of disapprobation of their policies, after having systematically and for so long striven to enfeeble the authority of the Church.

The present situation can thus be defined. The Government will not go back upon its former attitude, notwithstanding the expostulations of its more far-sighted advisers. Indeed, Prince Bülou has publicly declared that his motto in this matter is that of Bismarck—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*—or, on the other hand, neither the ec-

clesiastical authorities nor the people will relinquish what both alike regard as the most sacred of rights. The struggle must, therefore, continue, if it were only on religious grounds; for their religion is the real stronghold of the people. It is difficult for an unprejudiced onlooker to understand the workings of the minds of Prussian statesmen.

A RIVERSIDE INCIDENT.

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Cool twilight comes with close of day:
At the stream's edge th' young otters play—
Two happy wildings, Nature's own—
Now clambering on the river stone,
Whence, with the deep stream's even flow,
One, like a drown'd thing, lets him go;
Whilst, from a tree's o'erhanging limb,
His brother, crouching, watches him,—
Then springs afoot in swift diversion,
As bent on some far night excursion—
In wild variety of play.
Like those whose life's all holiday!

Play! Profit by the brief, careless hour
Which to your kind is Nature's dower,
Ere baying hound and huntsman's cry
Shall tell the time is come to die;
Nor fear lest we your secret den
To curious, maybe cruel, men
Divulge! Ye have few foes to dread—
Few list, like us, this path to tread,
Where tangled growth and hidden root
Oft strike or trip the wanderer's foot,
While pitfalls, slime, and river-wrecks
Often his onward course perplex.

In Hanover.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

EVEN literature itself is not exempt from the tyranny of fashion in this world of ours, where we are told that there is no new thing under the sun, but where, nevertheless, our one idea seems to be the filling of our little earthly span with as much change and variety as possible. In our grandparents' youth, Italy and everything connected with it, its language, its manners, were considered the ne plus ultra of good society. Later on we abandoned the study of the Italian language, along with the pointed Italian handwriting of our ancestors; we began to learn French, have our clothes made in Paris (if we could afford it), and peruse in our leisure moments the works of Sand, De Musset and Zola in the original (if we were able).

The reaction soon set in. We returned to Nature, at least in our literature. Lured on by the example of many talented ladies, we studied the ancient herbalists, read gardening books, tilled the soil, and who knows how many of us at this very moment are not preparing works of priceless value for the public press relating our experiences in the doing of it? And this wave of gardening activity has had at least one good effect: it has drawn our attention away from France and Italy, charming countries as these are, and opened our eyes to the fact that something interesting may be found in Germany, a country hitherto almost unexplored, and, therefore, condemned as being hopelessly dull and commonplace.

Those of us who dwell in the Fatherland, and have a mind to appreciate its humors as well as a heart to love it dearly, owe a debt of gratitude to the fascinating Elizabeth, whose "German Garden" has drawn British attention to the fact that a land lies near at hand where many a delightful holiday may be spent without encroaching on the well-beaten tracks by the Rhine and through the Black Forest. But it is not my intention to dwell on the charms of German travel. I only wish to write a little appreciation of a land which ought to be specially interesting to us as the cradle of the royal race which now reigns over Great Britain—Hanover, a land too little visited, too little known in story or in song, but inferior in interest and association to no other German province.

The Hanoverians are more sympathetic toward the English than is the rest of the Empire. They feel that, having given us their race of kings, there is a bond of union between us and them; and at every turn one is reminded of the intercourse there used to be between the countries by the prevalence of English names over the shop doors in towns and villages. Doubtless Grocer Waring, Butcher Russell and Draper Lewis, German subjects though they be, are yet originally descended from some hardy British soldier who, straying over here in the wake of a Hanoverian master, was struck by the charm of the place, and stayed on. There is something English, too, in the character of the people: a certain

hardy independence often very nearly allied to obstinacy, a disregard of outward opinion, a steady pursuit of a course to the attainment of an end—all qualifications which we like to believe are natural and inherent to our insular selves.

But there are few of us who stop to think what manner of men those be who dwell under the high-gabled roofs which we see peeping through here and there among the trees as the Flushing or Hook of Holland express bears us on our way toward the sea. We look out of the window at the long expanses of purple heath and distant forest which we are told is Hanover; we probably remark to our neighbor or our *vis-a-vis*, "Very uninteresting country this," before shutting out the view with the large pages of a week-old "Times"; and yet it is quite worth our while to sojourn for a space on these moors, and learn to know the dwellers thereon.

The house of a Hanoverian Bauer (or peasant-proprietor) will seem very strange to English eyes. The low walls are made of black oak beams and whitewashed plaster, and the disproportionately high roof is of red tiles. The beams along the front of the house are generally elaborately carved with texts, mottoes, dates and names, as in the old English houses in Chester. It is no unusual thing to find the family of to-day bearing the same name as the original builder of the house some centuries ago. In many cases they are really descended from the founder; in others the new possessors have taken on the family name along with the property. Some of the carved texts are curiously applied. Over one door the writer saw the words of St. John, x. 9, in Old German, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Another farm called *Nobis* had the punning motto, "*Si Deus pro Nobis, Quis contra Nobis?*" but in the majority of cases the texts are as stereotyped as those in the ordinary churchyard at home. The width

and height of the door admit of the passage of a wagon loaded with hay. Driving in, we find ourselves in a vast and dimly lighted space. High above our heads is a hay loft; on our right several cows are looking at us with the contemplative gaze common to cows of every nationality; on our left the horses are rattling their chains. Proceeding farther, we reach the kitchen. No barrier or partition separates the family from its animals.

It affords the Hanoverian Bauer much extra satisfaction in his meals to be able, during their consumption, to gaze undisturbed on his possessions. The cooking is done on a large open hearth, the back of the fireplace being generally a carved iron plate.

But, alas! the hand of the curio dealer has fallen heavily upon Hanover and only in very remote villages are the original old plates still to be found. A good collection of them is in the Museum at Osnabrück, the birthplace of George I., prettiest and quaintest of little towns. They are always more or less rude representations of scriptural subjects; the Hanoverian peasant, whether Catholic or Protestant—and the two religions claim an almost equal number of adherents—is ever loyal and devoted to Mother Church.

The sitting room and sleeping rooms open from the kitchen, the sleeping apartments being always next the part of the building allotted to the cows and horses. Many of them still contain the curious box beds, built into a recess in the wall, with a sliding shutter at the back. This, on being pushed aside, reveals all the inhabitants of the stable, and enables the careful Bauer to leap straight from his slumbers into their midst should any of them require his attention during the night. A shutter in front closes in the bed from the room, and leads one to marvel how the sleeper escapes asphyxiation. These shutters are often of carved oak, black with age, and, like the fire plates, are rapidly becoming the prey of the collector.

There are little windows all along the walls of the house on every side. Each cow and horse has its own case-ment, and the effect of the row of faces looking out enjoying the fresh air at such times when they are confined under the common roof is irresistibly comical. The windows in the kitchen are unique, but seem at first sight to fail in the primal purpose of windows, for they are not made to open, and each one consists of nine or ten small panes of richly colored glass which almost exclude the light; but a closer acquaintance with the construction of a Hanoverian Hof reveals sliding shutters underneath which admit both light and air. The windows above are much too precious to be exposed to the ordinary risks incurred in opening and shutting; they are a sort of family tree containing a record of the house since its foundation. In the olden days the artisans who aided in the construction of the house each presented a little pane for the windows of the completed building.

The first window generally contains the portrait of the founder and his wife, their names and date, and around them all the artisans are depicted, each holding in his hand the tool peculiar to his craft, after the manner of the saints and their distinguishing attributes in medieval art. In the second window the wedding of the heir is portrayed; that is to say, he and the bride are in the center, while on their right are the panes given by the groomsmen, on the left those given by the bridesmaids, the name and date beneath each. The groomsmen always prance on fiery steeds, while the maidens hold brimming cups of wine toward them. As works of art their value is not great; as family records they must be almost priceless.

These windows are all of comparatively remote date, and only exist in the older houses, for the custom became such a craze that one severe old eighteenth century bishop at last lifted up his voice against it, and made a

law that any one accepting the present of a pane should pay a fine, and so it gradually fell into disuse. I have not met with this pretty custom in any other country, but some of the Hanoverian aristocracy are now beginning to revive it. It is a fanciful notion, but as an artistic and permanent visitors' book in country houses has much to recommend it.

If one is lucky and finds an absolutely unspoiled old house, there will be many curious pieces of furniture in the living rooms. The old carved wooden salt box of gigantic size hangs on the wall next to the little round cask which is filled with hot water on cold winter nights and used as a warming pan in the Bauer's bed. Queer wooden stands, painted all over with quaint little birds, hold the long spoons for stirring the soup in the pan, and sometimes the carved chest which once contained the trousseau of a sixteenth century bride still stands in the ingle-nook. It is commoner, however, to find these latter degraded from their high estate and used to hold the horses' oats in the stable. But all such curiosities become rarer year by year.

A friend of the writer once advertised for a married coachman, but found that the applicant for the situation who pleased him best was a bachelor. "But," said Count A., "my coachman must be married. You ought not to have applied for the place." "Oh, that is easily managed," said the coachman. "How long will you give me to get married?" "Till the end of October," said the Count. "Very well," replied the coachman, and disappeared. Next day he turned up again. "It's all right," he said with a beaming smile. "I am engaged. We are to be married early in October, and my mother-in-law has promised to come and live with us. She is a splendid worker, and so we shall save the expense of a servant."

A wedding among the peasants is, on the whole, rather a paying thing for the parents of the bride. They are ex-

pected to provide a substantial repast; but as each guest leaves a thaler (three shillings) under his plate at the conclusion of the feast there is generally a wide margin of profit. In an old book relating to past and gone Hanoverian laws, the chapter on weddings is full of unconscious humor. The number of guests among the higher class of peasants is never to exceed eighty, among the lower twenty. All superfluity of eating or drinking and lounging until late at night is strictly forbidden. The wedding presents must either be wrapped in paper or placed on a tray under a cloth, so that one guest may not see what another gives. Public counting of gifts or naming of the givers is forbidden under a penalty of ten thalers or ten days' imprisonment on bread and water.

In Hanover the festivities nowadays last from midday till dawn on the following day, and night is rendered hideous for miles round the scene by the detonating rockets which are sent off at intervals of a few minutes all the time. At spring weddings and Church festivals the door of the house is decorated by having a small birch tree in full leaf placed on either side of it. When a whole street is thus adorned the effect is charming; but one cannot help feeling a pang of sorrow for all the little birch trees torn so rudely from their native soil.

There is poetry as well as prose in the Hanoverian character. Wherever we go we find fanciful legends still dwelling in the mind of the oldest inhabitant and being handed down to posterity. If a group of children gather round us by the wayside, it is easy to gain their confidence, and get them to repeat some of the pretty fairy tales which granny tells them on the winter evenings, when they sit spinning round the fire.

The children have to work very hard, poor little souls! After school hours they are rarely seen at play. A great many odd jobs have to be done at home before they strap on their little hide

satchels, jump into their sabots, and clatter off to their lessons; and often they are kept at work till long after they ought to be in bed. "I was working at the sausage machine till twelve last night, said one little fair-haired girl, with a yawn; "but, oh, didn't I make up for it this morning! I didn't get up till six!" And she looked up wide-eyed with astonishment at her own unheard-of laziness.

But, hard-working as they are, they are healthy, sturdy little things. Orphanages are not needed anywhere outside the towns in Hanover. When any child has the misfortune to lose its parents, or not to have a legal right to any at all, many willing hands and hearts are ready to care for it. There is always one or more such adopted children in a Hanoverian homestead, treated in every way as members of the family, without any thought of reward or payment. Should there be a scarcity of food or raiment, the little adopted one is thought of first of all, the children of the house afterward. But, on the whole, the Hanoverian peasants are well-to-do. In the district best known to the writer poverty—real grinding poverty such as one sees in England—is unknown, and the local poorhouse has only one inmate, perishing of ennui.

The children are fond of telling how they came into this workaday world; but sometimes their ideas differ on this point. In some places they tell how there is a lake away up in the mountains, "The Lake of the Little Children," and from there the torrent rolls them down, down the hillside till they come to the spring outside the village, where they bubble up to the top. If you want a little brother you must go and gaze down into the water, and perhaps, if you look long enough, you will see his baby-face peering up at you.

But more generally they believe in the dear familiar stork, who picks a tiny infant up out of the lake as he would a frog, and flies away with it to the house where it is wanted, and

there drops it, never forgetting to peck the mother so severely in the leg that she has to stay in bed for many days.

On the other side of the village, away out upon the moor, there is another lake; but no kind stork visits it, and if you are obliged to pass on the way to school, then you must cross yourself and hurry quickly by, for down in its deep recesses dwells the devil himself. It has always been his favorite haunt ever since long before the birth of Christ our Saviour, and for hundreds of years he has had with him down there the unconsecrated bells of Dalme Church. For, when the first missionaries of the new gospel wandered into Hanover, and churches began to arise here, there, and everywhere, the devil was naturally very much annoyed, and what annoyed him most of all was the ringing of the bells.

The master-builder had prepared two beautiful bells for the new church of Dalme-on-the-Moor, and on Christmas Eve they were hanging all ready in the new belfry. But the devil had determined that they should never ring there, and in the night he came with wind and storm, tore them down, and plunged them into his pond, where they lie to this day. If the people of Dalme had only had the bells christened before putting them up they would have been quite safe.

In Protestant and Catholic villages alike the confirmation of a child is the great day of its youth. The ceremony takes place when it is between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and generally just before Whitsunday, on which day the child receives its first communion. At the confirmation the clergyman gives to each child a text from the Bible, known as its *Denkspruch*, which is to serve as its motto through life. In most cases the children have attended Bible-classes for some two years previously, so that their pastor has been able to acquire a more than superficial knowledge of each separate character. He is thus easily able to select a text which will

be helpful to it through life. This custom of having one verse specially chosen from the Bible to be your own is a very charming one. Those words given at confirmation must often have helped many a struggling soul in some dark hour of sin or trouble, when he has felt "much farther off from heaven than when he was a boy." In many cases the *Denkspruch* is carved upon the tombstone, an appropriate memorial of him who lies beneath.

At funerals the peasants conduct themselves with the utmost propriety. In silence they assemble at the house of the dead; in silence they accompany him to his last resting-place; in silence they return to their own homes. They are not a morbid people, and only on one occasion did I encounter an old lady who, in her love of funerals and deathbeds, was almost worthy to be a Scottish peasant. The thought of death was an ever-present one with her, and for some twenty years before her decease she kept several fine oak-planks in her wardrobe to be ready for the construction of her coffin! "Our family has never been buried in anything but oak," she was wont to say with pride, "and I could never rest quietly in my grave if my coffin were made of deal."

She was a strange mixture of the spiritual and the material, one of the last living retainers of an old family, who passed on with the property when the noble race died out and the estate was sold. Although in course of time she became much attached to her new master and mistress, she never forgot the old ones, and it was a comfort to her to think that their ghosts haunted the house and grounds. "I heard the *gnadige Frau's* high-heeled shoes on the stairs last night," she would say. "The place will be all right as long as she is keeping an eye upon things." That one who had such a simple faith in the unseen world of spirits could yet cherish anxiety as to the material of her coffin is a testimony to the amount of strange contradictions that go to make up the human character.

Electoral Reform in Austria.

(From the Spectator.)

DECEMBER 1st, 1906, will be remembered as one of the landmarks of Austrian history. On that day the Reichsrath passed in second and third reading a bill of electoral reform which transcends in importance all measures which have been submitted to it since Austria's exclusion from the German Confederation forty years ago. Since last February, when Baron Gautsch's original scheme of universal suffrage was laid before the house, electoral reform has advanced step by step towards its final triumph, and has been accompanied by a revival of the Austrian Parliament, for which few persons even in Vienna were prepared. The crisis evoked by the Hungarian attitude last June rallied all parties and races in Austria to a common cause, and the first fruits of this dawning unity of purpose are to be found in the long negotiations which marked the committee stage of the bill. At last the possibility of national compromise has been subjected to practical tests, and the result is a project of mutual concession, which contains the germ of reconciliation between the different races of the Cisleithan Empire.

The new bill, like all schemes of electoral reform, has its imperfections, but it represents an enormous advance upon all previous systems in Austria. Reform has hitherto proceeded on lines of irresolute and half-hearted compromise, and the result has been a veritable tangle of anomalies and contradictions. The Reichsrath has till now

been preeminently a parliament of privilege (*Interessenparlament*), framed originally in imitation of the provincial diets; and each piecemeal revision aimed at preserving special privileges for those classes which had enjoyed a predominant position under the old regime. The voters were divided into four distinct *curiae*,—the great landowners, the chambers of commerce, the towns, and the country districts; and in 1896, when the movement in favor of universal suffrage first asserted itself with any effect, the agitation was silenced by the addition of a fifth curia elected by universal suffrage. This innovation stultified the whole existing system, which henceforth rested on two diametrically opposed principles,—class interests and democratic representation. Its absurd injustice can best be summed up in tabular form as follows:

In Curia C..	556 voters elect	21 dep's
" A..	5,431 "	85 "
" B..	493,804 "	118 "
" D..	1,585,466 "	129 "
" E..	5,004,222 "	72 "

No pretence at uniformity existed, and it depended upon the curia and upon the province in which a man voted whether he recorded his vote orally or by ballot, and directly or through deputed voters (*Wahlmänner*). The constituencies are cut up arbitrarily, and electoral regulations vary according to provinces. In the Tirol they are manipulated so as to silence the Italians; in Galicia, to secure the predominance of the *Schlachta*; in Trieste, to give the large merchants the chief

influence; in Dalmatia the Italian element is favored to keep the Slavs in check; in Bohemia and Moravia the landed nobles hold the balance; while in Vienna the suburbs are still punished by inadequate representation for the prominent part which they played in the Revolution of 1848.

This system, with all its inequalities, will be swept away bodily, and in its place universal and direct manhood suffrage will be introduced for all over twenty-four, the Austrian Chamber thus becoming one of the most democratic on the Continent. A necessary, more questionable, sequel to this is the removal of the restriction of the franchise to those who can read or write. (In 1900 over nine million persons in a population of twenty-six millions could not read or write, so that this restriction would have kept one-third of the population unenfranchised.) Only one qualification for the franchise still survives,—a year's residence in the district where the vote is to be recorded. Voting is no longer to be by public declaration, but by ballot, and a number of provisions (though with some dangerous omissions) are made to prevent corruption and ensure publicity. The elections in the whole Empire are to be on one day; there is to be a polling place in every parish (*Ortsgemeinde*); and an absolute majority is required, thus avoiding the abuses of our triangular elections.

The weak feature of the bill lies in the special situation created for Galicia, and the consequent unfair treatment of the Ruthenes. Under the new system of distribution in this province, it is calculated that the Poles will be in a majority in seventy-eight seats, the Ruthenes only in twenty-eight; while, if the population were taken into account, the Ruthenes should obtain something like fifteen additional seats at the expense of the Poles. This was unhappily inevitable—at all events, for the time being—since the ministry was not strong enough to pass the bill without the help of the Polish party,

whose attitude is determined by Polish national sentiment and the class interests of the Gallician nobles, and which would therefore have been alienated by further concessions to the Ruthenes. There is little doubt that the new Parliament will be the scene of a struggle between the Polish and Ruthene elements, which will in the long run prove fatal to the preponderance of the "Polish Club" in Austrian politics.

But by far the most important feature of the Reform bill is the attempt to supersede the old system of "electoral geometry," and to create a racial or linguistic basis for each separate electoral division. This is the sole effective means of ensuring the protection of national minorities, assaults upon whose existence have been the great source of friction between the various racial elements of Austria. So long as public life remains a fierce struggle for the mastery between rival races, political paralysis must ensue.

A better state of affairs can never be reached until "Live and let live" has been adopted as the only possible motto for a State so complex as the Austrian Empire. A genuine effort in this direction has been made in the present bill, which secures political representation to the Slovene minorities in Carinthia and Istria, to the Germans of Gottschee in Carniola, and even to isolated Czech and German communities in Bohemia, though it is true the Italians of Dalmatia and the Poles of Bukowina have been left to their fate. No more hopeful sign can be imagined than the compromise adopted by the majority of the House, despite the protests of both Germans and Czechs, regulating the proportion of seats to be assigned to these racial rivals in Bohemia and Moravia.

Here, then, we are faced with the fundamental difficulty presented by all schemes of Austrian electoral reform. Class privileges are swept away, and all citizens are admitted to political rights. But a division of seats solely on the basis of population cannot be

conceded without destroying the character of the Austrian State and dealing a deathblow to the historic rights of its component parts. The new bill, though reflecting some of the prejudices of its makers, recognizes this general principle, and the safeguards which are devised to impede redistribution render it probable that the representation of the various races in Parliament will be stereotyped for many years to come. To arrive at the agreement a large increase of seats (from four hundred and twenty-five to five hundred and sixteen) was inevitable, but it cannot be said to have swelled the house to an unwieldy size.

It is characteristic of Austria that the great reform has come half from below, through a spontaneous movement of the masses, and half from above, through the direct and open advocacy of the monarch. Its first effect, therefore, should be to strengthen the ties of affection which link the dynasty to its peoples, and to leave the house of Hapsburg more truly than ever "broad-based upon a people's will." Its effect upon the position of parties in Austria is a matter which defies all forecast, though important changes may be regarded as certain.

One factor in the situation, however, is clear from the outset. The Germans, who have long since lost the absolute majority in the Reichsrath, will be in an increased minority in the new house—two hundred and twenty-three as against two hundred and eighty-three non-Germans. Not that these figures represent very much, for the disruptive tendencies which have in past years been so fatal to German predominance in Austria are only too likely to survive, even if in a milder form, while everything points to cleavage and dissension among the hitherto solid ranks of the Czechs and Poles. Substantial gains may be prophesied for the Christian Socialist Party, under the leadership of that able demagogue, Dr. Lueger, and for the German Clericals,

whose influence cannot fail to be strong in a house so representative of agriculture.

The party of great landowners (*Grossgrundbesitz*) disappears automatically, and there is every hope that the Pan-German Party, whose outrageous behavior in Parliament has so often eclipsed the Mahdi's supporters in our own, will share the same fate. Nor is it likely that the Socialists will greatly gain in strength, since the one year's residence clause will probably tell against them. Signs are not wanting that the days of the Young Czech Party are over, and the recent elections to the Moravian Diet seem to foreshadow victories to the Czech Radicals. The Poles will return in larger numbers than ever; but the Ruthenes, who have been made the scapegoats of the bill, will at least be numerous enough to make their complaints heard and to carry some weight in a division.

Thus we may find the German element grouped mainly in two rival camps—the Progressives, or Old Liberals, and the Clericals, reinforced by the Christian Socialists—and their rivalry may deflect Parliament's attention to the many pressing social reforms which await solution in Austria to-day. In the words of one of their most distinguished leaders, the new Parliament will not be a heaven for the Germans, but if they adopt an intransigent policy, it may become a hell. In any case, the real hope for the future lies in the growing prospect of cleavage on political and social rather than on racial grounds. As the present bill is based on an effort to reduce racial friction to a minimum, there are solid reasons for hoping that national feeling may in the course of a few years lose some of its intensity. By giving the people as a whole a direct interest in electoral results, such as they have never previously enjoyed, a decided step is taken towards substituting a national for a provincial patriotism.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

IV.

THE NYMPHEAN LAKE.

THE lake, which extended for miles and miles, was dotted with islands that were bordered with gigantic water lilies and thickly covered with flowers, grasses, bushes and trees. We were being propelled toward one of these islands. Our distrust had vanished with the drowsy, morbid vapors of the swamps. We breathed in health and vigor with the full power of our lungs, and our hearts expanded with hope and the poetry of the lake.

The raft stopped at the point of a promontory and the Man of the Waters emerged and signed to us to follow him. We did so, and witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. On the shore a score of human beings were assembled, old and young, men and women, youths, maidens and little children. All were of a viridescent tint, with smooth skin, carbuncle eyes, violet lips and hair like barbated lichens.

At sight of us the children, young men and girls and a tall old man came running up and crowded around us, uttering croaking, batrachian cries and displaying an hilarious vivacity. More Men of the Waters emerged from the lake, and we found ourselves surrounded by this aquatic population, who appeared not only very human, but in their general features resembled the white race more closely than do certain terrestrial races. Even their greenish hue and the oily moisture of

their skins were not displeasing to contemplate. The young people were of a pale green like that of nascent vegetation in springtime; the old people were of a deeper shade, like the velvety green of moss or of lotus leaves. Many of the girls were really prepossessing with their slender waists, tapering extremities and finely chiseled features.

It would be impossible for me to attempt to describe our wonderment. It was all like a delicious dream, and to the emotion of the captain and myself was added the pride of savants: what discovery had ever been made comparable to this? Here we found realized, shorn of all the mythical scaffolding of our ancestors, one of the most attractive traditions of every nation. Just as the gorilla, orang-outang and chimpanzee had justified the fiction of fauns and satyrs, so did the people before us transform into a visible, tangible reality the world-old legend of mermen and mermaids. What rendered our discovery especially and immeasurably valuable was that these people were real men and women and not merely anthropomorphous.

The first impression of astonishment passed, I experienced a kind of mystical intoxication which I observed was shared by Sabine and her father.

Our rescuer led us to a grove of ash trees, where there were a number of huts. Aquatic birds waddled about the place, ducks, swans and waterfowl, evidently domesticated. Fresh eggs and a grilled perch were brought to us, and

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

after we had satisfied our hunger we returned to the shore.

The weather was warm, and all the afternoon we followed the movements of the Men of the Waters. They swam about like great frogs, dived and disappeared. Then a head would emerge and its owner would leap on to the island. Moved by the happiness of their double life I continued to examine them with absorbing curiosity, seeking to discover some organ of adaptation which enabled them to remain so long under water; but save that I perceived they were gifted with great thoracic capacity there was no indication that could enlighten me upon this point.

A group of them kept us company the whole afternoon, trying to converse with us and treating us with the greatest kindness. Notwithstanding the attraction these strange beings had for us, however, we resolved to leave the next morning, though we proposed to return as soon as possible after communicating with our men. In view of the superior interest of our discovery the captain had given up his idea of seeking a southwest passage.

But destiny compelled us to modify our plans. In the night I was aroused by Devreuse who informed me that Sabine was ill. I jumped up and went to her. In the feeble light of an ash torch I saw my dear fiancée was shivering with fever. In great alarm I examined her and was thankful to find that she was in no particular danger.

"Is it serious?" questioned Devreuse.

"No, a few days' rest and quietness will set her up again."

"How many days?"

"Ten."

"Not less?"

"Not a day."

An expression of helplessness came over his face and he said:

"Robert, I can confide your fiancée to you. I have no doubt that I shall be able to persuade the men to wait a couple of months, and you can expect me back by the end of the week."

He spoke with considerable agitation, and after a pause went on:

"Besides, if the weeks I purpose to pass among these extraordinary people do not suffice, we can organize another expedition. We have plenty of time. I will resign my commission, if necessary, so that I can spend years in pursuing my discoveries. All the more reason why I should not abandon my men."

"But," I protested, "it is I who ought to go and tell them."

"Not at all. Your care as a medical man is indispensable to Sabine. I should be of no more help to her than a log."

He placed both hands on my shoulders as he added:

"Is that not so?"

"I am at your orders," I replied.

Sabine, though a little delirious, had perfectly well understood what we had been saying. She raised herself on her elbow.

"I shall be strong enough to go with you, father," she exclaimed.

"Little girl," said Devreuse authoritatively, "what you have got to do is to obey the doctor. I shall be back in six days, and I shall have done my duty. Do you presume to prevent me?"

Sabine, cowed, made no reply, and for a time nobody spoke. Then the girl began to shiver from the fever again and finally fell into an agitated slumber, while I watched beside her in the feeble light of the torch. I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by the captain.

"You are quite sure it is not dangerous?" he insisted.

"In medical cases one can never be quite sure, you know."

"But as far as it is possible for you to tell?"

"I have every reason to believe that she will be well and about again in a fortnight."

"Then I will start this very morning."

I knew that he had made up his mind and did not therefore attempt to

dissuade him. Accordingly, a few hours later he set out upon his journey.

Sabine's illness was even less serious than I had supposed. In three days she was convalescent and able to get up for a few hours. The weather was charming, and the beauty of the island and lake seemed to increase as we became familiar with them. Our lacustrine hosts manifested the utmost sympathy and did everything they possibly could to help us.

The week passed and the girl had almost completely recovered, but she became very anxious, for there was no sign of the captain. One afternoon, seated on the shore, I was consoling her as best I could, but with indifferent success.

"I am afraid something has happened to him," she kept repeating.

I was at a loss what to say when a shadow was thrown in front of us and looking over my shoulder I saw that the Man of the Waters, who had rescued us, and with whom we were on especially friendly terms, was approaching. He smiled and pointed to a large cinder-colored swallow, peculiar to those regions, which he held in his hand, and which, when he came up, he gave to me.

"What is it?" demanded Sabine.

I noticed a little quill tube tied to its breast. It contained a piece of tissue paper, tightly rolled.

"It is a letter from your father."

I read it aloud. It ran:

"Have arrived. Leg dislocated by fall. Nothing serious, but am detained. Don't be uneasy and wait for me where you are. Don't quit the island."

Sabine burst into tears, while I marveled that the captain should have thought to take the bird with him. A smile from the Man of the Waters made me suspect that the idea did not originate with Devreux. Sabine's distress continued.

"It is not dangerous, dear," I assured her, "only his leg put out. He won't feel anything of it in a week or two."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

The Man of the Waters had disappeared. Sabine had ceased to weep, but she was very mournful. I put my arm round her neck and comforted her. Her eyes, blue as the heavens above us, gazed gratefully into mine, and, despite our tribulations, I never experienced a more blissful moment.

V.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE LAKE.

The days went by, and we became more and more attached to the lake and its wonders. We visited the islands upon it in company with our amphibious friends. Troops of youths and maidens pushed our raft along and sported around it in the transparent water. We rested on cool banks in the shade of weeping willows or of tall poplars.

But our hosts themselves, whom we began to know, and with whom we were now able to exchange a few words, were the superior charm of this delightful existence. Let me hasten to say, however, that it was they who picked up these words from us. We were unable to catch a single word of their language, our ears being powerless to analyze the sounds by which they communicated among themselves.

Their manners were very simple. They had no notion of family life. The population of the lake amounted to about twelve hundred persons, as far as I was able to estimate. Men and women reared all the children without distinction, and we never saw one child neglected.

Their habitations were of wood, covered with branches and moss. They were erected principally as shelters during the winter, for there appeared to be no use for them in summer. All food was cooked in the open air. It consisted merely of fish, eggs, mushrooms and a few wild vegetables. They did not eat their domestic animals, or in fact any warm-blooded creature. We saw they were disgusted when we partook of the flesh of fowl

or animal, and accordingly restricted ourselves to their food, and uncommonly well it agreed with us.

They possessed a few weapons, among them a helicoid harpoon which they were able not only to send skimming on the water in a straight line, but also in a series of curves, and cause to return to them like an Australian boomerang. They employed them to capture big fish. The fish in the lake were the most cunning and difficult to approach I ever saw. The presence of marine man among them had doubtless in course of time rendered them so. Our hosts had succeeded in taming some. These they never touched, though they collected their eggs. On the other hand, they were keen hunters of pike and perch.

Their industries were not complex, and, indeed, their mode of life, the simplicity of their material needs, afforded little scope for the development of handicrafts. They knew something about the potter's art, and elementary carpentering. They used no metals, but a sort of very hard nephrite, out of which they fashioned harpoons, saws, axes and knives.

Their existence was more poetical than practical. Never have I met with a people more free from cares, encumbrances and possessions. They seemed to have retained the elements of happiness and set aside all vain suffering. Not that they were indolent. They adored exercise, swam great distances till they were exhausted, and like the natural denizens of the water were ever restless. Unlike savages, who indulge in prolonged spells of laziness after engaging in the excitement of the chase, they appeared to be indefatigable. But their activity had no productive aim. It was induced by a pure love of movement. They swam, sported and leaped as other people repose. Apart from an occasional hunting expedition in the water, solely after carnivorous fish, they moved for the sake of moving.

I watched them solve miraculous

problems of movement, a variety of attitudes and lines, and in comparison the suppleness of the swallow or salmon was clumsy. Their games were a continual deployment of art—swimming dances, complex and suggestive ballets. Seeing them darting, turning screws around each other, twisting, thirty at a time, in a whirlpool caused by their own gyrations, one could but feel that they were endowed with a sense of dynamic, of muscular thought unknown to other human beings.

They were especially admirable in the moonlight. I witnessed fetes under the water so beautiful, so dreamy, consisting of evolutions so varied that I can compare them to nothing in this world.

When the people were assembled in any number, these fetes were accompanied by a strange and delicious phenomenon. The lake agitated in rhythm with the ballet emitted a euphonious sound. It was a sweet, soft murmuring, a harmonious whispering, an indescribable melopoea that brought tears of exaltation to our eyes. It recalled the fabulous legends of antiquity. It reminded me of the seductive voices of the sirens heard by the navigators of old. It may have been these voices, to which we listened in the silvery night; but they breathed only fraternity and peace.

Thought expressed by movement was not merely general and poetical. By observing them closely I fancied I detected that they carried on conversation by action, and I succeeded in grasping a vague outline of their methods, not, assuredly, sufficient to follow the thoughts of the swimmers, but enough to enable me to understand that two particular persons were talking to each other.

During the aquatic lessons given to the children, at which I had the no small pleasure of assisting, my conviction became confirmed. Those teaching the little ones expressed their approval or disapproval by natatory inflections, and I managed at least to

distinguish two of these. One caused the pupil to stop; the other to change his movement.

Love, naturally, also found expression. The Men of the Waters displayed an art of tenderness, supplication and pride that varied with the individual, but was very subtle, very delicate and far superior to our conversational idylls.

They did not appear to be in the least metaphysically minded, and I saw no evidence of a religion or belief in the supernatural, only an intense love of Nature. I have already referred to their gentleness with birds, animals and domesticated fishes. This gentleness placed them in intimate communication with the lower creation. They possessed the power of making themselves understood to a surprising degree. Thus, although the idea would appear chimerical to us, I have seen them give orders to salamanders, bats, birds and carp, instructing them, for instance, to go to a certain island or district of the lake. Swans at their order made journeys of many leagues, bats ceased to hunt for a given interval, carp temporarily ceased to shelter in their favorite haunts.

The scene we witnessed at our first meeting with the Man of the Waters was frequently renewed. By means of a little stone hook a melody, similar to that we had heard in the marches, was produced from a reed, in which grooves of different width and depth had been cut. The sound invariably attracted and cast a spell over reptiles, birds and fishes, and caused beasts of prey to accord a truce to their victims.

How often these scenes entranced us! How many hours we passed watching some musician with his rudimentary instrument renewing old-time fables! What extraordinary felicity was in all the sports, in the whole life of these aquatic people.

I said that their manners were simple and free, and that the notion of family life does not exist among them. But there is a reservation to this state-

ment. Marriage between the sexes was governed by a tacit rule. The union lasted one lunar month, the new moon marking the period of choice. These unions were, of course, renewable at the will of the parties. They never occasioned the slightest trouble in the tribe, so far as I could ascertain. I certainly never saw the shadow of a dispute while I lived among them. The children belonged for a few months to the mother, but the whole community looked after their well-being.

As regards the organ of adaptation which could alone furnish an explanation of their ability to remain so long under water I never found any trace of it. It is true that my investigations were forcibly limited, inasmuch as I did not have the opportunity to dissect a body. The length of time they can remain below the surface is fully half an hour, and if the fact that they can swim at a speed of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour be taken into consideration, it will be seen that they are the equals of whales and other cetacea. Moreover, they have a marked superiority over the latter in respect of their eyes, which are admirably adapted to aquatic vision.

This was easily apparent upon examination. Their large, flat eyeballs were as favorable to sight under water as the eyes of the falcon are to sight in the air. *A posteriori* the supremacy of this organ is amply demonstrated by the subtlety of their evolutions: they accomplish in bands marvels of precision, dashes which, were the distance not accurately calculated, would result in terrible shocks. In their piscatorial hunts they perceive the tiniest fish at hundreds of yards. Out of the water their sight is blurred, like that of presbyopes, within a distance of twelve yards, though beyond that they can see a very long way.

Their sense of hearing, too, is markedly different from ours. I have alluded to their music, which is inter-

valed as though punctuated by commas, and to their queer articulation of words. I concluded that their ears, like their eyes, are better adapted to an aquatic than to a terrestrial life. It is a well-known fact that the swiftness of sound is more than quadrupled in the water, and this would necessarily create wide divergencies between the acoustic apparatus developed in aquatic surroundings and that trained to catch aerial sounds.

VI.

AN ATTACK—UNWELCOME VISITORS.

One morning Sabine and I, seated on our raft, floated lazily about the lake. Our friend had at first accompanied us. He came and went, pushing the raft along and sporting around it like a dolphin. We stopped at an enchanting little island and sat down in the shade of a clump of ash trees. Before us white, wax-like waterlilies reposed upon their dark green leaves; the modest water ranunculus reared its head amid bowers of algæ, and the fish in cohorts leaped in the sunshine. My arm was round Sabine's waist and we were supremely, exquisitely happy, too happy to speak.

We were brought back to earth by a rumor of voices, and perceived about thirty men grouped upon a near-by island of poplars. They were joined by many others who emerged from the lake.

"The Men of the Waters," I remarked, indifferently.

"Yes," said Sabine, "but they are not like those we know."

In effect, on noticing them more intently I saw that their skin was of a dark color, blue-black, it appeared to me.

Sabine, frightened, nestled closer and suggested that we should return to our friends.

"Perhaps it would be advisable," I assented.

Before we could rise to our feet, however, the water surged and bubbled

near the raft and half a dozen men emerged. Like our friends, they had strangely round eyes with scarcely any white and with slightly indented pupils, but their hair, like their color, was very different, and their attitude was not reassuring.

They gazed at us from a distance, and one of them, a powerfully built, athletic young fellow, never took his eyes off Sabine. We saw that they were armed with harpoons, and Sabine turned pale.

The athletic man said something to us in croaking tones. I made signs that I did not understand him, whereupon they raised threatening cries and flourished their harpoons. The situation was becoming critical. I had my rifle with me, but when I had discharged both barrels they would be upon me before I could reload, and how could I make a successful defense against these beings familiar with an element in which they could hide and attack us with impunity? Besides, even if I managed to hold my own against the men confronting me, was there not on another island, 500 yards away, a multitude who would rush to their assistance?

The young athlete began to talk to us again, and I understood from his gestures that he insisted upon having a reply. I shouted at him, and for a moment the band stood dumfounded at the sound. They held a hurried consultation and then with angry cries began to flourish their weapons again. I raised my rifle. There was a moment of horrible suspense. I thought it was all over with us, and I determined to sell my life dearly and die gamely.

A cry arose from the lake. My antagonists turned about and a joyful shout escaped me. A troop of our hosts were speeding toward us, led by our rescuer who was making signs to the dark men. The latter lowered their harpoons, and soon after we were surrounded by our friends once more, saved from death—Sabine perhaps from a worse fate.

We then witnessed a ceremony in which our Men of the Waters welcomed the others. From the island of poplars the rest of the dark men came. Presents were exchanged, and arms interlaced in a peculiar manner. It struck me, however, that these demonstrations were somewhat lacking in sincerity, especially in the case of the dark visitors. The young athlete continued to stare at Sabine in a way that raised my wrath.

Our hosts had escorted us back to their island, and we were greatly relieved to find ourselves safe there again, though I still felt a vague uneasiness which I fancied was shared by the tribe. Our rescuer was especially troubled. He remained near us, showed his devotedness to us in every possible way, and, affection begetting affection, I came to love him like a brother.

The afternoon passed without incident, but an hour before sundown a deputation of the dark Men of the Waters arrived, among them being the strong man, who appeared to act as their leader. Our people rendered them every honor and offered them presents, after which there was a dance in the water in which light and dark men vied with each other in agility.

Sabine and I with our friend held aloof and watched the proceedings from behind a screen of lowering ash branches, interested at the spectacle in spite of our uneasiness.

When the dance was at its height two men emerged close to our retreat. Could they see us? Had they been spying upon us? However this may be, they came up to us. One of them was the young chief, but his face wore an amicable smile and he was gentleness itself. He said something to our friend, then moved off again, looking at Sabine as he did so with an avid, covetous look that made me shudder.

They returned to the lake. Then our friend, shaking his head, made no secret of his apprehension. He signed to me to look after Sabine, and intimated that he would also guard her.

The night was an anxious one for me, and I sat up and kept watch. Gleams of light flickered over the lake and among the foliage. The sound of strange music was borne to my ears. I caught glimpses of bands of swimmers shooting about in the water, in the uncertain light of the moon, which was on the wane.

About 1 o'clock in the morning the dark men came in a body to within a hundred yards of the island, and in response to their calls several of our young men joined in the nocturnal fete.

How charming, how profoundly interesting I should have considered these things, had Sabine not been there. With what joy I should have studied the customs of these beings, the remnant of an antique aquatic race that had in all likelihood ruled continents. Now and then I gave myself up to the poetry of the scene, but my worry soon returned, especially as I remarked that the two races distrusted each other, with a distrust born, may be, of old-time feuds. At all events their friendship appeared to be more tacit than sincere.

A bank of heavy clouds blotted out the moon and obscurity fell upon all around. I crossed over to Sabine's hut and, rifle in hand, sat down before the narrow entrance. The fete had ended and silence reigned over the lake. Once or twice I fancied I heard some one prowling about, and it was broad daylight before I dozed off.

VII.

ABDUCTION OF SABINE.

Nothing of importance occurred during the remainder of the week. Every day deputations of dark Men of the Waters came to the island. Our people returned their visits on a neighboring isle where they had elected to encamp. The young men of both races continued to organize fetes in the water. The animation increased and the nights were spent in delightful dances and great aquatic ballets in the moonlight.

I ought not to have been worried, because, in the first place, we were well guarded, and, secondly, because the strangers had apparently forgotten all about us; yet I was, and greatly worried. It was no good reasoning that the young chief, if he ever had entertained designs on Sabine, had, with the mobility characteristic of his race, probably abandoned them. A foreboding that I could not shake off tortured me continuously, and troubled my sleep. I would start up perspiring and every nerve strained to the utmost tension. It seemed to me that the distrust of our friends was increasing, instead of diminishing. They, I surmised, were not likely to be agitated by presentiments, and must have more serious reasons for their attitude.

One evening at moonrise the dark Men of the Waters came in unusually large numbers, accompanied by their old men. The visit was marked by more solemn demonstrations than customary, and the exchange of more numerous presents. I divined intuitively that the visitors were taking leave, preparatory to taking their departure for the regions whence they came.

The water fete was more marvelous than any that had preceded it. It was a harmonious reverie of movement. Light and dark bodies reflecting the moonbeams, throwing off spray of crystal and mother-of-pearl when they sped along the surface, darted upward and downward, to and fro, twisting, circling, entwining in arabesque full of an infinite sentiment of curves, in divine trajectory symphonies.

By 1 o'clock it was all over and the dark squadron scooted away.

"Ah," said I to Sabine, "I believe they are off at last."

"I think so, too," she affirmed.

She raised her timid eyes to mine and I kissed her passionately.

"I was much frightened on your account, darling," I murmured.

"If only my father would return now, I should be perfectly happy," she sighed. "I am so anxious about him."

"He will come soon, he is all right," I assured her.

Nevertheless, I was not yet easy in my mind. I was oppressed by a vague fear that even the assurance, conveyed by signs, of our friend that the dark men had gone for good failed to calm.

However, about 2 o'clock I fell into a feverish slumber and, worn out by many nights of watching, slept for a couple of hours. Then I had a nightmare from which I awoke with a start.

"Sabine! Sabine!" I shouted in a paroxysm of terror.

Then, being fairly awake, I recovered my sang froid and looked out of my hut. Day was dawning, and the ash grove was whispering in the morning breeze. Everything breathed calmness and confidence. I shook off the disagreeable impression left by my dream and sniffed the fresh air with elation.

"How nice it would be to live here always," I thought.

I strolled over to Sabine's hut. Horror—stupefaction—despair! It was empty!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Editor's Miscellany.

COMRADESHIP is a singular thing and little understood by philosophers of living. Sometimes it seems to be dependent upon neither love nor friendship. While the spirit of camaraderie persists, its personnel often changes. Two long-time friends may be comrades for but a brief part of their truest friendship, and that period of comradeship may be early or late in their friendship. Then again, just as friends of real mutual value may never be comrades, it is equally true that comrades need not be more than acquaintances, so far as the intimate ties of friendship are concerned. Some men have many comrades and some have few, but the number is irrelevant. It is the capacity for camaraderie that counts. He who possesses that capacity is the "good fellow." And it must not be forgotten that a "good fellow" and a "boon companion" are not the same.

* * *

One essential of comradeship is that neither person may be bored. Some men can sing three scales and many can sing two, while a multitude can sing one. The two-scale man can find a comrade in the one-scale man, provided the one scale does not duplicate either of the two scales, and the comradeship encounters little menace to its life until the scale of the one-scale man becomes familiar to the two-scale man. If there are five-scale men, they must be dreadfully bored or lonely most of the time. And herein lies part of the reason why great souls are said to tread a solitary way. Even harder is the lot of one-scale men who imagine

that they are three-scale or four-scale men and undertake to conduct themselves accordingly—hard upon themselves and still harder upon those whom they seek to impress. One of the delights of camaraderie is its freedom from effort, save the sensitive, half-unconscious effort of tactful persons to be congenial in order that they may neither bore nor be bored.

* * *

Often a person is a better comrade in some years of his life than in others. Perhaps, the most entertaining persons are those who combine with a charm of manner a constant renewal of their individuality. This renewal is to be had at the price of ceaseless vigilance. To abandon the metaphor of scales—when the horizon of a man's soul does not widen, it generally seems to narrow. That is another way of saying that a person, who can see only a fixed distance, which remains the same, becomes familiar with the details of the view before him, and with familiarity comes boredom. Thus there is a double incentive to enlarge one's experience by means of books or people or both, according to personal taste. There is the wish to be entertained, and also the reciprocally necessary desire to entertain in turn. As it is the very fullness of the life of the companionable man that makes him entertaining, so it is in the pursuit of the experience which widens the horizon that happiness, particularly intellectual happiness, is frequently won. To retain this happiness, the pursuit must succeed without reaching its goal. For the pursuit to succeed without ending, its object must

be ideal. Without the ideal to refine it, comradeship would mistake familiarity for the intimacy that respects individuality. It is frequently true that comrades like each other because they like themselves, but that does not follow from the foregoing.

* * *

In re Simplified Spelling (to quote a reader of *The Eclectic Magazine*) Mr. Roosevelt seems to have discovered that he was not elected President of the English language.

* * *

*Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas:
Propriis repletam vitilis post tergum dedit,
Allenis ante pectus suspendit gravem.
Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus;
Alii simul delinquant, censores sumus.*
—Phaedrus, *Fabula XLII.*

It is a comfortable thing to sit back and forget that in the ability of private interests to circumvent, if not control, the general government lies the menacing contribution to the strength of the propaganda of centralized supervision of a sort that might threaten to curtail the freedom of activity of the individual citizen. Dividends on a liberal scale tend to paralyze the judgment and even the conscience of many successful men who would be first to scorn the methods often employed to produce a considerable part of the earning power, which made their investments valuable. It is much pleasanter to discuss the House of Lords as an obstacle to progressive legislation in Great Britain, the clash between the French Republic and the Vatican, the quarrel of the German Chancellor with the Reichstag over the appropriation sought for the imperial colonial policy or the disorganization of the opposition to Romanoff autocracy. There is an ethical basis, however, for the demand that Americans, who esteem

themselves both substantial and patriotic, should give more than academic heed to the desire of the man in the street that the undisputed power of wealth should be used righteously for the sake of the common good and of selfish interests alike.

* * *

Alcibiades was intellectual with the Athenians, ate black broth with the Spartans and wore flowing garments with the Persians. He won thereby the admiration of the present Chancellor of the German Empire. Prince von Buelow has accordingly upheld the Athenian as a pattern for German diplomats. It might be decried as "harking back to Jefferson" to suggest that the strongest diplomacy has little in common with the policy of being all things to all men. If a man conducts himself according to his own code so that his manners and his morals are not at the mercy of his environment, a simple strength has been acquired that sets him free from the fear of the pitfalls attending self-assertion and self-distrust. When a man's cause is righteous, he can afford to be always the same, and the necessity for compromise becomes the property of his opponent. The German Chancellor might study the morale and the method of the Far Eastern policy of the late John Hay. In the meantime, should the advice of the prince to his diplomats be taken to heart, it might be mildly interesting to note in which country the imperial ambassadors affect the intellectual, in which they choose black broth and in which they clothe themselves in flowing garments. Americans might be tempted to ask how they may be expected to interpret horseback riding and a fondness for tennis.



Chile con Carne.

SPENSER has been called the poets' poet, and with good reason. He is at once the great seer to whose vision the whole realm of fantasy lies open, and the great virtuoso whose mastery over his instrument is a lesson to all that follow the craft. No man before Keats was animated by so passionate a sense of beauty; a beauty of face and form, of line and color, of living clustering rhythm, and of imagery that glows amid the verse like a flower amid tendrils. Chaucer's Cressida is pale beside the Lady Belphebe and the Lady Pride: Surrey's Geraldine is dim beside the heroine of the "Amoretti": and though English poetry had put forth many blossoms of melodious line and haunting cadence, it had never matched the splendor and triumph of the stanza which begins:

Open the Temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in.

Such verse as this is for pure delight: it sounds in the ear like music, it quickens us to a sense of personal love and adoration. Even the melodies of Marlowe and Shakespeare are not more rich, more varied, or more stately.—
From *The Periodical*.

* * *

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for any one?

Bess—Yes; a husband.

Maud—I didn't know she'd been married.

Bess—No; but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

—
She—Here we've been married just

one month, and now you no longer love me.

He—But, my dear—

"Don't try to explain. I'm not blind. You made a mistake—you ought to have married some silly, stupid woman."

"But, dearest, I've done my best."—
From *Tit-Bits*.

* * *

1866. Friday, September 7.—Was ready to leave and moved my baggage to Planters House in the evening in order to be able to start early in the morning.

Saturday, September 8.—Left St. Louis at 6.20 a. m. and East St. Louis at 7.15 on the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad at Mattoere and arrived at Indianapolis at 7 p. m. Took supper at the Sherman House and left on the Bellefontaine Railroad at 8.20 p. m., taking sleeping car.

Sunday, September 9.—Arrived at Crestline, Ohio, about 6 a. m. Had to lay over all day. No trains running, it being Sunday.

Monday, September 10.—Left Crestline at 4 a. m. on Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Arrived at Pittsburg at 10.45 a. m. and changed cars, leaving on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at 11 a. m. Took dinner at Altoona and arrived at Harrisburg at 8.30 p. m., where we took the Northern Central Railroad for Baltimore.

Tuesday, September 11.—Arrived at Baltimore at 12.30 a. m. and waited at depot until 4 a. m. when we took Washington Branch Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, arriving at Washington

at 6 a. m.—Extracted from the diary of an American gentleman, written in 1866.

* * *

At the age of eighty-two Josef Israels still paints six hours a day, and it is this passionate love of work that keeps him young—a marvel among men. The morning is his busy time; and in the course of his long life he has sent forth so many pictures that he has lost all count of them.

We were talking of a literary work that failed. "But it wasn't true!" he cried; "it was good by fits and starts, but the beginning was wrong—all wrong. It was written about Dutch people, and the heroine wasn't Dutch. She was too florid. Dutch folk don't think and act as she did—do they now? It showed that the author hadn't got down to the spirit of the people." That criticism was Israels in a nutshell! "Get down to the spirit of things"—be true! Paint over, strike out sentiment and false lines; "be true if you would be great."

I asked him about his projected visit to Egypt.

"I would love to see it all," he said, as he settled comfortably. "I would love to see it all; but Ach! Mevrouw! This chair is very easy."

"But the sun, the golden air, the golden desert."

"I have been to Spain, and I go to Scheveningen every summer; there is no sunshine like that of Scheveningen!"

There, I thought, speaks the Hollander, the man of the north. If he goes to Egypt he will not paint it.

Then, talking of a mutual friend, we passed on to Zionism.

"A fine dream," he said, "and per-

haps one that may come true in hundreds of years' time; but not now—not to-day! Why, those who can go, won't: I don't want to live in Jerusalem!—and those who would go, can't. And besides, no great national movement was ever brought about by a handful of philanthropists; it must be a 'volks'-uprising, an exodus. And even then there would be difficulties."—From the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

* * *

The "*Petit Parisien*" has been conducting a plebiscite on the question of the relative importance of the great Frenchmen of the past century. Over fifteen million votes were recorded, and the result may be taken to represent average French opinion. It is a curious revelation of a change in the public mind, for two civilians head the list—Pasteur and Victor Hugo. Gambetta comes third, and the first Napoleon fourth. The Third Republic has done its work, for thirty years ago Napoleon would have been the almost unanimous choice of the nation. Curie, the discoverer of radium, comes seventh, then Dumas pere, while Zola is thirteenth. Sarah Bernhardt is sixteenth, MacMahon is eighteenth, while Michelet is only twenty-third. "*La Gloire*" seems to have ceased to be an ideal of contemporary France, at least when it is in the reflective mood which answers newspaper questions. Equally significant with the absence of fighting men is the preference given to scientists over artists and men of letters. If this be the temperament of the Republic, the world must revise its conventional views as to the French character.—From the *Spectator*.



In the Market Place.

THE mediums of communication between cities and between continents are now so manifold and reliable that events in one country are not only at once published broadcast in every other country, but are at once weighed and considered in regard to any possible influence they might have, not only on the peace or progress of nations, but also on the stability of international finance. There has resulted not only a wonderfully sensitive gauge of international commerce trade and finance, but also a corresponding stability in the relative prices of commodities, as well as securities. From this development all nations have benefited more or less. The advantages accruing to one have to a smaller degree accrued to all. The most remarkable illustration of these international relations is to be found in the influence which the New York and London money markets have had on each other for the past several months. Money which has generally been plentiful in what is considered the financial capital of the world became scarce there some time during the summer of the past year and has remained so without any but temporary relaxations for the reason chiefly that American financiers were carrying in London a large part of the stocks they need for the purpose of campaigning in the stock market in New York. Of course, there were other considerations, one of them being the loss by fire insurance companies which had been heavy on account of the catastrophes at San Francisco and elsewhere. Another was the demand by

Egypt, where a heavy speculation, principally in cotton, was being carried on. Another was the necessity on the part of corporations everywhere to raise new capital with which to extend their operations in order to meet the increased demands of business. At first the resulting strain was felt more in New York than in London. Soon, however, the strain became more severe in London, especially after New York with the aid of the Secretary of the Treasury had imported gold, most of which was taken out of the vaults of the Bank of England. The consequence was that the Bank of England reserves became low, and although efforts have been made for several months to raise the reserves to the point which is generally considered the safety mark, the reserves of the "Old Lady" are still at low ebb. The reason for this must be sought in America's heavy exports to Great Britain and the European continent, most of which are paid for by bills which ultimately represent a demand on Threadneedle Street. Consequently, the rate of exchange between London and this market has been for weeks at a point where further imports of Bank of England gold to New York could be easily made, should our bankers so desire. The only restraint on this desire has been the fear that the bank in return might still further advance the discount rate and cause thereby a contango or carrying charges for American stocks, which would necessitate liquidation of American stocks in the London market. It is, however, well understood that the two markets are now in such close touch that liqui-

dation there could not be effected without breaking prices here, and, perhaps, inviting a panic. For fear, then, of disturbing the status quo, which, burdensome as it is to all sides, yet seems to be the only *modus vivendi* which is at all possible, bankers here and abroad have found it convenient to disregard profits to be made in foreign exchange operations, and it is my belief that the situation must be a serious one to keep any of our bankers from taking a profit that offers.

* * *

One of the considerations which has induced the financial leaders to be wary of rousing the wrath of the Bank of England has been the necessity of providing the huge sums asked by our leading railroad corporations for extensions and improvements. Last month I stated that, in addition to the sums already asked for, during the last months of 1906, more than \$300,000,000 had already been spoken for for the year 1907. This prediction has since been verified by the announcement of the Pennsylvania Railroad that it would ask stockholders to authorize \$100,000,000 in bonds and the same amount in new stock. In addition, a new issue of securities by the Chicago and Northwestern is about to be brought out, while the Chesapeake and Ohio has been negotiating with bankers for a capital issue of some size. There is also some talk of a new issue of capital by the Amalgamated Copper Company. These new securities should be sufficient to set aside the argument which has done duty for several years in order to explain the high prices for stocks, namely, that the floating supply was small. The flood gates seem to have been opened wide and the time-worn jokes about the water rising high in Wall Street are again being heard everywhere. But these ancient jests bear one important truth and that is that such apparently reckless and unrestricted use of the printing presses cannot but affect the market price for those securities already existing more

or less unfavorably, especially in these times, when all acts of corporations are closely scrutinized, and when anything that savors of the fraudulent in the large semi-public corporations leads to the most rigid inquiries.

* * *

The investigation into the affairs of the Harriman lines so-called has brought out two things. It has demonstrated the utter disregard for the law held by Harriman, except in so far as it concerns the other fellow, and again the wonderful constructive genius of the man. In other words, it has disclosed what is not frequently offered for public scrutiny until after death, namely, the workings of a great mind. The Harriman investigation ostensibly brought for the purpose of determining whether or not the control of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific was in restraint of trade has broadened and it may be said that the success of the Harriman method is on trial. For contemporaries it is generally difficult to gauge the relative value of rights and wrongs committed by the great or to decide whether a man's achievements should be ascribed more to his surroundings than to his nature. So far as can be now foreseen, the character of the financial coups, upon which Mr. Harriman based his fortune and his reputation, will not be looked upon with favor by future generations. I do not believe that the buying and selling of railroad stocks on a large scale would be so severely condemned, but the method of turning a fiduciary trust into the means for a speculative debauch, and the utter disregard for any but the law of egotism will go far toward diminishing the fame of the reconstructor of the Union Pacific Railroad.

* * *

While the conflict between the political and the financial powers of the country is at its height and is temporarily frightening investors away from the securities markets into other fields general business activity contin-

ues unabated. Great manufacturing industries are filled up with orders, and in many cases factories are unable to fill orders for immediate delivery, or even for some time ahead. The steel industry especially is rushed with the demands of the car builders, the railroad contractors that are engaged in adding extensive mileage to the country's systems, and the building companies that are rebuilding not only San Francisco but other cities as well. In some respects the rebuilding which is going on in New York City with its skyscraping structures equals, if it does not exceed, the work now under way on the Pacific Coast. Prices are high and the index number of the cost of living is at or near the highest ever reached. Collections in the West are good, and it is especially in the country west of the Mississippi, where the business activity is largest and apparently still on the upward swing. In the East, however, there is a slight hesitation, noticeable in certain directions, which is beginning to make itself felt in bank clearings. Compared with the previous year, the exchanges during the last week of the old year and the first week of the new year showed rather severe decreases. The decline in stock exchange speculation may explain these decreases in New York City clearings, but this explanation will not serve for other cities, where a similar tendency is being observed, as for instance in Chicago.

* * *

The action which has been taken by the Southern Cotton Growers' Association against the New York Cotton Exchange has evoked a lively discussion of the rights and value of exchanges. In so far as such associations exercise a control over the doings of members they are unquestionably to be commended. But in so far as they tend to create a monopoly in the market for certain commodities they are to a cer-

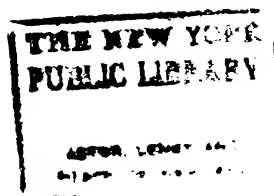
tain extent against public policy. Such monopoly tends to produce arbitrary restrictions and rules which in the nature of things are likely to favor most the man who avails himself most of the facilities of the exchange. Only too often this means that the gambler, rather than the actual commission merchant, makes the rule to suit his own convenience. The tendency of some exchanges to narrow the market of the commodities, in which their members deal, rather than to widen it, is due entirely to the efforts of the gambler to keep the market from getting so large that he will lose his control of it. The thing applies to cotton, grain, metal and securities exchanges alike. The fact that the New York Stock Exchange is a voluntary association which claims special privileges for its members under the protection of the law is a most unfortunate characteristic of our leading stock market. It seems certain that with the present tendency against all special privileges and for greater public control of all institutions in which the public is largely interested a change in the organization of the Stock Exchange is bound to come. That under the constitution of the State of New York such a regulating and restricting law could be passed legally is certain. It would certainly seem that the foreign idea of an exchange is better. In London, any one can become a member of the Stock Exchange on the payment of the annual fees, while in many cities of the continent access to the bourses is open to all who want to trade. The latter plan would hardly work, except in small communities, but the London plan, like many other features of London business methods, would appear to be much superior to the organization of the security markets on this side of the Atlantic.

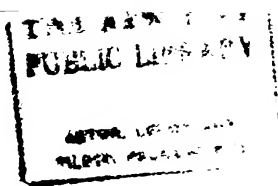
EDWARD STUART.



REAR ADMIRAL HARRINGTON.

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Winter Roses.

(From Idler.)

Pale winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Last beauty that the old year boasts,
Ere his reign closes!

I gather you, as farewell gift
From parting lover,
For ere you fade, his moments swift
Will all be over.

Kind ghosts ye are, that trouble not,
Nor frighten, nor sadden,
But wake fond memories half-forgot,
And thoughts that gladden.

O changeless Past! I would the year
Left of lost hours
No ghosts that brought more shame or fear
Than these white flowers!

Jamestown, a Militant Birthday.

By REAR ADMIRAL P. F. HARRINGTON, U. S. N.

THE history of this country may be divided into two periods; the first extending from the permanent settlements of the English colonies to the close of the American Revolution, the second from the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies to the present time. Comparing the conditions of the country at the beginning and at the end of the second period, and noting the expansion in area, population, agriculture, mining, transportation, commerce, education, art, science, invention, government, international relations and the settlement of principles and actions upon which human society is well and firmly constituted, we find a national development which has no parallel in the history of mankind. No other nation of ancient or modern times grew during a century and a quarter from birth to a maturity of principles and of power, of dominating influence upon all governments and people. Whatever of foreign evils we have imported through a practically unrestrained immigration, the laws of our national life, founded upon the best precepts of ages, have preserved and advanced the highest principles of human liberty. Whatever difficulties and failures we have met and yet endure, the people of the United States are to-day among the foremost in moral progress and in just aspirations for the future.

Yet the attainments of the nation had their genesis in that earlier period of Colonial life. At the times of the first permanent settlements of Virginia and Massachusetts, the people of England were representative of the highest type of civilization then existing. Through foreign wars and domestic controversies, through subversion of rights, through many wrongs and tyrannies, they had conceived certain rules of national existence, which, often broken and trampled upon by parties and monarchs, survived in the conscience and resolve of the people as the heritage, the very birth-right of freemen. Those high views were transmitted with the first colonies to the soil of our country. The Puritan never succumbed to oppression, never loosed his grasp upon those inalienable rights which come to man from God. The Cavalier was an

agent in the establishment of the beneficent rules of a free government. If we find among both types individuals who had no views except of self-advancement, it is equally true that they were dominated by men of character who were inspired by an earnest desire to promote the future good of their country and posterity, regardless of their personal interests or profits.

Among the men who settled at Jamestown on May 13, 1607, there were leaders of high conception of government, and in the colony of Jamestown were the first assertions of social and governmental principles which lie at the foundation of our national life. Some of the acts of that colony were the beginnings of our constitution.

The movement for the colonization of Virginia, following the treaty of peace between England and Spain, in 1605, was national in scope. It became one of the important factors in the politics of the period; not only in England and America, but in France, Spain and the Netherlands; not only in the contest then going on between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, but in the conflict between the Crown and the Commons. While the Plymouth colonists were Independents and those of the Massachusetts Bay settlements Non-conformists, they held the same Christian faith as those of Virginia. The emigrants to Jamestown, notwithstanding the presence of a few Roman Catholics, were not only distinctively Protestant but representative of a nation practically undivided in faith and united in the Church of England. The ministers of that church took an active part, from earnest interest, in the colonization of Virginia; and the sermons, state papers and records of the time show that the work of the church was the first important element of colonization and of subsequent influence and effect upon the government and institutions of the new land. The first charter began with the declaration of propagation of the Christian religion; and the objects of the expeditions under Gates and Delaware, stated in the letters patent, included, as the first, advancement of the Kingdom of God.

The work of the church was supplemented by the early institution in Virginia of the family. The practice of divorce, too frequent and unjustifiable, disrupting family ties, has not broken seriously the vast number of homes, wherein the family life makes the stability of this nation.

Good governors settled the proper relation of the colonists towards those in authority and a rightful intercourse among men; and, when venal rulers broke those established associations, protest and resistance followed. Had the government, proceeding from the Crown, fallen continuously into the hands of competent and good men and brought uniform good results, a representa-

tive system would have been long postponed. In 1619, there met at Jamestown the first legislative assembly of America. It consisted of twenty-two members, two each from eleven boroughs. One of the first acts of that assembly was to insist upon the principle of the Declaration of Rights of 1776, that no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community but in consideration of public services. The colony came to the first stage of civil and religious freedom and of progress through representative government at a time when, in England, parliamentary legislation had been disused during some years under the rule of James the First. Then began the colonial struggle between a representative government of the people and personal rule. There were times of protest and rebellion against governmental wrong, the subversion of law and tyrannous absorption and misuse of power by governors. Such was the insurrection led by Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., in 1676, just a century before the American Revolution.

Where the people elect their rulers and make the laws, the government will reflect the character and attainments of the people, and a country will be eventually, in moral and governmental standards what its people demand. The first representative government at Jamestown antedated all others in this country; the beginning of the conflict between personal and popular control. From that time to the present day there has been a struggle for good government of the people. Through that contest there has been exemplified in our colonial and national life every phase of culture, enterprise, heroism and sacrifice. The church has taught the observance of the precepts of the religion of Christ. Legislation has given sanction to high principles. In jurisprudence, diplomacy and international relations the course of our nation is marked by justice and generosity. Education and science illumined the path of progress. In military annals, Washington leads the long line of heroes. The story of the Navy beams with the light of illustrious names. Every conflict of war or peace in which our country has been engaged glows with pictures of splendid courage. In all lines of effort, though obstacles and evils lie in the way, the goal is a true service and advancement of our country.

Such are the results which had their beginnings in the colony of Jamestown, which we are accustomed to think of as the birth-place of the American Nation. The wonderful story, momentous in the history of the world, is worthy of national illustration and commemoration and of the sympathy and participation of all civilized people. It is the object of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition to organize an appropriate celebration of those great events in the history of our country and progress of the world.

As the character and scope of the exposition have not been always cor-

rectly appreciated, it may be well to state its purposes as officially declared, and then to inquire how the actual preparations and arrangements fulfil the original high objects of commemoration. The charter granted by the State of Virginia to the Jamestown Exposition Company on March 10, 1902, recited in the preamble, *inter alia* :

"It is the desire and purpose of the people of this Commonwealth to fittingly commemorate the third centennial of the settlement effected at Jamestown on the thirteenth day of May in the year sixteen hundred and seven.

"The most fitting form of such a celebration would be to hold a great exposition in some one of the cities of Virginia, in which all our sister States, and, if possible, all the English-speaking people of the earth, shall be invited to participate, and where shall be displayed the products of peace and the fruits of free institutions in all realms.

"It is the opinion of the general assembly of Virginia that such exposition should be held at some place adjacent to the waters of Hampton Roads, whereon the navies of all nations may rendezvous in honor of the hardy mariners who braved the dangers of the deep to establish the colony."

And in the Act it is further declared:—"The company shall select a suitable name designating the said exposition, which name shall be commensurate with the great significance of the event it commemorates, and shall contain the name of no city. It shall also have power to erect at Jamestown or elsewhere a suitable permanent memorial of such character as to it may seem most appropriate and proper, the execution of a memorial at Jamestown to be subject to the consent and the design to be subject to the approval of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities."

On March 3, 1905, Congress passed an act, which declared in part: "Whereas it is desirable to commemorate in a fitting and appropriate manner the birth of the American nation, the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, made at Jamestown, Va., on the 13th day of May, 1607, in order that the great events of American history which have resulted therefrom may be accentuated to the present and future generations of American citizens; and whereas that section of the Commonwealth of Virginia where the first permanent settlement was made conspicuous in history of the American nation by reason of the vital and momentous events which have taken place there in the Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil War eras of the nation, including not only the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people, but also the scene of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the scene of the first naval conflict between armor-clad vessels, the Monitor and Merrimac; therefore be it

enacted, that there shall be inaugurated in the year 1907, on and near the waters of Hampton Roads, in the State of Virginia, as herein provided, an international naval, marine and military celebration, beginning May 13, and ending not later than November 1, 1907."

The act appropriated \$250,000 for the expenses of the celebration, which includes \$50,000 for a permanent monument upon the place of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown, and authorized the President "to issue a proclamation of the celebration, setting forth the event to be commemorated, inviting foreign nations to participate by sending their naval vessels and such representations of their military organizations as may be practicable, and to have such portions of our Army and Navy assembled there during the said celebration as may be compatible with the public service." The militia of the several States were also invited to participate.

This celebration, directed by Congress, is in close proximity, both in time and place, to the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition organized under the law of Virginia, and it was undoubtedly intended as an aid to that exposition, but the two arrangements are entirely separate, in control and in character. Congress entered into a direct national participation in the exposition by a law passed in 1906, which will be presently explained.

Officers of the Army and Navy are obedient to law, the loyal servants of the people, and they do not indulge in commendation or criticism of their rulers. But it may not be improper for one of them to point good reasons for the act of Congress and the appropriateness of participation by the Army and Navy in the great national event, but keeping in view that their presence will not be the main feature but will be collateral and subsidiary to the arrangements and objects of the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, a congregation of peace and not for war.

It may be rightly affirmed that there would be no exposition in 1907 but for the past services of military and naval bodies. Had the English Navy been crushed and destroyed by the Spanish Armada in 1588, the English settlement of Virginia would not have been effected; and a history of this land may have been made by another people. In the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars of our country, the military and naval forces have borne honorable parts, often of decisive importance. The story of America cannot be written without many chapters upon the real services and devotion of those men who put on the uniform of the Army and Navy, or wore that of the citizen soldiery. The celebration of the birth and growth of the nation would be incomplete without the presence of those arms which made the commemoration possible. The Congress recognized the Army and Navy

and the Militia as an element of our national life and history worthy of representation at a gathering of citizens of all States, to rejoice over the past and gather fraternal and patriotic spirit for the future.

War is a calamity always to be deplored, but not always to be avoided. War is to be judged as to its object, its necessity or possibility of honorable avoidance. No American will affirm or admit that the War of the Revolution was, on the part of the colonists, an unjust war, that it did not possess the elements of honor and necessity which secure the approval of mankind. There are righteous causes of war, and wars of gross injustice. The hopes of many people are fixed upon a peaceful settlement of international disputes, a hope held, perhaps, not more earnestly than by those who, in the event of war, will have to do the fighting. But as long as wars of ambition, of annexation and of conquest occur, a people is not justified in neglecting means of rightful defense. England without a Navy would have been helpless and broken before the Spanish Armada. And to-day our own nation cannot disband its Army and Navy while it has great interests to guard in the presence of vast forces to which it may be opposed. Had the United States possessed in 1898 its Navy of to-day, there would have been no costly and bloody war; for it is well known that Spain entered upon the conflict in the confidence, which but few of her people did not share, that her Navy would vanquish our own. We are in the Philippines and we have a duty there. We have a Pacific coast, as well as an Atlantic, to defend. We are about to guard the Isthmus of Panama for the benefit of the world. Far-seeing patriots cannot be otherwise than unhappy and anxious, in recognition of the fact that our defensive preparations do not exist or are inadequate. For, surely, while our country will not seek war nor enter upon a conflict not just and necessary, the possession of suitable means of defense, commensurate with our internal greatness as a nation, must be regarded as the best assurance of peace and of continued happiness.

The full military powers of our country will not be displayed at the exposition, but the National Guard of the several States and the Army and Navy will be modestly represented, and the officers and men will be there in a spirit of friendliness to all our visitors from foreign lands. It is understood that upon the opening of the exposition by the President of the United States and upon the arrival of any Military representatives or Naval vessels of friendly nations, there will be present such of our national Military and Naval forces as may be assembled without detriment to the public service in the course of their regular employments. The ceremonies will be on the exposition grounds and they will be chiefly of a civic character. The scene

will be splendid in its civic nature, and it is intended that the battalions or companies of the Army, Navy and National Guard shall fill their proper place in an imposing event commemorative of the history of the nation. Subsequently, there will remain at the exposition a detachment of each arm of the military service and a division of naval vessels for the purpose of exhibition to the citizens of the United States. There is not a State and not many counties in the United States that have not citizens in the Army and Navy. All the people support the Army and Navy, and they do it willingly, and it is right and proper that the people who visit the exposition shall have an opportunity to see something of the great forces of national defense which they have created and maintain. But there will be no carnival of war nor inspiration of military conquest. It is expected that many friendly nations will be represented by naval vessels and a few by companies of soldiers, illustrative of their military arm.

We come now to a brief statement of the principal and more important measures of the Jamestown Exposition Company, intended to give prominence to the civic history of our country; commemorative, educational, historical and patriotic. Nearly all the buildings are illustrative of architecture of the colonial period, with many reproductions either exact or upon a reduced scale. The principal building, the Auditorium, with its annexes of Historic Art and of Education, fronts upon Raleigh Square, which will be a floral design, and overlooks Hampton Roads. The Auditorium is provided for the use of numerous Congresses or Conventions, of which, up to the middle of February, one hundred and nineteen had arranged their programmes of attendance and work. A Hall of Congresses will be provided, with a seating capacity for 8,000 persons. This hall is entered from outside the exposition grounds, and it will be used for religious services, morning and evening, during the entire period of the exposition. The conventions represent many associations and lines of endeavor, industrial, educational, professional, commercial, technical, fraternal, religious, historical and patriotic. The Tidewater Ministerial Union is arranging regular Evangelistic Services at the exposition. Perhaps the most prominent of the conventions will be historical and fraternal.

The exposition exhibit buildings include:

Manufactures and Arts, 550 ft. long, 280 ft. wide.

Machinery and Transportation, 550 ft. long, 280 ft. wide.

States' Exhibit, 500 ft. long, 300 ft. wide.

States' Exhibit Court, 250 ft. long, 90 ft. wide.

Mines and Metallurgy, 250 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Mines and Metallurgy Annex, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Food Products, 300 ft. long, 250 ft. wide.

Marine, 300 ft. long, 90 ft. wide.

Power and Alcohol (Denatured), 300 ft. long, 150 ft. wide.

Graphic Arts, 150 ft. long, 150 ft. wide.

Agricultural Implements, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Transportation, 250 ft. long, 200 ft. wide.

Transportation, 200 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Foods, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Forestry, 100 ft. long, 50 ft. wide.

Manufactures, 100 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

Virginia Mines and Timber, 250 ft. long, 100 ft. wide.

There is under construction an additional fireproof building, 300 feet long by 90 feet wide, which has been found necessary to house the exhibits of Historic Art. Arts and Crafts (four buildings), Education (college and university), Education (primary and secondary)—buildings of incorporated companies and individuals for special purposes. Thirty States have appropriated money for buildings, for the use of their citizens and for historical exhibits. Eighteen of these State buildings are built or building.

Congress, by Act of June 30, 1906, provided for exhibits at the Jamestown Exposition from the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum and the Library of Congress, of such articles and materials of a historical nature as will serve to impart a knowledge of our colonial and national history, from the War and Navy Departments, the Life Saving Service, the Revenue Cutter Service, the Army, the Navy, the Light House Service, the Bureau of Fisheries, and an exhibit from the Island of Porto Rico.

The Bureau of American Republics was invited to make an exhibit illustrative of the resources and international relations of the American republics, in the Government buildings. Twelve American republics have accepted invitations to participate, more numerous representation than ever before. The act further directed the erection at the exposition of suitable buildings for the government exhibits, a suitable building for the exhibit of the Life Saving Service, a fisheries building and aquarium, a building for use as a place of rendezvous for the Soldiers and Sailors of the United States Army and Navy and of foreign armies and navies participating in the celebration, and a similar rendezvous for army and naval officers participating (seven buildings in all).

The act further provided for two piers, extending from the exposition into the waters of Hampton Roads, forming a basin or harbor. The piers are in course of construction, giving location to the exposition names, Susan Constant Pier, Godspeed Pier, Discovery Landing, and Smith Harbor. The

act also promised for the erection of a permanent landing pier at Jamestown Island.

The act further provided an appropriation of \$100,000 in aid of the Negro Development and Exposition Company of the United States of America, to enable it to make an exhibit of the progress of the negro race in this country at the exposition.

The amusement section of the exposition will be similar to that of previous expositions, like the Midway or the Pike, with many novel features. The lamented General Fitzhugh Lee, first president of the exposition, suggested one day in a humorous way that this section would be a rendezvous for Indians and might be called the Warpath. The name stuck, though not descriptive of the prospective pleasures of the section.

Among the amusements may be noted balloon ascensions, athletic sports and games, military exercises of the Army Detachment and National Guards, boat races, and musical performances. The second and third weeks in September will be marked by the yacht races under the management of a national organization, the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission. Doubtless, the West Point Cadets and the Midshipmen of the Naval Academy will contribute some exposition of their skill, athletic or professional, during their brief visit.

During the last eighteen months there has sprung up a city upon the exposition grounds, and the improvements of the landscape in connection with the natural features of the site have made a scene of singular beauty. There will gather people of all classes and from all parts of the country, and each will find some object of interest. The Governors have settled rules which will insure good order and the convenience and pleasure of all worthy visitors. Gambling, betting, the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds, and disorderly conduct of any kind will be suppressed. The exposition will be closed on Sundays. It appears that the programme of exhibits, exercises and arrangements is worthy of a great commemorative assembly. People of the North, South and West will meet under the impression of historical pictures and scenes which belong to all. There must arise a new interest and study in the history of our country, for the educational and historic features of the exposition will overshadow all others and be of the most permanent effect. It cannot be doubted that a new spirit of union and patriotism will spread from the exposition to every part of the land.

The Case for Porto Rico.

By M. OLMEDO.

SECRETARY SAN JUAN BOARD OF TRADE.

WITH the special message of the President to Congress has vanished, once for all, the last vestige of the hopes entertained by the Porto Rican people of a reform of the most anti-American regime that may be devised within the American conception of democratic government. The general discouragement that this document has spread over the little island, is well symthesized in the letter or manifesto that the Speaker of the lower house and leader of the party of the majority has given out to the public. The letter has no great importance in itself, because, although its last paragraph resembles a war cry—and this is the only part of the same which is not seriously taken even by the author—it is not intended otherwise than as a warning to undeceive those who still believed in Gen. Miles's promises. But one thing is true of this letter, and that is that it reveals a pessimism, a general discontent, among the people which finds expression in the energetic and eloquent paragraphs of Mr. Matienzo.

For some time past the people of Porto Rico, familiar with the history of the United States and American institutions, have begun to realize their present humiliating situation; and, although they do not fail to admire the ability of the legislator who framed their organic law, they doubt the sincerity of a government which, under the pretext of a transitory measure, is

trying to perpetuate a feudal system in the island.

The greater objection made to the Foraker law has been that it unites in the same officers not only the legislative and executive duties, but in some indirect way the judiciary, with excessive power vested in the attorney-general, as has developed lately. The reasons for the objection to this system are obvious; but where it is most offensive to Porto Ricans appears to be in connection with the disposition of their moneys. The law gives the heads of departments the power to appoint their employees, providing for their salaries and making other disbursements. This clause is interpreted in the most ample sense, leaving to the heads of departments, constituting the majority of the Council or Senate, the absolute control of the budget, which is submitted to the House as a matter of form only. This has always been a source of friction and sometimes of comic incidents. Last year, for instance, the Council passed a budget increasing the former one by \$130,000 to meet the expense of the ever increasing governmental machinery. The House refused; there was a deadlock. The leader of the majority was sent for by the Governor. What he was told, nobody knows; but the Speaker of the House, on seeing him coming through the lobbies, dejected, could not help crying out: "Oh, my friend, it looks as if your legs were shaky."

The budget did pass with the increase, of course; but it is evident that there is something wrong about the system. A Commission was sent to Congress last winter to represent these facts, and the only thing obtained from Washington so far has been the declaration that there must be harmony in the administration—harmony with the Executive Mansion's views, of course—which, by abolishing the only counterpart to the power of the Governor in the possibility of discrepancy of opinion among the members of the Council, has destroyed the equilibrium necessary to a democratic government, to distinguish it from the government of one. And if we add to this the fact that a conservative law which provides for an appointive Senate of eleven members, of which five at least shall be natives, is interpreted at Washington in the sense that the natives should always be in the minority, we have the sum of the Porto Rican grievances.

What Porto Rico wants in substance is what is understood to be the fundamental principles of a Republican government—a separation of the three powers; complete independence of the executive from the legislative branch, and of both from the judiciary; and an elective Senate, in order that the men from Texas, Idaho, or New York, may not rule the destinies of their country. But so far they have failed to make an impression here as to the justice of their claim, for the effect of their efforts is promptly neutralized by the reports of those who are interested in maintaining the present status.

At last the President visits the island: It is the occasion of great rejoicing. It seems to the islanders, in the midst of the noise of the preparations to welcome the First Magistrate of the Nation, that they hear the clamors of redemption—the protection of law against force, the affirmation of justice against oppression—superb hopes of a future of happiness in the face of a present of discrimination and humility. But, alas, their hopes are soon destroyed! The President makes a trip across the island with the numerous train of officials; he gets from them the refrain, the old refrain: "Porto Rico Is Not Ready Yet;" and this opined phrase, which has been used to meet the Porto Rican demand for more than 400 years, is transmitted to Congress by the man who rules over the greatest democracy in the world.

And thus, while the Porto Ricans appreciate the good will of the President in recommending economical measures for the island, and are glad that their little country served him in manufacturing a pretty phrase, when he called the verdant isle "tropical Switzerland," they would put to him this question, whether he thinks the art of governing is learned from reference or in the school of practical experience, and whether individuality, which he asserts is the basis of self-government, is apt to be developed under a system which, by depriving the natives of the right to manage their affairs, can but be debasing and humiliating to them.



Johannes Brahms—1833-1897.

By A. E. KEELETON.

(From the Monthly Review.)

TO couple the name of Brahms with the word fashion verges on the ludicrous. Yet the fact remains that the series of Brahms Concerts given in London during the last two months could almost be chronicled among the doings of the "smart set." At more than one of these concerts, it is true, a few elderly persons in the crowded throng were to be observed slumbering peacefully; and if the brilliant frivolity of that culmination of smartness—Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden in the height of the season—did not absolutely predominate, it may be supposed that the air was oppressed by the prevailing solemnity of the proceedings, which could suggest commemorations of some public calamity.

Brahms certainly never took himself half so seriously as do his latter-day English disciples. To discover a reason for the inordinate gravity of demeanor affected by these votaries is not easy; and the uninitiated who have had no opportunities of previously testing the stimulating possibilities of Brahms musically, are apt to obtain merely a sensation of dullness and inertia. If we accept the life and character of Brahms as the key to the spirit of his utterances, there is nothing specially tragic in one or the other. He lived to the age of sixty-four, and until his last few months he never knew a day's illness. He had splendid vitality and robust health, sufficient to tire out his immediate en-

tourage. He was a tremendous walker, and as soon as he could afford it, became a bit of a *bon vivant*, with a first-rate digestion. Year in, year out, a fund of will power and concentration enabled him to devote himself pleasantly to his creative faculty. He began his career unknown in a lowly state of life—only two generations removed from peasant stock—and without a penny in his pocket. By the time that he was forty, he was fairly well acknowledged all the world over as a composed of first magnitude. To within his last year he could work with a clear brain and unclouded perception; the exquisitely pathetic "Ernste Lieder," Op. 121, finished in 1896, exhibit no sign of a falling off from his habitual high standard. He died leaving a fortune of £20,000, acquired by his own unaided efforts as a creative musician. In all of this there is a substantial suggestion, if not of neurotic romance, at least of solid, comfortable happiness, such as should especially appeal in a comfortable, cheerful manner to the practical side of our English character.

A dread of social amenities and conventions, among them the necessity of donning an evening coat, appears to have been a cogent preventive against his ever accepting various urgent invitations to visit England. He cordially detested what his countrymen understand as "Spectakel," and more than once cleverly evaded anything approaching an ovation, as, for in-

stance, at a public dinner when the toast of the "greatest composer" was given, which he promptly caught up, by raising his glass and replying, "Ganz recht, we drink to Mozart."

It is then a matter of curious conjecture to picture an artist of his calibre in the midst of a coterie of his English devotees. He had a grim sense of humor. "I do love Brahms," remarked a lady at one of the above-mentioned concerts; "he always makes me think somehow of the Elijah." This is possibly the one and only occasion when Brahms has evoked memories of Mendelssohn. But from the outset of his career, it was to his or rather to our misfortune, that he was constantly pitted against the most prominent names in the history of his art. This has brought his music a quite extraordinary vogue of fluent, ready-made and as often as not quite inapplicable admiration and belittling.

His detractors have gone so far as to announce that had he not been so continuously tossed to and fro at Wagner, no one would ever have heard of him. It is also fairly obvious that many of his most ardent partisans were merely casting about for a tangible argument in their case against the theories of Wagner; and a vague intuition of an unanalysable something in the individuality of Brahms led them to adopt him as a big enough war cry to serve their purpose. Liszt, on perusal of the famous Schumann mandate, "Neue Bahnen," only remarked cynically: "Yes, but Schumann once said much the same about a certain Sterndale Bennett." Still, Liszt could be deceived for a time by a flattering premonition that in Brahms he was welcoming a new satellite of his own. The anecdote of Brahms falling asleep during a Liszt seance, though probably fictitious, admirably indicates the former's consistent behavior throughout the strife of half a century.

The hubbub touched him in no vital artistic sense. With unruffled equanimity he pursued his own course; nor

is there any record of his ever writing or speaking a word for or against the belligerents. But the contention, while it put money into his own pocket, as well as those of publishers and concert agents, has also done immeasurable harm artistically, by deterring many genuine musicians from forming a first-hand opinion of Brahms; and lovers of sincerity have been repelled by a free circulation of undiluted cant.

Of temperament such as we associate with Chopin or Tshalkovski, Brahms was devoid. He resisted pessimism to the utmost. He had, if anything, too much control of his emotions, a trait which can often impart an austerity almost harsh and forbidding to his music. On the whole this music is characterized by slow, rugged force rather than by the attributes of polish and delicacy. Even in his love songs there is rarely a note of overwhelming, passionate impetuosity. A vein of diffidence, if not of actual caution, no doubt restrained him from writing a symphony until he had reached the age of forty-three, and then he only composed three others. We may contrast this output with the fertility of Germany's other great modern symphonists, Beethoven with nine, and Bruckner with eight. One finds in Brahms no exuberance of joyous irresponsibility such as greets us in the winsome accent of Mozart, and sometimes too in the pages of Schubert. In this connection it may be mentioned that his mother was well on in middle age when she married, and over forty at the time of his birth. His intention toward life is clearly summed up by his maxim: "We have at any rate to live, let us therefore do our best to make life as interesting as possible."

It is significant that out of nearly two hundred of his songs, the text of half a dozen only is supplied by the mercurial genius of Heine. Among the six though is the lovely "Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht," a token of his genius which one could ill spare. Apart from an unflinching enjoyment of

studying Biblical Writ (purely as literature though, and with no bias toward creeds and dogmas), Brahms, who was a great reader, seems oddly enough to have cared most for the novels of Fielding, and for serious historical and philosophical works. Compared with other modern composers, he was no traveller. For the personal propaganda of his works he went no farther beyond the frontiers of strictly German-speaking peoples than Holland and Switzerland. His expressed pleasure in various sojourns in Italy, undertaken solely for repose and recreation, indicates a many-sided culture and a quick perception for beauty, whether in art or in landscape.

One may say that comparatively impervious to persons his frequent intercourse with nature and solitude was on the other hand a necessity of his very existence. It requires but little imagination to catch the echo of this deep abiding love of nature impregnating his music, but most especially, perhaps, many of his songs. "Eld-einsamkeit" will at once occur to the reader, or the beautiful "Regenkeder," Op. 59, or his numerous lyrics relating to spring, autumn, the expanse of the sea, or the fresh stillness of wood and forest and mountain side. With all his culture, Brahms never became what we call a man of the world. His peasant ancestry peeps out again and again.

A curious mixture of the simple and prosaic in his nature is illustrated by his statement that as a child, and already a composer, his best tunes always came to him while blacking his boots. His very name is symbolic, since it is said to be derived from the common term Bram (Bramble), still current in some German districts. Only a true son of the people could have handled their folk tunes and dances in his inimitable fashion, identifying himself quite naturally with their mood, and yet making them part and parcel of his own unmistakable individuality. As far as is known, the affections of Brahms found their princi-

pal outlet in a touching life-long fidelity to ties with a family connection which it would have taken the genius of a Balzac to describe as interesting. The circle included his parents, two brothers, a sister, and later on a step-mother and her son, to the support of one or other of whom he very early began to contribute, doing so more and more liberally as his means increased. As a reason for not marrying he once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at, or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments; to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?' No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell!"

In its bare outline the confession is stern enough, but if we probe beneath its surface have we not a glimpse of an acute sensibility, as well as of a longing for what he himself felt to be an unattainable haven of conjugal love and mutual comprehension and trust between man and woman? In connection with his love ideals, "Wie bist du meine Königin" is as right royal and tender a homage as any woman need crave. Spasms of his inherent asperity no doubt jarred upon Brahms himself at times driving him to seek counteracting softening influences to his unconquerable reticence. These gentler yearnings may have had him in their throes when he brought forth a goodly number of the capricci and intermezzi. Among these one recalls a few from the Op. 76, or the first intermezzo from the second book

Op. 116; or again the haunting, ethereal beauty of so many of the slow movements in his chamber music.

He was always attracted to children. In more than one crisis of sorrow in his life it was to a child that he turned for solace. But children were at first awed, and until they had tested the gentleness underlying his brusquerie, were inclined to shrink from him. His songs for the young, too, while they can appeal warmly to the retrospect sympathies of their elders, are not within the comprehension of the average child. Very apt was the criticism of Buelow, applied to the *Andante* from the pianoforte sonata Op. 5, once brought to him for a lesson by a young pupil: "Fraulein, this is not for you; it is for no one under thirty." Everyone has heard of the delight which Brahms took in waltz tunes and rhythms, a delight most fitly set forth in the delicious "*Liebeslieder Walzer*" for vocal quartet and pianoforte duet Op. 52 and 65.

One of his chief attractions to Vienna was the dance music of the Viennese dance dynasty, the Strausses, whom he placed very high among composers. He was one of the first musicians also to appreciate Dvorak, and cherished a warm admiration for composers of the genre of Bizet and Goldmark. It is in his mass of chamber music that Brahms is perhaps, next to his songs, best known in England. Opportunities of hearing his orchestral works under a sympathetic conductor are rare; and one ventures to think that his technique as an orchestrator is occasionally blamed, thanks to incomparably dull and heavy interpretation. No composer was ever more plastic and utterly dependent upon adequate performance.

In order to enter into the sanctuary of the Brahms holy of holies, one is indeed inclined to demand for him considerably more study from the three standpoints, emotion, intellect and technique, than is requisite for any other composer. His own frequent failure,

whether as pianist or conductor, to arouse sympathy for his music may have been largely due, not to incompetence on his part, but rather to something wholly new and unusual in his style. There are at present only here and there a Steinbach, a Weingartner, a Nikisch, a Leonard Borwick, a d'Albert, a Kreisler who can grasp and appreciate his mixture of depth and transparency and cause his music to vibrate with that acute nerve of sensibility already alluded to, which impelled Brahms to the accomplishment of his best work, but which he was also at pains to conceal, even from himself.

His life of retirement and isolation from a modern world of quick action and movement could tend besides to a further veiling of his meaning in a certain dreamy remoteness and distance. His conceptions are apt to assume vague and titanic proportions. Yet the means employed in his four symphonies, or in the larger choral works, to wit, the "*Triumphal*," or the "*Schicksal*," are simple enough. If we desire the allurements of the "tropical garden of gorgeous exotics offered by Wagner's orchestration," Brahms is bound to disappoint us; but the sombre, mellow values of his tone-coloring, brought about by his marked preference for the lower stringed instruments, as is evinced more especially in the first movement of his "*Requiem*," or in the "*Serenade*," Op. 16, can appeal to a connoisseur, reminding him of some fine old painting. Brahms's manipulation of certain instruments, more particularly of the clarinet and horn, points moreover to a comprehension for their peculiar qualities, not easily to be rivalled; and in sheer beauty of treatment it would be difficult to surpass such things as the blending of the horn and harp accompaniment to the "*Songs for Women's Choir*," Op. 17.

We may justly classify this composer as essentially Teutonic. The mingling of uncouth realism and ro-

romantic sentiment in Teutonic legendary lore, and potent throughout the range of Teutonic pictorial art, from Duerer to Menzel, finds in him an eloquent counterpart. No one has better fathomed his inner meaning than his fellow Teuton, the sculptor, painter and etcher, Max Klinger. In this artist's wonderful series of Brahms's *Phantasie* the imagery can be both grotesque and awkward. Yet the pose of the human figures introduced is full of dignity, and the backgrounds of cloud and sea, with masses of dimly outlined mysterious forms, soaring up from the horizon, are signally emblematic of the scope of the Brahms conception, and its fitting note of poesy.

In his lyrics, such as "*Alte Liebe*," "*Am Sonntag Morgen*," "*Sehnsucht*," or the "*Feldeinsamkeit*," Max Klinger has evidently found a wealth of emotional coloring. His title page to the last-named song curiously typifies its atmosphere of summer heat and haze. It is above all, though, in his *Schicksalslied*, the great Song of Destiny, that Klinger is most intimately allied with Brahms. To the relentless force of its allegro, its rush of movement and rhythm, he has penned a masterly corollary, which won the delighted thanks of Brahms himself, and equally well has the artist caught the celestial afterthought in major key appended by the musician to the poet's text of desolation:

Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen
Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

It is after all to his complete self-revelation of a singularly virile, healthy, and independent individuality, true to others and true to itself, that Brahms owes his best claim to greatness. The legend of the "three B's, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms," has been

promulgated to satiety. But neither in Bach nor Beethoven do we meet with those bold designs of broad, sweeping curves of melody with which the music of Brahms is saturated, if we will only seek it for ourselves.

Even granted that he was a borrower of themes—wholly his own in his method of shrouding these in a mist of floating rich harmonies and modulations; and his sharp transitions, his arabesques of arpeggi, his intricacy of free, declamatory rhythms and counter-rhythms, are as unlike the clean-cut outlines of Bach and Beethoven as any music well can be. It might be presumed that in these latter aspects of harmony and rhythm he had affinity with Schumann. But here again one would place the two individualities at opposite poles. If it be generally conceded that Brahms requires more study than the other composers, the agreement need not, however, oblige us to dismiss as his inferiors a Wagner, a Berlioz, a Liszt.

To pose Brahms, indeed, upon a pinnacle and shut out the horizon of any further musical development is a position of which he, with his clear judgment and critical acumen, would speedily have demonstrated the absurdity. Analogies between workers in different spheres of art once formulated can return to us later on reproachfully, as incongruous and far-sought. Still there are some conspicuous points of contact between Brahms the Teuton and the American Walt Whitman; and Brahms assuredly would have readily endorsed the American's words:

Births have brought us richness and variety,
And other births will bring us richness and variety;
I do not call one greater and one smaller;
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

The Messianic Idea in Virgil.

By R. S. CONWAY.

(From the Hibbert Journal.)

FEW things are more characteristic of the spirit of modern criticism than the complete decay of the reverence with which Virgil's Fourth Eclogue was once regarded. That beautiful, playful, mysterious poem celebrated the expected birth of a child, by declaring it to mark the advent of a new Golden Age. For fourteen centuries this declaration was interpreted in only one way. From the first establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire, down to the days of Pope and Johnson, the title of this article would have been at once understood to refer to the Fourth Eclogue, and no one would have thought it natural to connect it with any other part of the poet's writings. Some scholars, indeed, might state more carefully than others the degree of consciousness of the meaning of the eclogue which they attributed to its author; but that the poem was an inspired prediction of the Christian Messiah seemed both clear and good to every Christian eye. Modern commentators, however, protest with one voice that the child—if it existed at all—was some Roman infant of Virgil's own day, and they lament over a belief which one of the most judicious of them describes, with quite theological warmth, "the ridiculous, and if it were not sincere, I might have said blasphemous, notion that the eclogue contained an inspired Messianic prophecy."

We find, then, the critics of a particular epoch, though by no means clear as to what the poem does mean, at least confident in declaring that all their predecessors were wrong; and they do not pause even to exempt from their censure the greatest student ever drawn to Virgil's poetry—so that a living and distinguished Oxford scholar accuses Dante of "ridiculous" if not "blasphemous" conduct. Under these distressing circumstances it may seem worth while to look into the poem for ourselves, to separate its central idea from the rest, and to ask what place that idea holds in other parts of Virgil's writings. For it can hardly, I think, be denied, that in both the "Georgics" and the "Æneid" we continually meet with a conception which in many ways is parallel to the Jewish expectation of a Messiah; that is to say, the conception of a national hero and ruler, divinely inspired, and sent to deliver not his own nation only but mankind, raising them to a new and ethically higher existence. So far as I know, no attempt has been made to examine this question in the light of our present knowledge of Virgil.

The Fourth Eclogue is addressed to the Consul Pollio—at least if we are content, as honest persons must be, to accept the reading of l. 12 which is given by all the manuscripts. Gaius Asinius Pollio was a distinguished member of Caesar's party, soldier, statesman, and poet, in whose consulship, toward the end of the year 40

B. C., was expected the birth of the child which is the subject of the poem. Of the position of Roman affairs at that time we must take some note later on; here let us simply observe that Pollio was one of the friends to whom, a year sooner, Virgil owed the restoration of his father's farm, which for a time had been handed over to one of the countless "veterans" of Octavian's army "settled" on other men's lands. After invoking the muses of pastoral poetry to help him in higher strains than heretofore, Virgil turns at once to his double theme, the return of the Golden Age, and the birth of a particular child. By a not uncommon accident of language the only Latin word for "child" is one that is masculine in form, namely *puer*; and hence it is natural, indeed almost inevitable, that the poet should write as if it were certain that the child would be a boy. And it is well to notice now that the lines which invoke *Lucina*, the Goddess of Birth, and the concluding prayer that the mother's weary months of waiting may be happily ended, make it quite certain (to every reader, at least, whose sense of humor is not totally in abeyance) that it is not of some mystical moral emblem, but of an actual mother and child, that we are meant to think.

One of the sacred books of the Roman state-religion was a collection of rhymes and rubrics attributed to an ancient Wise Woman or Sibyll, though the collection in use in Virgil's day had in fact been compiled no earlier than 82 B. C., after a more ancient document had been burned in the Sulian tumults. According to tradition, this Sibyll lived at Cumæ; and one of these rhymes seems to have improved on the familiar doctrine of the four ages of the world—gold, silver, bronze and iron—by declaring that the golden age, in which Saturn was king, and which ended when the Maiden *Justitia* (*Astræa*) left the earth, was soon to begin over again. The Roman astrologers, too, fired by

the marvellous portent of the *Iulium sidus*, the comet which appeared soon after the murder of Julius Caesar in 44 B. C., had been unusually busy; and, among other items of popular instruction, they had spread the belief that Caesar's death had fallen in the "last month but one" of the "great year," or stellar cycle of the Etruscans, at the close of which the whole world was to begin its course anew. Such were some of the current conceptions that helped to mould the form of the prophecy to which the reader's attention is now invited.

"Lo, the last age of Cumæ's seer has come:
Again the great millennial æon dawns.
Once more appears the hallowed maid,
once more
Kind Saturn reigns; and from high heaven
descending
Comes a new offspring. But do thou, we pray,
Pure goddess, by whose grace on infant eyes
Daylight first breaks, smile softly on this babe.
For in his time the age of iron shall cease
And golden generations fill the world.
E'en now thy brother, lord of Light and Healing,
Apollo rules and ends the older day."

The lines thus roughly rendered supplied, as we shall see, what may be called the kernel of the medieval view of the poem.

The reference to Apollo is due to the Etruscan doctrine that the last period or "month" of the *magnus annus* was under his lordship; and the same bright deity had been chosen by Augustus for his special protector.

Virgil then turns to the patron to whom the ode is offered, and from whose consulship the year of the child's birth will be dated:

"Yea, by thy office, Pollio, men will name
The year this star began his glorious course.
Under thy banner, all that yet remain
Of our ill deeds shall be annulled and break
The long, long night of universal dread."

The rest of the poem pictures three stages in the unfolding of the new era, corresponding to the childhood, youth, and manhood of the boy himself. Upon the infant, earth lavishes un-

wonted gifts; flowers spring untended, and such flowers as make the fairest contrasts, crimson foxgloves on a background of wandering ivy, the soft leaves of water-lilies and the glistening, pointed foliage of the acanthus. "The she-goats unbidden shall bring home their full udders, the cattle shall no longer fear great lions; * * * the serpent shall perish, poisonous plants shall perish too; the balm of Assyria shall grow by the wayside."

The second stage comes when the child is "old enough to read of the prowess of ancient heroes and the great deeds of his father, and to learn what manly valor means." Nature will then double her bounty and add corn, wine and honey to the flowers, without human toil. But men will not yet have understood their new blessings; "there will still remain within them a few traces of their ancient evil" (*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae uestigia fraudis*) which will bid them seek adventures over sea, build city walls, and plough the fields as of old. Again a band of heroes shall sail, like the Argonauts, to seek treasure in the unknown East, "another Achilles shall attack another Troy." There cannot be a great leader of men, thought Virgil, with nothing to conquer, at least in his youth. The picture of the new age is not all fairyland. Men will still have enough "original sin" (so Augustine understands the phrase) to lead them into bold adventure. Or—if we may leave the allegory for a moment—the new ruler of the Roman world still has realms to subdue; the Parthians and Indians will give scope to his youthful ambition.

But Virgil cannot stop there. His dream would be left incomplete if it ended with the shout of triumph. "When sturdy age has made the child a man," mankind will have learned to accept earth's bounty, and to force her gifts no longer; the ground shall no longer suffer the harrow, nor the vineyard the pruning hook; the merchant shall no longer trouble the sea. Every man's needs shall be satisfied in his

own land; instead of dyed stuffs from Tyre, there shall be goats with purple and saffron hair, and lambs with scarlet fleeces. And with these playful colors the picture is complete. The imagery, indeed, covers a quite serious thought—the contrast between the natural labor of the farmer and the frauds and cruelties of trade (at a time when every merchant ship had slaves for a part of her cargo). But its main purpose is to bring the reader back to the magical flowers beside the cradle, a cradle still waiting for its child. And so the poem closes with a greeting to the infant, rising to a higher note as the poet bids him enter upon a more than human course. Glories shall be his such as rewarded Hercules, the toiling servant of mankind—a seat at the table of the gods, a goddess for his bride. Only let the mother's prayers be speedily answered and her weariness crowned with a baby's smile.

But who is the child? Why is the poet so strangely reticent of the name of its father? Why, indeed, said the early Christian Church, but that he was speaking greater things than he dared give a name to; that he and the Sibyll he is quoting were inspired to predict the advent of the Christ. The earliest recorded attempt (so far as I can find) to interpret the poem in this sense was that of the Emperor Constantine the Great. His biographer, Eusebius, the contemporary historian and bishop, attributes to him a "Speech to the Assembly of the Saints," which contains (cc. 19-21) an elaborate exposition of Virgil's eclogue (Eusebius's record is, of course, in Greek). It is sincere and interesting, if not entirely edifying. The Emperor was very glad to connect his newly recognized religion (313 A. D.) with the great traditions of a pagan empire. After quoting and expounding a "Sibylline" oracle (which is clearly a Christian forgery) on which he supposed Virgil's poem to be based, he proceeds from Virgil's opening prediction of a new generation and an un-

known infant, and declares that the poet knew that he was writing of Christ, but wrapped the prophecy in an allegory in order to escape persecution. The chief figures of the poem are interpreted with somewhat appalling ingenuity. The Virgo is, of course, the Virgin Mary; the "lions," who are no longer to be feared, are the persecutors of the Church; the serpent who shall perish is the serpent who betrayed Eve! The imperial commentator felt no hesitations; and he has at least given us an excellent demonstration of the way in which poetry should not be interpreted. One may be thankful that he has not laid hands on the saffron-colored goats.

From Constantine and Eusebius we turn with relief to more thoughtful readers of Virgil. Augustine is never tired of quoting him, and regards him with unbroken veneration, but ascribes the actual prophecy of Christ in this eclogue only to the Sibyll, and supposes that Virgil himself had no knowledge of the person to whom the prediction referred. He even acknowledges that he would have been unwilling to believe that the Sibyll had spoken of Christ (even by repeating "prophecies that had been heard") had not Virgil referred to her in this eclogue—for the reference of the eclogue to Christ was to his mind too patent to admit of any reasonable doubt. So it came about that the "Dies irae" (whatever its date) ranks the Sibyll side by side with David.

Such, too, was the belief of the poet Dante. Every one is familiar with the unique position of honor which Virgil holds in the "Divina Commedia" as the interpreter of the divine will and the poet's guide through two-thirds of the unseen world. Nor is this due merely to reverence for Virgil as a poet. Explicitly and many times Dante ascribes to him the power of converting men to a knowledge of divine truth. At the outset, when Dante was lost in the selva oscura, the dark forest of worldly ambitions, it was Virgil who came to "lead him

home" (a ca' riduce mi—Inf. 15, 54) by a marvellous way; and it is Beatrice herself, the impersonation of divine grace, who has sent Virgil on his errand. As she commissions him she declares, "When I stand before my Divine Master, I will often speak thy praise to Him." And in a passage on which a flood of light has been recently thrown by Dr. Verrall, Dante makes the poet Statius, whom he thought to have been a Christian, attribute to Virgil, and to the Fourth Eclogue in particular, his own first interest in Christianity.

"What sun or what candles," asks Virgil, "so dispelled thy darkness that thou didst direct thy sails to follow the Fisherman" (i. e. St. Peter)? And Statius replied: "Thou it was that first leddest me towards Parnassus * * * and next didst light me on the road to God. Thou didst as one who goes by night, who bears a light behind him and helps not himself, but after him makes the people wise, when thou saidst, 'The world renews itself: justice returns and the first age of man; and a new offspring descends from Heaven.' Through thee I was a poet, through thee a Christian. * * * Already was the whole world teeming with the true belief, sown by the messages of the eternal realm: and thy word * * * was in harmony with the new preachers, wherefore I began to visit them. And at last they came to seem to me so holy that when Domitian persecuted them, their plaints were not without tears from me. And so long as (I was) in the world I aided them, and their righteous manners made me hold all other philosophies of small price. * * * Thou then * * * didst lift the covering that hid from me so much good."

In our own country it is scarcely two hundred years since Pope published his "Messiah," in the preface to which he accepts the view of Augustine, namely, that the prophecy of an unnamed child was taken by Virgil from the Sibyll, and in her lips had

been a prediction of Christ. Pope followed the tradition of his own Church; but even that Protestant of Protestants, his critic Samuel Johnson, does not seem for a moment to demur.

In all this, then, we see that the outstanding reason for the Christian interpretation of the eclogue was the fact that the child was not named. I have already expressed my conviction that Virgil had in mind a real child whose birth was expected. On the question what child it was whom Virgil meant, I can hardly do more than state the conclusion to which I was led some time ago; but I do so with confidence, because I find that it has been reached by several distinguished scholars independently of one another—Henry Nettleship, Mr. Warde Fowler, and one of the first of living German Latinists, Professor Skutsch, of Breslau.

The plain fact is, that the "father" who has given peace to the world can be no one but Octavian; the child who is to rule the world can have been in Virgil's mind no other than the heir to the empire, whose birth was expected in the latter half of 40 B. C., but who, in fact, was never born. To Octavian's bitter disappointment the child whom Scribonia bore him early in 39 B. C. was a girl, the Julia whose happiness was to be so deeply chequered by her father's dynastic designs. Scribonia was divorced upon the same day, having lost the one strong claim she might have possessed to the Emperor's gratitude. But Virgil's eclogue had been already published, and was itself, as an ante-natal ode must always be, more concerned with the father than the child, more indeed with the hopes of the world than with either father or child. To cancel the poem later on would have been to draw men's attention to Scribonia's misfortune and the Emperor's greatest perplexity, his want of an heir; it was therefore allowed to stand, enigma though it had become. Who could possibly have foretold the extraordinary influence upon the history of the

world with which this wise and gentle silence was destined to endue the poet? Or that the authority derived from it would be great enough to model for many centuries, if not for all time, the whole Christian conception of the after-world upon the Vision of Aeneas in the Sixth Book of the "Aeneid"?

If, then, we may at last leave behind us the controversies which have gathered round this particular fragment of Virgil's poetry, we come to a rather wider question. Do Virgil's other writings show anything like the hope of a Messiah; and if so, what kind of a Messiah do they foreshadow? We have seen that certain external coincidences with Christian tradition were merely accidental: is there beneath these any real harmony?

My contention may be briefly expressed in a few statements, some of which will be, I think, admitted at once. I believe that we may and must attribute to Virgil the conscious possession of certain ideas which may be roughly enumerated as follows:

1. That mankind was unbearably guilty, and in urgent need of regeneration.
2. That the establishment of the Empire was an epoch strangely favorable to some such ethical movement, and intended by Providence to introduce it.
3. That it was part of the duty of Rome to attempt the task.
4. That one special deliverer would be sent by Providence (or, in the "Aeneid," that a deliverer had already been sent) to begin the work.
5. That the work would involve suffering and disappointment; and that its essence lay in a new spirit, a new and more humane ideal.

Now if we can show that these were among the thoughts which moved Virgil, the admission will surely imply that, in the deepest and truest sense of the word, Virgil did "prophecy" the coming of Christianity. We should be justified in maintaining that he read the spiritual conditions of his time

with profound insight, and with not less profound hope declared that some answer would be sent to the world's need. How much more than these two gifts of insight and faith men may take to be involved in the conception of a prophet we need not consider; for we shall all agree that no great religion will ever be content with less; no mere mechanical foreknowledge has ever been or will ever be enough to make a man a great teacher of his fellows. In inquiring, therefore, into Virgil's teaching upon such points as have been suggested, we are not following some curious by-way of literary study; we are at the very heart of the central movement of history, and touching the deepest forces that have made and are making mankind.

Of the points enumerated, only the last (if even that) can be called in any sense new. The others hardly need to be justified, save that we must examine the first a little more closely if we wish to realize what kind of a world it was in which Virgil lived and wrote.

No one who is even superficially acquainted with the terrible century before Augustus (say from 133-31 B. C.) will doubt that the sufferings caused to the world by the "delirium" of its rulers had reached an unbearable pitch. In that period of time Italy had seen twelve separate civil wars, six of which had involved many of the provinces; a long series of political murders, beginning with the Gracchi, and ending with Caesar and Cicero; five deliberate, legalized massacres, from the drumhead court-martial, which sentenced to death three thousand supposed followers of Gaius Gracchus, to the second proscription dictated by Mark Antony. Men still spoke with a shudder of the butchery of seven thousand Samnite prisoners in the hearing of the assembled Senate, and the boy Virgil would meet many men who had seen the last act of the struggle with Spartacus and his army of escaped gladiators—six thousand prisoners nailed on crosses along the

whole length of the busiest road in Italy, from Rome to Capua. And the long record of the oppression of the provinces year by year under every fresh governor is hardly less terrible.

The chief causes of this chaos were the complete decay of civil control over the military forces of the empire; the growth of capitalism and the concentration of capital in the hands of the governing class at Rome; and the economic disorder springing from the methods of ancient warfare, especially the enormous growth of slavery and the depopulation of Italy. They are all summed up in that tremendous *Ergo* in the conclusion of the First Georgic, which attributes the miseries of mankind directly to the just wrath of heaven.

"Therefore it was that twice Philip^{pi} saw
The clash of Roman hosts, both armed
alike."

And the same evils have their place in the famous contrast between the peaceful toil of the farmer and the corrupt, reckless ambitions of political life, which closes the Second Georgic.

Hardly even Cicero, and certainly no other man of that generation, felt the shame of that corruption as did Virgil. With burning scorn he points to the roads by which the greatest men of his age had won their way to power.

"Some fret with laboring oars the treacherous sea
Eager to trade in slaughter, breaking through
The pomp and sentinels of ancient kings.
This man will storm a town and sack its homes,
To drink from alabaster, sleep in purple.
His rival hoards up gold and broods alone
On buried treasure. That man's dream is set
On power to sway a crowd by eloquence,
Or so command the acclaim of high and low
That vast assemblies at his coming vie
To fill his ears with plaudits. There the victors
March proud of brothers' blood upon their hands;
Here steal the vanquished, torn from home and children,
To seek new fatherlands in alien skies."

And in the "Aeneid," who can forget the picture of the fall of Troy, with the concentrated pathos of its central

scene, the butchery of Polites before his father's and his mother's eyes, and of Priam himself upon the steps of the altar? And what is the tremendous machinery of punishment after death which the Sixth Book describes in the most majestic passage of all epic poetry but the measure of Virgil's sense of human guilt?

That the advent of the Empire, with the possibility which it offered of universal peace, seemed to Virgil the providential forerunner of even greater blessings, is clearly stated all through the "Aeneid." Not less clear is the part which he deemed the temporal power of Rome was to play in the new growth of society; and almost equally clear is the function he assigns to the idealized Augustus. In other words, few readers of Virgil will doubt the truth of the next three steps in my argument. One comment only may be here permitted, though it is so simple that at first sight it may seem almost trivial. Free communication between different parts of the world was made possible by the new roads, the new postal system, and the complete suppression of war by land and of piracy by sea; and these things, which marked the accession of Augustus, lasted through the first three centuries of the Empire—precisely the period in which Christianity grew to be a world-religion. Has such freedom of travel ever been known again, I wonder, in any other three centuries of history? We may repeat a saying of Pope Leo the Great (440-461 A. D.), which anticipated many eloquent pages of Professor Freeman: "To the end that the fruit of God's unspeakable grace might be diffused throughout the world, the Divine Providence created beforehand the dominion of Rome."

We come now to my chief and last point, the character of the change that Virgil prophesied, and the spirit in which it was to be sought. And this will explain what may have seemed an inconsistency in the argument hitherto. How can you, it may be objected, see in Virgil's writings any antici-

pation of a spiritual Messiah, when Virgil declares that Augustus is the deliverer he celebrates, that Augustus's work is to bring the great reformation? If Virgil was in the end content to accept as the Deliverer a personality so full of blots, can we interpret seriously his loftier predictions? But such a criticism is based on a misconception. Virgil was not content with the past or present weaknesses of the particular human being called Octavian; he condemns roundly, as we have seen, the violent deeds linked with his earlier career; what Virgil extols is the vast service which Augustus was visibly rendering to mankind, and the still higher service which seemed to lie in the new ideal of the Empire. In the passage devoted to Augustus in "Aeneid" vi., there is no mention of his triumphs in war; his first glory is the recall of the Golden Age of Justice; the last, his journeying in peace through the Empire, like the traveler Hercules who tamed the wild beasts of the forests, like Liber who yoked his tigers to the chariot of harvest-rejoicing.

What, then, was the new ideal? It was the conception of peace by forgiveness, of conciliation instead of punishment—in a word, the ideal of mercy. It was indeed for a part of this, that is, for just and humane government, that Cicero had lived and died; and from him Julius Caesar had learned, ere the end of his stormy career, the great political secret of forgetting offences; but the deeper ethical note, the human sympathy and tenderness of Virgil's appeal to the world, is all his own. In his great picture gallery of Roman heroes, nothing surely is more striking than the faint praise or open censure which he bestows on those who were merely great warriors, like King Tullus, the Tarquins, or Torquatus "of the cruel axe." Of Brutus, the first consul, who sentenced his own son to death for conspiring against the republic, Virgil's kindest word is infelix. Of Julius Caesar we have nothing but a lament for his share in

the Civil War, and a prophetic entreaty to him (in the lips of Anchises) to be the first to throw away the sword; and in this delicate, poetic homage to the great dictator, who shall say if there is more praise than regret?

But the fullest embodiment of this conception is in the second half of the "Aeneid." The story gives us a dramatic picture of the ideal ruler in conflict with the concrete forces of selfishness, passion and ignorance; a picture more profound than any that the art of Homer ever essayed to draw, and for that reason losing something of the fresh, boyish delight in stirring action that rings all through the battles on the Trojan plain. The whole fabric of Virgil's narrative, we can hardly doubt, is woven out of the impressions made upon him by the history of his time; but we can trace here only its central thread, a thread of gold. The thought that shines through the story is that no such warfare ought to be; that it is not the natural but the unnatural, or as Virgil calls it, the "impious" way of settling human questions; that reasonableness and pity are the greatest prerogatives of power.

For observe that Aeneas enters Italy not as an invader, but as a friend, no freebooter, but a pilgrim, seeking only to execute divine commands. The war is created by the powers of evil.

"Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt," cries Shakespeare's Antony, as the mob he has excited rush off to murder the innocent Cinna. It is the same cruel, unscrupulous passion which Virgil portrays when Juno sends the Fury to incite the Latins to break faith with Aeneas. This is her commission.

"Thine is the power to embroil kind brothers' hands,
Sink homes in hatred, light the father's pyre,
And make his freeborn children dread the lash.
A thousand names, a thousand mischiefs thou!
Wake all thy cunning: tear their solemn treaty,

Sow slanderous seed that blood may be the harvest,
And fill at once hearts, voices, hands with war."

To this spirit the brave, patient humanity of Aeneas is in perpetual contrast. In words it is expressed clearly in his speech to the Latin envoys: but the most striking, and, as one is tempted to say, the most un-Roman example, is his conflict with Lausus. Aeneas is pressing Mezentius hard: his young son Lausus rushes in to save his father, and proudly insists on continuing the combat himself when Mezentius has retreated. In vain Aeneas warns and tries to spare him; the Etruscans gather in support of Lausus, who will not be stayed until the spear of Aeneas has pierced his heart. How does Aeneas regard him then?

"But when he saw the dying look and face,
The face so wondrous pale, Anchises' son
Uttered a deep groan, pitying him, and stretched
His right hand forth, as in his soul there rose
The likeness of the love he bore his sire.
'Poor boy! what guerdon for thy glorious deeds,
Say what, to match that mighty heart of thine
Shall good Aeneas yield thee? Those thine arms
Wherein thou gloried'st, keep them; and thyself,
If such desire can touch thee, to the shades
And ashes of thy fathers I restore."
Then calls he the lad's followers, chiding them
For laggards, and uplifts their fallen lord,
His comely boyish hair all stained with blood."

There is no such scene in Homer, nor, unless I mistake, in any other poetry before that of Christian chivalry. And it is thrown into high relief by the contrast with the savagery of Turnus, who allows no one but himself to slay the young prince Pallas, and cries, "Would that his father were here to see him fall."

In the crowning scene of the "Aeneid" this cruelty recoils on Turnus himself. As he lies defeated and begs for mercy, Aeneas stays his hand and is about to spare even Turnus.

But his eye falls on the baldric of Pallas which Turnus had taken for himself, and his grief for Pallas rouses again the temper of the warrior and the judge. Turnus must die. "Pallas," he cries, "Pallas slays thee," and plunged his sword full in Turnus's breast. "The chill of death relaxed his frame, and moaning his spirit fled indignant through the darkness." Moaning and indignant the defeated rebel ends his course; pitiful and indignant Virgil ends the story. The ruthless Turnus could not be trusted to live in the new era, but oh, the pity of his fall, the pity of his punishment.

Nowhere more exquisitely does Virgil "stretch out his hands in longing for the further shore," nowhere more touchingly express his sense of the incompleteness of the greatest human triumph, than by this last line of the "Aeneid," his last word to mankind. His hero has fought, has suffered long, has conquered; yet his conquest itself is cause for sorrow, because it shows

that the deeper enemy, the willfulness of human passion, has yet to be destroyed. Surely, if more than human breath ever moved in human utterance, some whisper at least of divine inspiration must be heard in such an ending to such a poem as this.

In Dante's words we think of Virgil as of "one who goes by night and bears a light behind him, and after him makes the people wise." It was what we call an accident that gave to the author of the Fourth Eclogue such authority among Christians that his teaching was studied as almost an integral part of the Christian revelation; but it was not an accident that his teaching was so profound, so pure, so merciful. Understood in the only way possible to the mind of the early centuries, that eclogue made him a direct prophet, and therefore an interpreter of Christ; and it is not the deepest students of Virgil who have thought him unworthy of that divine ministry.

L'INCONNUE.

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

(From *Idler*.)

Her sweet, unfathomed eyes in level glance
 Sought mine, then fell; herself, patrician, proud,
 Passed on with nameless benison endowed—
 A song the gods made woman-wise, perchance,
 Then lost. Fate struck aside Life's mask; romance,
 Discreet no longer, ventured 'mid the crowd,
 And one bright look was all that love allowed,
 Yet am I captive past deliverance.

With thoughts that weave dim tapestries of dreams,
 Like ghostly shuttles flying through the night,
 I seek her face; no throng our meeting mars,
 While converse dear we hold on noble themes;
 And waking, still I see it, tranquil, white,
 Through the stern silence of the un pitying stars.

The British Protectorate in East Africa.

By THE LORD HINDLIP.

(From the *Empire Review*.)

OUR East Africa Protectorate is bounded on the south by German East Africa, on the east by the Indian Ocean, on the north by Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia, and on the west by Uganda. I mention these matters as, in spite of the fact that geography is in future to be eliminated from the Foreign Office examination on the ground that it can easily be picked up afterward, I think some of my readers may like to have before them the exact bearings of the territory I propose to deal with in this paper. It is only in the last two years that the Protectorate has attracted much attention from the mother-country. Before that time it was occasionally brought to the notice of the public by incidents such as the Uganda Mutiny, the transfer of the country from the old East Africa Company to imperial control, and by a question or so in the House of Commons. But no particular sympathy was shown in its welfare. Now, however, the position is very different, and the many and varied agricultural and commercial industries which have sprung up in the East Africa Protectorate have awakened and continue to awaken the keenest interest in the heart of the empire. With these few opening sentences let me take the reader to the place itself.

A pleasant surprise awaits the trav-

eler when his ship brings him in sight of the East African coast near Mombasa and for a long distance southward. Instead of the arid waste he has seen in passing through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and along the Somaliland coast from Guardafui, or the bare hills on the South African coast, he will be inclined to wonder whether by some mischance his ship has brought him, not to the Africa coast, but to some rich tropical island in the East Indies. He will see cocoanut trees growing in profusion, while at Mombasa and other old Portuguese posts, mango trees are fairly plentiful. The whole coast, in fact, is covered with green trees and vegetation.

Mombasa itself is an island, and, as may be gathered from its native name, *Mvita*, meaning the island of war, was the scene of many sanguinary struggles between the Portuguese and the Arabs. The remains of ancient fortifications still exist along the east coast wherever the old settlements were made. The chief port for the Protectorate, Kilindini, is on the other side of the island; it is certainly one of the finest of the many fine harbors in the Protectorate, and capable of holding a large number of big ships. Mombasa, and a strip of ten miles in breadth the whole length of the coast of the Protectorate, still

remain within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The coast belt for a distance inland of some twenty miles will, I think, attract a considerable amount of attention during the next few years, owing to its richness and suitability for tropical products, such as rubber, cocoanuts, fibers and cotton. In German East Africa, at and near Tanga, not very far distant from the southern frontier of the British Protectorate, and along the Usambara railway, which runs a short distance from Tanga toward the district of Kilimanjaro, great success has been met with by the business-like German planters, who, equipped with a thoroughly scientific knowledge, have been planting rubber and sisal.

There is no doubt that immense strides have been made by the Germans in rubber and sisal cultivation. Only the other day a representative of a London firm told me that owing to the scientific methods applied by the German to the sisal fibers, the sisal from German East Africa was worth £35 to £38 a ton as against £30 for the Mexican and £22 for the Indian product. This in itself emphasizes the difference between German and other methods, and so good is this fiber that merchants are only too eager to buy it in advance, because they know it will be in good condition. Accurate statistics of rainfall and similar matters easily available in German East Africa are deficient in British East Africa, and several would-be investors have told me that they have abstained from investing in our Protectorate owing to the absence of these and similar data.

Passing from the south of the coast belt northward past Mombasa, the Tana river, with the exception of the first eighty miles of its course, where mosquitos exist in myriads, appears to present great possibilities in the way of products of a tropical nature, including cotton, and in many respects both

the country and the river seem to have characteristics similar to the Nile. Lamu, an island a short distance north of the false mouth of the Tana, the real channel being silted up, is at present the headquarters of the trade of this district. All along the coast, from the Tana southward into German territory, a considerable and profitable trade is done in mangrove bark, which is shipped to Germany and to America. Further north again almost at the northern limit of the coast lands of the Protectorate, lies Kismayu, near the mouth of the Juba river, a river which will probably in the future play a not unimportant part in the development of Southern Abyssinia and the intervening country inhabited by the Somalis.

I now pass on to describe the country through which the Uganda Railway passes.

Leaving Mombasa, the line crosses to the mainland by the Makupa bridge. After the first twenty miles or so, the bush becomes thicker and interspersed with many fibrous plants, and water is very scarce. With the exception of Voi, in the Teita district, there is nothing of much interest until Makindu is reached, 209 miles from the coast and at an elevation of 3,280 feet, and for the next fifty-eight miles to Kiu there is some very fair grazing land, which should do well for indigenous cattle, goats and sheep, but here again water is a difficulty. One or two abortive attempts at boring have been made by the railway people, but I do not know to what depth the experiments have gone. I firmly believe that water could be supplied by means of artesian wells, which should tap some of the underground rivers said to exist somewhere under this part of the country.

Just before the train reaches Voi (mile 103), the traveler may expect to get his first sight of East African big game. The last time I went up the railway, a little over a year ago, a

small herd of giraffes was seen close to the track. Voi (elevation 1,830 feet) is practically the end of the Taru desert which used to form, in the old days, the bete noire of the traveler from the coast to the interior. From here there is a caravan road, over which motor wagons now run to Taveta and the German district round Kilimanjaro. Several concessions have been taken up near Voi for the gathering and cultivation of fibers, the Voi river naturally attracting people to this part.

Dinner is usually at Voi, which is reached, as a rule, shortly after dusk, and the country traversed during the ensuing night is not of a very attractive character. The first object of interest in the morning which is sometimes visible from the train, is the snow-capped peak of Kilimanjaro, rising in solitary grandeur from the level plain, and from here to Nairobi, across the Kapiti and Athi plains, the line runs through what is practically an enormous zoological garden. These plains, extending from mile 280 to Nairobi at mile 328, are chiefly remarkable for the quantity of game, and for the myriads of ticks which practically take possession of clothes and bedding and even oneself; in the wet season when the grass is long, the ticks make life almost unbearable. The herds of harte beeste, wilde beeste, zebra and gazelles pay but little attention to the passing train, while lions have not unfrequently been seen by passengers. The whole of the district south of the railway, practically from Voi to Nairobi, forms the game reserve, which, I hope, will be jealously guarded for some time to come.

Near Machakos (mile 276), elevation 5,250 feet, which I consider to be the beginning of the white man's zone, considerable success has attended the efforts of an old pioneer of the country in cultivating fruit, the apples grown there being in very great demand.

Nairobi, at an elevation of 5,450 feet, is now practically the capital of the Protectorate. The site is an unfortunate one; a mile or two into rising ground would have made all the difference, for, owing to the lack of fall for the necessary drainage, almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to the sanitary authorities and the department concerned with the streets. The town, apart from the residential portion, has been condemned over and over again by every medical officer who has seen it. The Government have now despatched a sanitary engineer to make a report. The headquarters of the Railway, troops and Land Department are at Nairobi, and, with the exception of the Customs Department, which must necessarily be at the coast, all the Government headquarters will no doubt be established here shortly. Plague has broken out at Nairobi on more than one occasion, and is likely to do so again and in a more virulent form unless the native markets, Indian bazaars, and other places where filth collects, are properly supervised and placed under stringent sanitary regulations and entirely removed from the European quarter of the town.

Nairobi, during the four years or so that I have known it, has made rapid progress. Tin shanties and wooden shacks now give way to more solid buildings of stone of good quality, which is plentiful in the vicinity. Cricket and football grounds, a race-course and an agricultural show, all find their place in or near the town. Hotels, which four years ago were practically non-existent, have sprung up, and really excellent accommodation can be obtained. The value of land has increased enormously, and although it is perhaps difficult to believe that the present inflated prices are justified, there is apparently at present no sign of a slump. Land in the residential quarter which a few years ago was practically valueless, now changes hands in many instances at from £50 to £80 an acre, and possible more.

I think the chief object of interest at Nairobi is the French Roman Catholic Mission, a few miles out of the town. Here, under the direction of Father Burke, a very considerable acreage has been put under coffee, which has done very well, and commands good prices on the French market. Coffee throughout the Kikuyu district appears to thrive, and the trees beginning to bear in about two and a half years. Like everything else in a new country, it has its detractors, and some say that the trees will exhaust themselves too quickly; personally I am inclined to doubt the prophecy. Almost every species of garden produce is grown at the mission in profusion, and I have seen peach trees only three years old and grown from stone, literally weighed down with fruit. Some of the natives are being taught carpentering and other useful crafts, and in another part of the mission a school is being carried on for European children.

Some fifty miles south of Nairobi, at an altitude of about 2,500 feet, lies the Lake of Soda, called by the natives Lake Magadi. Although many lakes in the surrounding country contain soda, none contain it to such an extent as this one. The whole surface of the lake is covered with a coating of soda, which, I am told, is from six to eight feet thick, and is continually increasing. The East Africa Syndicate own a concession to work this soda, but so far little has been done with it.

Leaving Nairobi, the railway begins to climb the Kikuyu Escarpment, and it is here that the beautiful and attractive country begins. Signs of colonization are everywhere visible on both sides of the line, snug homesteads are springing up and land is being brought into cultivation. After cresting the Kikuyu Escarpment, the track brings one down to the fine grazing land round Naivasha, Gilgil and Elementeita, which used to form a portion of the grazing lands of the Masai. This territory has been eagerly snapped up by

settlers. Near Naivasha is the government stock farm, which I think is now certainly one of the best, if not the best, thing in the country. Here Mr. Hill shows with great pride the results of his experiments in stock-raising and crossing of the native cattle and sheep with imported stock, and on the whole the results are very satisfactory.

The first cross with a native ewe and imported merino, from the point of view of the wool, is certainly encouraging. The carcase, as is only to be expected, is poor. The second cross is, I think, disappointing, probably owing to the fact that the difference between the first cross and the native animal is so marked. The merino sheep which were brought from South Africa to the government farm, although I believe in bad condition and suffering from scab on arrival, have on the whole done well. The crossing of the native cattle with imported stock, Herefords, Shorthorns and Guernseys, has also been so far successful, though it remains to be seen whether it will be better to cross with imported stock, or whether, as I understand is the opinion of many in South Africa, it will be better to breed up by selection from the pick of the native cattle, which appear to be more or less immune from many diseases. The native cattle are small, but taking to the eye, and are extraordinarily docile. Their yield of milk is very small, but its quality makes up to a large extent for its quantity, and can almost be compared to the quality of the Jersey. The hump entirely disappears in the first cross. The cross is a much bigger animal, a calf a week old being nearly the same size as a native calf of four or five weeks.

At Gilgil, the head station of the East Africa Syndicate, a flock of some four or five thousand merino sheep, imported from Australia at the beginning of the year, can be seen from the train. I do not know how these sheep have done, but it is to be hoped that this bold experiment will prove a success, as a wool industry would be the making

of the country. No doubt if sheep are to succeed, they will do so on the land between Naivasha and Nakuru, where the grass is short and sweet, having been heavily grazed by the Masai flocks. The rainfall from Naivasha almost to Nakuru is not sufficient for agricultural purposes, and cultivation, if attempted, would mean irrigation.

The next station to Elementeita is Nakuru, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, situated some three miles from the northern shore of the lake of that name, and this in the future is likely to be a large agricultural center; it is practically the end of what is at present considered the best country for sheep. Blue gums and black wattles planted some three and a half years ago have grown to a very considerable height, and it is confidently expected that a large industry will be formed, as in Natal, for the growing of black wattle and the exportation of its valuable bark.

To the north of Nakuru and Gilgil, at a little distance from the railway, is the Likipia Escarpment and Plateau, now a reservation for the Masai, a nomadic tribe with a great reputation for bravery, which personally I believe to be exaggerated. Their favorite occupation has always been that of raiding tribes weaker than themselves and stealing cattle, an occupation they indulge in far too frequently, and it will undoubtedly give rise to serious trouble if their thieving propensities are not checked. The Masai are used by the government as allies on their punitive expeditions, a form of policy by no means generally accepted, as in the view of many it tends very strongly to maintain a spirit of tribal animosity.

North of Nakuru, and west of the Likipia Escarpment, stretches a portion of the Rift Valley to Lake Baringo, approximately one hundred miles from the railway. The country round Baringo used to be ideal for the sportsman, but it is unsuitable for settlement, dry, except in the rainy season, and hot. Game used to be very plentiful.

I remember one day some four years ago, seeing nine different species, all within an hour's walk from my camp, and two or more species could probably have been found without any difficulty. Since that time, however, this district has been heavily shot over, and I believe a good deal of the game has been driven away.

Lake Baringo, itself is worthy of a little notice. It swarms with fish, and on, I think, two islands in the middle of the lake are hot springs where cooking can be done without any difficulty. Crocodiles abound in the lake, but for some reason or other, they have never been known to interfere with the natives, who, it is not an exaggeration to say, practically kick them out of their way. I have seen them fishing up to their necks in water, paying no heed to the crocodile.

North of Baringo, and slightly west, is the country inhabited by the Suk, a very friendly pastoral tribe who resemble very much the Karamoja and Turkhana. I have seen it stated that the Suk claim relationship to the Masai, but I do not think this is likely to be correct; their dress and appearance have no resemblance to the Masai, neither have their customs.

Between Nakuru and Njoro (elevation 7,000 feet) on the south side of the line lies the main station of the property in which I am interested. Here crossing Hampshire sheep with the native has produced quite a respectable animal of a totally different type to the native, and I think that the second cross with the merino should prove about the best for this part of the country. North of the railway, beginning at Njoro, is Lord Delamere's grant of land.

As Nakuru is left, the railway commences to climb up the Mau Escarpment; at Njoro, a distance of twelve miles, it has climbed 1,000 feet, and shortly afterward, near Elbeurgon, some sixteen miles from Njoro, where Lord Delamere has established a saw mill, the scenic effects in the forest

are very grand. Giant junipers rear their heads into the mist, which prevails at this high elevation. Dank masses of creepers and lichens cling to the moisture-laden branches, and long streamers of the greybeard moss wave mournfully in the wind. From far down in the dark rifts and gorges, almost shut out from the light of day by the dense vegetation, comes the sound of mysterious running waters, and as the train flashes round the curves, plunging on its way through the gloomy labyrinths of the forest, to the traveler the mighty voice of Nature speaks in more inspiring language.

On leaving Londiani, where the road to the Ravine starts, the descent of the escarpment begins, the line still passes through gorgeous scenery and forest, through Lumbwa to Fort Ternan (5,000 feet), which, I think, is the end of the white man's country. Fourteen miles farther on, with a drop of some 800 feet, is Mohoroni, and now the railway runs more or less on the level, through a hot and uninteresting plain, which continues down to the shore of Kavirondo Bay, with the Nandi hills some few miles to the north. After passing two more stations, Kisumu, the terminus of the railway, is reached, and a journey of 584 miles, lasting approximately forty-six hours, is ended.

Near Mohoroni, cattle-grazing may possibly be carried on, but beyond that point semi-tropical products will be the rule. Cotton, ground nuts, rice and similar products should do, but the plain is not the district for a settler's permanent home. A small Indian settlement which was started a few years ago at Kibos has, I believe, been fairly successful, and more Indians are now to be imported. In German territory, on the southeast shore of the Victoria Nyanza, near Mwanza, I understand that Arabs and Indians have large plantations of rice and ground nuts, and do a very considerable trade, and I see no reason why the same should not exist in this valley.

It is most unfortunate that political and financial considerations caused it to be deemed necessary to carry the railway through this valley, and make the port on the Victoria Nyanza at Kisumu. The original survey across the Guas Ingisho to Port Victoria would have opened up a country superior in every way to the Nyando Valley, capable of supporting a considerable population and surpassing it in practical products. At Port Victoria a good harbor could have been made with some eighteen feet of water, while at Kisumu there is only about eight feet, and from the amount of refuse which is continually being washed into the bay and the harbor, it is not unlikely that in a few years dredging will have to be resorted to. Owing to the shallowness of the water at Kisumu, the boats plying on the lake have to be of very light draft, and are consequently unable to carry as much cargo as they should do.

I now propose to briefly describe the country north of the railway and the Nandi country, known as Guas Ingishu, on which the Zionists at one time cast such covetous glances.

Leaving the line at Londiani, a march of about twenty miles along a very moderate cart road, through undulating and well-wooded country, which is really part of the Mau Forest, brings one to Eldama Ravine, or, as the natives call it, Shimone, which means a waterfall. This, I think, is one of, if not the most picturesque stations in the Protectorate, situated on the top of a hill at an elevation of some 7,000 feet. It commands a magnificent view over the plains to Lake Baringo, and, a little to the west, of the Kamasia hills. Beyond this range is the valley known as the Kerio Valley, inhabited by Kamasia, Elgeyo, Mutel and Margwet tribes, the last-named being not too favorably disposed to the administration.

Reports of the discovery of diamonds in this valley, and also in the plains between the railway and Baringo, have

been circulated from time to time, and have, I believe, caused some land to change hands at comparatively high prices, but that is all. Possibly it may be correct, as stated by various persons acquainted with the mining conditions obtaining in other countries, that discoveries have been made in East Africa, but, owing to the mining laws in force, it is not worth any one's while to proclaim a find.

Leaving Ravine Station, the native track on to the Guas Ingishu leads westward through a portion of the Mau, or perhaps more correctly the Elgeyo Forest, and the first night the camp is pitched in a small clearing, the track not leaving the forest for another couple of hours' march the following day. Juniper, a species of cedar, and podocarpus, are the chief trees in the forest, where, I believe, a timber concession is held, but a great danger to be guarded against in timber concessions up-country, which, however, I do not think applies to timber on the coast, is that a very large proportion of the cedar trees are hollow.

The majority of persons, and the number all told is but small, who have attempted to get on to the plateau proper, have been disheartened by the long grass met with the first day or day and a half after leaving the forest, and unless one goes through this small belt of the country after the grass has been burned, it does not give one the impression of being good grazing land, as the grass has a very rank appearance. This would, I am sure, be rectified once the country was taken in hand. On the two occasions that I have been through this part of the country, my first objective has been a hill called Sirgoit; on the first occasion it took me six days, and on the second occasion seven days to reach it from Ravine, and I noticed each time that the grass got much finer and shorter on about the fourth or perhaps the fifth day's march, while the pick of the whole country and the favorite feeding ground of the game has been

that piece of the country which surrounds Sirgoit for a distance of practically ten or twelve miles in each direction.

This last tract of country, which on two sides, the south and east, is bounded by dense forests, the Nandi forests on the south and the Elgeyo forest on the east, is not suitable for small holdings; it is essentially a country for large ranches, as the homestead would have to be built on the fringe of the forest and the stock-runs extended out into the open plain. When transport facilities have improved I have no doubt that cultivation will be carried on as well as grazing, but this also will have to be done on a large scale. If the country is given up to small holders they will never be able to make a living at anything, and the whole of the center of the plateau will be unused.

Near Sirgoit is a small lake of the same name, known only to a few who have visited it, and even forgotten or unknown to many of the remains of the Guas Ingishu Masal, who used to inhabit this plateau. On the plateau are to be found some curious remains of old stone kraals, or cattle pits, relics of a bygone race. These kraals, or at any rate all I have seen, are circular or oblong, but I could not see any traces of a roof, and they are built out in the open plain far from any timber or even bushes.

A short distance north of Sirgoit the bush country begins, and continues with different species of bush up to the edge of the plateau, looking over Turkwell Valley. For some two days' march or more the country is still good for grazing, but afterward the grass is rank, and rivers and swamps are the great obstacles to progress. This bush is the home of the five-horned giraffe, which caused so much discussion when brought home by Sir Harry Johnston. These beautiful animals are comparatively plentiful in this particular district, and as the country is uninhabited except for a few Wandarobo hunters,

the animal is not killed for its hide as in other parts.

From the northern edge of the plateau a marvelous view is obtained of the whole surrounding country. To the east and northeast are the wild, rugged Suk hills. North is the Turkwell River, which winds through the Karamojo district toward Lake Rudolph. Mount Debasien rises majestically to a height of over 9,000 feet sheer out of the level plain, and seem to dwarf even Mount Elgon, whose enormous size, and the fact that it rises on one side from a high plateau, detracts from its height of 14,200 feet. West of Debasien stretches another vast plain as far as the eye can see; one might imagine that there was nothing until the Nile.

The Turkwell River is the boundary between East Africa and Uganda, and let us retrace our steps along the slopes of Mount Elgon back to Kavirondo. Before reaching Kavirondo, the country called Engabumi, or the Country of the Cave Dwellers, is passed. Some of these caves are very large. The first I found was a long, narrow chamber, measuring some 210 feet to the extreme end, the doorway being carefully closed up with branches and logs. The two largest are situated in a picturesque horseshoe shaped kloof with a waterfall in the center. The first was practically divided by fallen boulders, and the two compartments were connected by a kind of passage at the back, and a long, narrow tunnel again connected this passage with a smaller cave, the distance from one extremity to the other being 400 feet and the greatest height 20 feet. The largest cave in the group in this part of Elgon was shaped like the figure 8, divided into two by a stockade across the middle, the outer portion being used as a granary, the inner as a dwelling. This was the most perfect cave I saw, its measurements being nearly 309 feet from front to back, about 150 feet across and about 30 feet high, but the size of the cavern possibly made the roof appear lower than it really was. I

only found one cave into which it was unpleasant to enter.

The origin of these caves has given rise to some speculation, but I do not think that they are anything more than the results of volcanic disturbances; they are much too extensive to have been the work of rude savages using inferior weapons, and although I had been asked to examine them for any marks which might have been made by instruments, all the marks I found were explained by a Gabumi, or cave dweller, who told me that they chipped off pieces of the walls with the butt end of their spears to provide a form of salt for their cattle.

Almost directly after leaving the caves, the northern end of the Kavirondo country is reached. This is for the most part treeless and without interest, very thickly populated, and the cultivation of matama, bananas and sweet potatoes is carried on to a very large extent. The Kavirondo own considerable numbers of cattle and sheep. Most of their villages in the north are surrounded by earthen walls and a ditch, and in some places by hedges of cacti and euphorbia.

The Kavirondo are remarkable for the fact that their younger women wear absolutely no clothing, but while dispensing with clothing they do not despise personal adornment, beads and iron wire being freely worn. A peculiar ornament is a grass tail tied round the waist generally with a string of beads. I believe that this is an emblem of marriage, and to touch one of these tails is a great breach of good manners, the offender being, I believe, liable to a fine of five goats. The men do not despise clothing, their chief pride seemingly being their head dress, generally made of basket work surmounted by numbers of beads, shells and ostrich feathers. Smoking is a universal habit among men and women. The Kavirondo natives are fair laborers for agricultural purposes, working for a low wage, and, unlike many tribes,

are willing to leave their own country for a year or more.

One object which is sure to attract the attention of the traveler through Kavirondo, is the quail decoy, consisting of a pole fastened either vertically in the ground, or horizontally on two sticks, from which are suspended numbers of conical-shaped wicker cages, each containing a quail, whose call attracts others, who in turn are caught by snares set round the poles.

South and southwest of the Mau Escarpment lies the Sotik and Lumbwa, both pre-eminently suitable for stock, and by far the finest cattle in the Protectorate come from the Sotik. The country on the southwest slopes of Mau, before the Sotik country proper is reached, is more unlike Africa than anything I have ever seen or heard of. It is a wooded country at an elevation of somewhere between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, with large open clearings some thousands of acres in extent, and with belts of trees, generally on each side of clear streams. This country is very well watered and is, I think, the finest grazing land for cattle in the country.

One large clearing, practically in the forest, is worth a short description. To the extent of some thousand or two acres, surrounded on all sides by forests largely consisting of cedar and bamboo, the ground is practically covered with red and white everlasting, and in the early morning, when the ground is white with apparently rime, it is as pretty a sight as one could wish for, and one which I, at any rate, never expected to see in Africa. Grasses here never seem to be very different to those usually found elsewhere, and resemble very closely those one is accustomed to see in the grazing lands of Scotland. In this part of the country, even in the middle of the day, one does not look for a shady tree, but rather is inclined to sit in the sun for comfort.

This little sketch of our Protectorate in East Africa, incomplete as it is, will be still more so without a few words on the Kikuyu country, between Nai-

robi and Fort Hall, but of this part I can only speak from hearsay.

Land has been taken up in this direction to a very large extent, but apparently very little has been done toward its development, and a railway between Nairobi and Fort Hall is badly wanted. Labor in Kikuyu is cheap and plentiful; it is indifferent in quality, the price paid being from six to eight shillings a month, including food. It would appear to be the country where the comparatively small farmer will do better than in other parts, owing chiefly to the number of streams, and I should imagine that the soil is more fitted for cultivation than for grazing. Coffee seems to do well, and many people are trying fibers, chiefly ramie and wild banana. At and beyond Fort Hall, except on the hills of Kenia, the country falls away to lower levels, and here cotton is being grown, and will no doubt be produced in large quantities if railway facilities are forthcoming. Northward of Kenia, between Rudolph and the Abyssinian border, little is known of the country; the natives there possess considerable numbers of sheep and cattle.

And now a word or two in conclusion on the country as a whole. It has, I think, a future, but is not by any means a country for a man to go to without capital, and the chief reason for this is not the country itself, but the system which obtains there. If a man could start working his land on his arrival in the country, it would be a different state of affairs, but owing to the country being practically unsurveyed, a man has to wait months before he gets his land, and as often as not after he has spent some six months looking for land, living in hotels or even camps, he has not sufficient capital left to develop his land when he gets it.

The country has many possibilities; it has no specialized industry, and probably the best thing for a man to do who wishes to make money, and not only to provide himself with a perma-

nent home in the country, is to take up land in the highlands, where he and his family can live as they would in Europe, and also to take up some land in the coast belt, where he can grow rubber and other valuable crops, which should bring him a handsome return. In this way he will be able to live in a healthy climate, and pay periodical visits of inspection to what will probably be his most valuable asset.

There are many industries which could be carried on in the highlands, one of the most promising and at the present time most profitable being dairy farming, but settlers own comparatively few cattle, and the price of cows and their small yield of milk, together with other risks, make it impossible at the present time for butter to be produced cheaply enough to compete with Australia and New Zealand. The breeding up of herds is always a slow process, and really the only chance that the majority of colonists have of stocking their farms is when the government has had trouble with some tribe, and sells the cattle they confiscate. Pigs have been found to do remarkably well, and the bacon industry would naturally go hand in hand with dairy farming.

I do not think that the country will ever compete in cereals with Canada and America, although there will always be a considerable local market. The export trade as far as crops go will have to consist of more valuable products, and probably oil seeds, coffee, black wattles, tobacco, fibers, rubber, cotton and copra will be most extensively grown. It is only to the last of these, however, that capital will be attracted in the first instance, to any extent.

It is a thousand pities that the land

is in such a state of chaos, and I believe I am only quoting the words of Sir Charles Elliot, spoken at a lecture which was given either at the end of last year or the beginning of this, when he said that among the more senior officers of the administration there was no one conversant with the question of land settlement in other colonies. If the government wish to have the beautiful highlands inhabited by a prosperous white population, it is absolutely essential that there should be an official to deal with the situation who has had experience of white colonists, and it is satisfactory to note that in the recent appointment of a land officer the government appear to be making an effort in this direction.

To facilitate administration, it would probably be much better to amalgamate East Africa and Uganda; many expenses would thus be saved. At present the country is crying out for capital for the development of the coast, railways and a hundred and one things inseparable from all industries, without which practically no industry in the world can be carried on. I am firmly of the opinion that there is capital waiting to go into the country, if it can only find or force its way in, and I do not understand why it is made so difficult for capitalists to invest. The imports in August last were valued at over 1,000,000 rupees, over £70,000, and the exports at half a million, an increase, I think, taking a rough monthly average, of some 80 per cent. in two years on imports and of 100 per cent. in fourteen months on exports. Considerable attention is being paid to the East Coast of Africa, and unless facilities are given for the investment of capital in the British Protectorate, it will only go farther south—to German and Portuguese territory.



The Hohenlohe Memoirs.

By SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

(From the National Review.)

THE memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, the third Chancellor of the new German empire, which have attracted the serious attention of politicians, statesmen and historians in every European country, are now accessible to English readers unacquainted with German in a translation. Those who study them with intelligence will acquire not merely a very true idea of the personality of a distinguished man who played an important part in shaping what is now the settled policy of his country, but an accurate perception of the German aims and aspirations with which he was in enthusiastic sympathy.

Prince Hohenlohe was a courteous personage, well acquainted with the history and literature of Germany and France, a true friend, a considerate and indulgent head of a department, and a shrewd, calculating politician. His letters lack the picturesque language, the searching phrases, the vivid descriptions of men and things which lend entrancing charm to the letters of Bismarck, but they are remarkable for an idiosyncratic grace of style, and they contain many suggestive sayings and judgments on which serious readers will not fail to ponder.

In the spring of 1864 Prince Hohenlohe received a communication from his aunt, Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, in which she stated that Queen Victoria wished to obtain an unbiased account of social and po-

litical conditions in Germany, and requested Prince Hohenlohe, in whom she had great confidence, to furnish her with the information required. Lord Fitzmaurice has revealed to us in his life of Lord Granville—a work which all who aspire to influence British politics should study unceasingly—that Queen Victoria was actively engaged in thwarting the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, especially as regards Germany. Her chief agent in the Cabinet was Lord Granville. The Princess Feodora was the go-between through whose hands the communications of Hohenlohe were to reach her majesty. He wrote two letters to the Queen, one on May 4, 1864, and the other on April 15, 1865. They are very remarkable productions. The writer states the German case in the Schleswig-Holstein controversy with sobriety and skill. He explains in an admirably condensed and lucid form the state of the German mind on religious and political subjects, and he makes his own confession of faith on the eve of the great movement for the reconstruction of Germany, in which he was destined to play a distinguished part.

The two political events of the nineteenth century which seem destined to have the most abiding influence on the fortunes of Europe are the establishment of the Italian kingdom and the formation of the new German empire. Both may be traced to the influence of Napoleon's power. From 1809

to 1814 Italy was practically united under Napoleon, for Murat can hardly be described as an independent sovereign. Neapolitans, Piedmontese and Tuscans stood shoulder to shoulder in his armies, and, long after he had passed away at St. Helena, Italians who had fought in his wars would show their wounds and tell of their deeds of valor when opposed to the soldiers of Wellington in Spain, their feats of endurance during the retreat from Moscow, and the steady courage with which they faced the horrors of Beresina.

The idea of a common country was implanted in the popular mind, and it developed quickly under the dull tyranny of the governments set up in the peninsula by the Congress of Vienna. Unfortunately, from the year 1821 until Cavour came into power the national cause of Italy was upheld mainly by secret revolutionary societies. Maghella, the evil genius of Murat, recognized the Carbonari after his escape from Paris in 1813, where he had been placed under strict police observation by Napoleon. The seed he planted prospered, and the pernicious influence of secret societies is felt in southern Italy to this day. The destruction of their power in northern and central Italy was part of the great work of Cavour.

The national movement in Germany received little or no help from secret societies. After the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, and still more after the Peace of Tilsit, the hand of Napoleon lay so heavily on the country that the necessity of uniting in order to shake off intolerable oppression was felt by men of various sorts and conditions. This was apparent in 1809.

At that moment Count Philip Stadion was the chief Minister in Austria. He was a man of great accomplishments and knowledge, a statesman whose vision was wide and clear, and who did not direct his attention merely to the small shifts of diplomacy, but took a comprehensive view of the whole condition of Austria. He thor-

oughly realized the necessity for military, administrative and social reforms, and he saw that the time had come when Austria should put herself at the head of the popular movement in Germany, if she was to keep her historic position in central Europe.

Unfortunately the sovereign whom Stadion served, though not without considerable shrewdness, was small-minded and mean. The Emperor Francis never intelligently supported his Minister, with the result that the movement of which that statesman was the soul ended in the fatal peace of Schonbrunn, consequent on the defeat of the Austrian arms at Wagram. None of Napoleon's battles had such far-reaching consequences as Wagram. It was immediately followed by the armistice of Znaim; then came the peace of Schonbrunn, and a radical change in Austrian policy took place, involving the substitution of Metternich for Stadion—an adroit, shrewd, unscrupulous and superficial diplomatist for a large-hearted, wide-minded statesman.

Stadion's project for the reconstruction of Germany with the aid of German patriotism, intelligence and culture vanished as quickly and completely as a flake of snow on a river. The eyes of patriotic Germans turned to Prussia, and after the destruction of Napoleon's army in Russia and the convention made by General York at Tauroggen, King Frederick William III. was forced to place himself at the head of the national cause of Germany. In January 1813 he fled from Berlin, where he was in semi-captivity, to Breslau. There he made an appeal to his people to vindicate their liberties, and a proclamation appeared in the official gazette of February 13, which a leading historian of the nineteenth century has called the greatest event in German history since the day that Luther nailed his famous theses on the door in Wittenberg. It called into existence the first really national army seen in Europe, and introduced universal military service. The union

of all the physical and moral force of the nation in the army had long been the dream of Scharnhorst. It was realized in February, 1813, and is the secret of all the subsequent triumphs of Prussia.

After the fall of Napoleon the German question became one of those problems in which the hard realities of life seem in contradiction to the aspirations of a nation. Between 1815 and 1848 the desire for German unity was general, but few men were clear as to the means by which it could be brought about. Powerful and representative men during the Congress of Vienna wished the old empire to be restored under the arch house of Austria. This was impossible with Metternich at the head of Austrian affairs.

There were others, not at that time very numerous, but keen observers of the realities of things, who maintained that the solution of the problem was the hegemony of Prussia and the total exclusion of Austria from Germany. Others, again, like Rotteck, admired greatly the Spanish Constitution of 1812, which reduced the authority of the crown to a shadow; some, like Karl Follen, desired a Jacobin republic, constructed on lines of which St. Just would have approved; and a good number wished for the foundation of a German federal republic organized on the Swiss model.

There was universal dissatisfaction with the arrangements made by the Congress of Vienna, except among persons whose consideration or position in the world largely, if not entirely, depended on their position at the various courts. This conflict of opinions and interests produced a fermentation in the German mind which lasted through the period of Prince Hohenlohe's youth and early manhood.

Sainte-Beuve insists that to understand a remarkable man it is necessary to study in him the influence of heredity. This is particularly true as regards Prince Hohenlohe. The Hohenlohe family is one of the most ancient

in Europe, its records being earlier than those of the Hapsburgs or the Hohenzollerns. The Hohenlohes had wide possessions in Swabia, and were independent princes of the Holy Roman Empire. They were mediatised in 1803. Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe, the third Chancellor of the German empire, was born in March, 1819. His father was a Catholic, an amiable and refined man, sometimes witty, and even cheerful, but with a marked strain of melancholy—a characteristic which I more than once observed in his son. Prince Chlodwig's mother was of the Lutheran house of Hohenlohe-Langenbourg. The sons were brought up Roman Catholics; one of them took holy orders and became a cardinal. The daughters were Protestants.

This difference in religious observance had no effect whatever on the perfect unity of the family. The brothers and sisters remained always deeply attached to each other, and early training to respect religious convictions he did not share influenced Hohenlohe throughout his life. He never could conceal his impatience at unjust and unfair criticism of the Reformation. He was, however, never attracted by the Protestant view, and always remained a Catholic; but his memoirs confirm what those who knew him well could not fail to observe, that anti-clericalism was one of the strongest instincts of his nature, and that he regarded the influence of the Jesuits, and of the Ultramontane movement generally, with profound aversion, and even dismay. One of the clearest expressions of this opinion is in a letter written from Munich in May, 1846, when he was twenty-seven years of age, to his sister, Princess Amalie:

"Nothing in political life is better or worse than the transition from doubt to firm conviction. It is a bad thing because it wastes the inward life; a good thing, because it puts an end to a state of doubt. I have now reached this point. Previously I held

to the so-called Ultramontane party, because I regarded it as safe; but this idea, which had previously made me doubtful of my actions, has now disappeared. . . . The abyss to which I was being carried by the policy of the Jesuits has suddenly been revealed to me. Their intolerance, their hatred of Protestantism, which is one of their leading features, their idea that the Reformation, with all its consequences, was a mistake, that the great philosophical, literary and other splendid monuments of our history were only aberrations of the human intellect, is an absurdity. It is treachery, utterly opposed to my inmost nature, and is a sign of internal corruption and decay, which makes it absolutely impossible for me to give the smallest help to that party, so long as I place any value on the whole of my past life and my dearest convictions. I pray God for strength to deliver me from the temptations of this devilish society, which works only for the subjugation of human freedom, especially any intellectual freedom; I pray that I may never be led astray from the path of truth by promises or threats for this purpose. There must be an open breach with the whole clique, which it will be my business to bring to pass as soon as possible."

This letter, written sixty years ago, reveals the principle which governed Prince Hohenlohe's action in religious matters to the day of his death. He remained equally true through life to the political aspirations of his youth. His burning desire was for reforms in Germany which would make that country great and powerful. He was haunted by recollections of the days of the Hansa, and hoped to see his country in possession of fleets and colonies, with a dominating influence all over the world, but especially in the East.

These views are expressed in a remarkable memorandum, "On the Political Condition of Germany, Its Danger and Means of Defense," which

Hohenlohe composed during November and December, 1847:

"No one will deny that it is hard on a thinking, energetic man to be unable to say abroad, 'I am a German,' unable to pride himself on the joy of seeing the German flag flying from his vessel, to have no German consul in cases of emergency, but to have to explain: 'I am a Hessian, a Darmstadter, a Buckeburger, my Fatherland was once a great and powerful country; now it is shattered into thirty-eight splinters.' When we study the map and observe how the Baltic, the North Sea and the Mediterranean break upon our shores and that no German ship compels the pride of the English and French to give the usual salute to the German flag, ought not the hue of shame alone survive from the black, red and yellow ensign and mount into our cheeks? And must not all the whining talk about German unity and the German nation remain wofully ludicrous until the words cease to be an empty sound, a phantasmagoria of our complacent optimism, until we have the reality of a great and united Germany? The industry so long fostered by the Zollverein no longer suffices for our commerce in its present extended conditions, our rich trade seeks extraneous markets and connections over sea."

And on January 16, 1849, being at Mount Carmel, he writes in his journal:

"I am more and more convinced of the need for a speedy central organization of Germany. England and Russia are extending themselves here as much as possible. The East knows nothing of Germany. We must have a German Catholic consul in Jerusalem. Influence in the East would give (1) more power to Germany, (2) increase of German commerce and perhaps of colonization. In order to establish this influence we must make use of the religious element of the Catholic clergy. More attention must be paid to this."

"Time and I against any two others" was a saying of Cardinal Mas-

arin. It would have been an appropriate motto for Prince Hohenlohe.

On January 19, 1848, he advocated the seizure by Germany of Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete and Asia Minor. More than forty years afterward, on October 26, 1894, Count Caprivi, the second Chancellor of the new empire, who held that Germany should keep steadily in view the necessity of consolidating herself in Europe, and avoid a policy sure to bring her into ultimate collision with England, was dismissed, and was replaced by Hohenlohe. He proceeded, as far as circumstances would allow, to carry out the policy he advocated in the morning of his life. It was under him that Kiau Chow was annexed, a fleet commenced on a great scale with a view of wresting from England the sovereignty of the seas, and a concession for the Baghdad Railway secured, with the object of extending the influence of Germany to the Persian Gulf. Englishmen would do well to think of these things when they are told that German hopes of grasping the trident and winning the position now held by England are the idle dream of enthusiasts and does not represent the deep feeling of the German nation.

On December 31, 1866, Hohenlohe was appointed by King Louis II. of Bavaria president of the Council of Ministers, and also entrusted with the conduct of foreign affairs. Public opinion was very much divided. The wounds which Bavaria received in the war between Austria and Prussia when she took the side of the former power were still open. The great majority of the peasants under clerical influences were exceedingly hostile to Prussia. The nobility, and, generally speaking, what may be called the party of the court, as distinct from that of the king, shared the same feeling.

On the other hand, in Rhenish Bavaria and in Franconia among the industrial classes and the protestants many desired a close union with Prussia, and throughout the kingdom the Liberals and the middle classes had

the same wish because they considered it would afford them protection against Ultramontane domination. Prince Hohenlohe explained the views of his government in the Chamber of Deputies on January 19, 1867. He said the goal of his policy was the union of all the German people in one confederation, "protected from without by a powerful central government, and within by a parliamentary constitution, with concomitant preservation of the integrity of the Bavarian state and crown." He went on to declare that he would not try to form a South-West German Confederation under the protection of a non-German power, or under the leadership of Austria. He stated that Prussia was the power to which Bavaria should be allied, and, in view of making this alliance valuable, the Bavarian army must be reorganized, and he concluded by once more insisting that his policy was to prepare the way for a constitutional league with all the other states of Germany while preserving the sovereign rights of Bavaria.

A few days after this speech Hohenlohe received a letter from Freiherr von Roggenbach. That eminent statesman, one of the very best political heads of the nineteenth century, wrote, "Whoever is not blind to the dangers which this Babel of tongues is preparing for the continuance and future of our people, and for the development of the German state, must welcome your utterance with the most sincere and heartfelt joy;" and some little time afterward he received a letter from the Grand Duke of Baden, one of the most clear-sighted of German patriots as well as the most justly respected of sovereigns, which will interest those who desire a closer union of the British empire.

The Grand Duke insisted that "the class of legislation for which it is indispensable to obtain complete uniformity throughout Germany is to be found chiefly in the domain of material interests," and he goes on to point out that agreement in tariff mat-

ters would be "the first step toward a closer union of North and South." The Grand Duke of Baden was mainly instrumental in this step being taken, and it had all the consequences he anticipated.

The movement for a closer union between the North German Confederation and Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden and Hesse required for its direction the greatest prudence and care. After the changes which took place in European politics in consequence of Prussian triumphs in 1866, the Emperor Napoleon III. seemed anxious for an understanding with Austria, and made use of the tragedy of Queretaro to open negotiations with the Court of Vienna.

For that purpose an interview was arranged between him and the Emperor Francis Joseph at Salzberg. They met in August, 1867, and a full account of what took place will be found in the memoirs of Schaffie. Napoleon III., when returning to France, requested Prince Hohenlohe to meet him at the railway station in Munich. Hohenlohe went there, and on the arrival of the imperial train got into the carriage with the Emperor of the French.

I have heard him more than once tell the story of that interview, substantially the same as the account given in his memoirs. But Hohenlohe in conversation always laid stress on the pacific tone of the emperor. Napoleon III. declared that he was not opposed to German unity, nor to the South German states entering the North German Confederation, but insisted that the movement should be very gradual, as he could not restrain the warlike desires of France.

It is only fair to the memory of Napoleon III. to insist on this fact; for, however disastrous, from a French point of view, his policy may have been, in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and again after Sadowa, in the Luxembourg question, in that of the Belgian railways, and in exciting a just suspicion in Germany that he in-

tended to seize portions of German territory, it is perfectly certain that he was most unwilling to take up arms against Germany, and it is not fair to hold him mainly responsible for the disasters of 1870.

The government of Prince Hohenlohe in Bavaria will be remembered for his attitude to the Vatican Council of 1870. On January 28, 1868, a Bull appeared summoning a General Council to meet on December, 1869. It was a counterpart of the document of Paul III. convening the Council of Trent. Paul, however, invited Roman Catholic sovereigns to send Ambassadors to the Council. Pius IX. did not follow this precedent. The omission attracted universal and painful attention, especially in France. M. Emile Ollivier declared in the Chamber of Deputies that the exclusion of the sovereigns from the Council was tantamount to the Pope's introducing with his own hand a separation between Church and State, and the "Univers," the organ of Ultramontanism, truculently proclaimed that the exclusion of the Princes proved that they were outside the Church. The State, according to this paper, had become a "chaos and a sink," and all Catholics stood outside it.

Prince Hohenlohe believed that the moment had come when action might be successfully taken against the Ultramontane party. Haneberg, the learned abbot of St. Boniface, gave him a most alarming account of the power of that party in Rome. The Prince therefore issued a circular note to the Bavarian diplomatists, instructing them to call the attention of the governments to which they were accredited to the Ultramontane danger with a view of common action. The President of the Swiss Federal Council sent, in consequence, an inquiry to the Prussian Minister at Berne as to the intentions of Prussia.

The question therefore became European. Bismarck informed the President that Prussia did not share the anxiety with which the Council was

generally regarded. He thought that a remedy would be found in a natural reaction within the Catholic world. Count Arnim, the Prussian Ambassador at Rome, treated Hohenlohe's proposals with that want of political sagacity which neutralized his many brilliant gifts. Beust, who then directed the foreign policy of Austria, took in this, as in all other questions, a most superficial view, and seemed to think he had answered Prince Hohenlohe by describing his proposals as a "Liberal rocket." Daru, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was willing to support Hohenlohe, but it was impossible to induce the Emperor to sanction a step which would be displeasing to the clerical party. Belgium, Holland, England and Spain declined likewise, although for different reasons, to move in the matter. Minghetti, in Italy, though more sympathetic, was ineffective. Prince Hohenlohe's proposal therefore fell through.

What subsequently passed at the Vatican Council lies outside present consideration. It is fairly certain, however, that if Hohenlohe had been listened to some dark pages in the history of Church and State would not have been written and the continent of Europe would have been spared the tumult of the present hour. Long before the Council was over the government of Hohenlohe in Bavaria came to an end, and the day the Council met for the last time was that on which war was declared between France and Germany. With this event an immense change took place in the life of Prince Hohenlohe, who soon became a person of the greatest consideration in Europe, and on the recall of Count Arnim in 1874 was made German Ambassador in Paris and played a significant part in history. I have described in a former number of this review (the "National Review") the attitude and conduct of Hohenlohe during the crisis of 1875, when Germany attempted to pick a quarrel with France for the purpose of practically destroying the resources

of that nation. I need not repeat that story. His intrigues against the Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie in 1877 will be viewed differently according as we take a German, a French, or an English point of view. But on the whole I think the period of his embassy in Paris is one of the least creditable in his career.

The memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe seem to have made an unpleasant impression on superficial readers. They bring out certainly much that is little and common among those who have played a great part on the stage of European history. But they have not revealed to well-informed persons anything very new. Prince Hohenlohe alludes to the mean and jealous disposition which, in spite of his great genius and many splendid qualities, impaired the character of Bismarck. He says that Bismarck tried to cripple his administration in Alsace-Lorraine, because there was a question of the governorship of the annexed provinces being made hereditary in the family of Hohenlohe, whereas Bismarck had not been made the hereditary Duke of Lauenburg.

Hohenlohe was not a man to make lightly a charge of this kind, and every one knows that Bismarck was capable of great meanness. At the time of his dismissal he went to the Empress Frederick, whom, in the days of his power, he had treated in an unmanly and scandalous manner, to beg of her to intercede with her son on his behalf. His cringing behavior on that occasion was contemptible in the extreme. When Napoleon once attacked Talleyrand in an outrageous manner, that statesman shrugged his shoulders and said: "Quel dommage qu'un si grand homme soit si mal élevé!" When the Empress Frederick saw Bismarck whining at her feet she must have thought it a pity that so great a man should be so mean.

But perhaps the most interesting portion of these memoirs is the account which Prince Hohenlohe gives of the

causes of the dismissal of Bismarck. In 1889 Bismarck introduced a bill which was to take the place of the laws against the Socialists, about to expire. The Reichstag was quite willing to accept the new measure, with the exception of one clause, giving the government power to expel Social Democrats from certain districts. Such governmental action was considered as likely to spread Socialistic ideas to parts of the country where they did not exist.

Bismarck, however, adhered to the clause. Herr von Helldorf, one of the leaders of the Conservative party, went to Friedrichsruhe to talk over the situation. Bismarck refrained from expressing any wish as to the action of the Conservative party. Herr von Helldorf and his friends interpreted this reticence as indicating that the Chancellor desired the rejection of the bill, without having any responsibility himself for that rejection. Accordingly the Conservative party voted with the Extreme Left against the measure, and the exceptional legislation against the Socialist party, which had lasted for twelve years, came to an end.

The real objects of Bismarck have for some time been known to many, but they are revealed to the public for the first time, I believe, in the Hohenlohe memoirs. In a letter dated Strassburg, April 26, 1890, Prince Hohenlohe gives an account of an hour's drive with the Kaiser, who related to him the whole story of his differences with Bismarck. He said that relations became strained in December, 1889:

"The Emperor then desired that something should be done upon the question of the workmen. The Chancellor objected. The Emperor's view was that if the government did not take the initiative, the Reichstag—in other words, the Socialists, the Centres and the Progressives—would take the matter in hand, and the government would be forced to follow them. The Chancellor desired to bring the Socialists' law, including the provisions of expulsion, before the new Reichstag once again, to dissolve the Reichstag if it rejected the law, and to take energetic measures in the event of a revolt. The

Emperor objected to this policy, saying that if his grandfather had been forced to deal with rebels after a long and glorious reign no one would have thought the worse of him. But he was himself in a different position, for he had as yet achieved nothing. He would be reproached for beginning his reign by the slaughter of his subjects. He was ready enough to act, but he wished to be able to act with a clear conscience, and first to make an attempt to satisfy the legitimate grievances of the workmen, and at least to do everything that was possible to fulfill their justifiable demands."

In a conference with his Ministers the Emperor urged his own policy, which commanded general assent, but Bismarck, while pretending to submit, continued to intrigue actively and secretly against the views of his sovereign. Friction arose, and increased in consequence of Bismarck's appeal to the Prussian Cabinet Order of 1852, hindering Ministers, other than the President of the Council, from free access to the Sovereign. The Emperor demanded the repeal of the Cabinet Order; Bismarck made a show of consent, but nothing was done. The Emperor, therefore, demanded he should either issue an order of repeal or hand in his resignation, and this decision was communicated by Hanke. Bismarck hesitated, but was forced to resign on March 18.

Bismarck intended to quarrel with the Reichstag for rejecting the Socialist law. How he intended to prosecute this conflict is not revealed in Hohenlohe's memoirs. Considerable light, however, is thrown upon his intentions by Dr. Delbrück, in the "*Preussische Jahrbücher*" of October. The Chancellor, it appears, wished a dissolution, and resolved to put down any tumultuous or riotous demonstration with energy. But it must be remembered that the old Socialist law did not expire till the autumn of 1890; elections might have been held while it was still in force. It is difficult to see why serious rioting should have been apprehended. The cause has now been told for the first time, I believe, by Dr. Delbrück in the article just cited. This

extremely well-informed gentleman tells us that Bismarck intended to do away with universal suffrage, and Dr. Delbrück appears to think that he desired after his dismissal to go back into office in order to carry out this plan.

This explains the whole situation. Prince Bismarck seems to have held that the German princes together had a right to dissolve the Empire and reform it on another basis. He reckoned that the army would stand by him, that all opposition would be crushed, and that the middle classes would ultimately accept with cordiality the new order of things. It is idle, of course, to speculate what might have been the result of such a policy.

It is quite certain, however, that the idea of a coup d'état was contemplated by many persons in Germany. There was a great desire to get rid of universal suffrage, statesmen not always remembering that universal military service and universal suffrage in the minds of the present generation of Germans stand and fall together. During the time that Hohenlohe was Chancellor it was again discussed, when there was a movement in Germany to reform the proceedings of court-martials. A number of influential people desired that these proceedings should be private.

I remember at that time meeting Prince Hohenlohe during one of his visits to Paris, and there is no indiscretion now in my saying that he expressed himself strongly, and before a number of people, in favor of publicity. He pointed out that when he was Minister in Bavaria he introduced a military penal procedure in which publicity was provided for, with no injurious effects on the discipline of the army. He, therefore, made up his mind to oppose any project excluding publicity, if the Prussian Minister of War should do so also.

In his memoirs he mentions, under the date of November, 1895, a document which he received from a Bava-

rian acquaintance, whose name is not mentioned, but whom I recognise as Freiherr von Völderndorff. Völderndorff was in many respects the most gifted permanent official I have known in any country. He joined to a great knowledge of routine a remarkable grasp of mind, and in political matters always took a comprehensive view very exceptional among men who have spent their life in a public office. He urged Hohenlohe on no account to support a bill excluding publicity, and he writes:

"If his Majesty only knew what harm he is doing by maintaining the opposite point of view! I ascribe, too, the late increase of lese majeste to this opposition. If the court has the power, as is the case with us, of excluding the public whenever it appears necessary for the safeguarding of discipline, then there can be no danger. I repeat, with as many dissolutions as you like, you will never get a Reichstag together that will pass a military penal procedure without publicity."

Shortly after the receipt of this letter Prince Hohenlohe prepared a memorandum which reveals the views taken in high quarters in Berlin. He wrote:

"I know that a number of politicians and highly placed busybodies are doing their best to discredit me with his Majesty. They want another dissolution, and pretend there is need of energetic action. What can they gain by this? A conflict with the Reichstag leads to dissolution and to fresh elections, and thus to a defeat of the Government. Another dissolution and a coup d'état may lead to a conflict with the federated Governments, to civil war, and the dissolution of the German Empire. Then foreign countries would not look on quietly, but would interfere—at least, France would."

And then, in the early part of the next year, he points out how the change in Germany to an industrial State must alter the situation: "On account of that change the population is strengthening in the great town and industrial districts, upon which the Crown cannot depend, whereas the agricultural population provides the real support of the monarchy."

These memoirs make no mention of Hohenlohe's attitude to England during the Boer war, and, what is more re-

markable, of his action in regard to the Kruger telegram of January, 1896. I have the very best reason for believing that he induced the Kaiser to alter the original draft of that telegram, which, if it had been published as it stood, would have rendered war between England and Germany inevitable. I have heard him say before many people that he did not approve of the telegram. Very likely not, for he desired a European combination against England, and did not wish that Germany should drift into war with this country without allies. Ingenuous Englishmen have been asked to believe that the Kruger telegram was an impulsive act of the Kaiser. The truth is it was discussed at a Council of Ministers, and it was sent in the hope that other powers would join Germany in active hostility to England. This was revealed by Prince Hohenlohe's successor, Prince Bülow, when he said in the Reichstag (Dec. 12, 1900):

"I have not the slightest intention of disavowing that telegram, by which his Majesty gave correct expression to his sense of the law of nations. . . . I am guilty of no diplomatic indiscretion when I say that the telegram had, at any rate, this good effect, by virtue of the reception which it met, not in Germany, but outside Germany—it had the merit of making the situation so far clear to us that its reception obviated all possibility of a doubt that in the event of a conflict with England in Africa we should have had to rely solely upon our own strength. From the perception of this fact a conscientious Government was bound to draw its own conclusions, and we drew our conclusions."

In the diplomatic campaign that followed the sending of the Kruger tele-

gram Hohenlohe was one of the most active and perfidious of our enemies. He gave vent to his feelings on one occasion to a leading European diplomatist, when, talking over the Boer war, he exclaimed in bitter tones, "Ah, si la France avait voulu," and they are clearly shown in a letter which he wrote on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria. In that letter he speaks of "the egotistical brutality of English statesmen," and uses language strange in the mouth of the Minister of a country holding Frenchmen, Danes and Poles in unwilling subjection.

But in truth, Hohenlohe's knowledge of this country was even more superficial than that of most of his countrymen. With English literature he had little acquaintance. He knew, of course, something of industrial England; but nothing of the greater England of poetry and romance. Moreover, the moment he was called to play a practical part on the stage of history synchronized with the time when England was governed by Mr. Gladstone, of whom a great man once remarked to me that he stood with his hat in his hand in the Council of the nations, apologizing that England was a great power.

Hohenlohe, clear-sighted and intelligent, will hardly be considered by historians as a statesman of the first rank, but his most ardent wish was for the greatness of Germany, and, as I have already remarked, he represented in a very striking degree the feelings and aspirations of his countrymen.



The Counsels.

(Translated from the Spanish of ANTONIO DE TRULBA.)

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I.

N EIGHBOR! Neighbor!"

"What is it, Senor Anton?"

"Will you oblige me with a little salt?"

"If it were beaten gold! What! are you going to be a cook?"

"No, indeed, senora; but I have picked up in the street a rather flavorless story, and I'm going to see if I can season it a little."

"What notions you have! Well, whatever it is, here is the salt; and if you want more——"

"Many thanks, neighbor."

"Don't mention it, Senor 'Anton.'"

Well, sir, this fellow was a soldier whom they called Juan Kick, not because he was in the habit of "kicking" or cavilling or raising objections; but, seeing that he never "kicked" at all, his captain, whose orderly he was, and who was very fond of him, was always repeating to him, "Juan, kick!"

Juan got his discharge, and made up his mind to go back to his native town, which was a long way off, and where he had his wife; for it should be mentioned that, as he was a little affected to objecting, he married very young the daughter of the sacristan of the town, without considering that that might happen which in fact did happen—namely, that he might be drawn for the army, and that he and his wife should suffer the dismal affliction of seven years of separation.

Juan danced with joy for two reasons: first, because he was going to see his wife, whom he had not seen for seven years; and, second, because he would return to his town with thirty thousand reales.

That Juan should have a wife needs no explanation, for a wife is easily got; but that he should have thirty thousand reales decidedly needs one, for thirty thousand reales are not got so easily as a wife.

When Juan was with his garrison company in Jaca, his master sent him to the Pyrenees with a letter for an officer of carbineers who was stationed on the frontier.

"But, sir, I'll get lost in these deserts, because I don't know the road."

"Wherever you be, do what you see," answered his master.

Juan set out with his musket on his shoulder to defend him, and with this counsel in his memory to guide him, and trudged on and on till he came to the foot of a mountain. It was very hot, and he sat down under a tree to rest himself and see if any one might pass to show him the way he had to go. He looked up to the hill-top, and discovered a man moving along the height leading two pack mules.

"'Wherever you be, do what you see,' the captain told me. I see that muleteer is going over the top of the mountain and consequently that is the way I must go," said Juan to himself; and

he set off uphill just as the muleteer was disappearing over the summit.

No sooner had Juan reached the top and begun to go down the other side than he came right upon the muleteer, who was resting in the shade of some trees.

The muleteer, who suddenly saw a soldier appear before him only six paces off, jumped up like a shot, and, leaving his pack-mules, fled through some brambles down the hill.

Juan saw that the fugitive was a smuggler; and taking hold of the reins of the pack-mules, he led them along, and continued on his way till he met the captain of carbineers to whom he was carrying his master's letter.

The pack-mules were loaded with very valuable smuggled goods, and Juan pocketed a few days later a third part of the value of the prize, which the law gives to the capturer.

This is where the thirty thousand reales came from, which Juan's master was keeping for him when he took his discharge.

II.

Juan has exchanged his musket for a staff, his leather belt for a silk sash, and his cartouche for a tin box. Behold him half-sad and half-glad as he takes leave of his captain—sad because he likes his captain very much, and glad because he likes his wife very much more.

"Hola! Well, then, you're going?"

"Yes, senor, my captain, if you please."

"Juan, kick! Kick much, for to live you'll require it all!"

"Captain, if you would give me, before I start, one or two good counsels for the journey you would make a man of me."

"Let's see. What kind of life do you mean to live when you get home?"

"To live as God may ordain, with my wife and my father-in-law."

"Your father-in-law is a man who knows how to live?"

"What can I say, captain? He stud-

ied for the Church, and just when he was ready to be ordained he cut his own head off by getting married, as I did, to a young girl who died when my wife was born. As the Church threw him out, he got the post of town sacristan; but he has little to live upon, for, as the proverb says, the sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing."

"And your wife—she lives with her father?"

"She should be living with him."

"What! you don't know for certain?"

"No, senor."

"How, then—she doesn't write you?"

"Not never, captain."

"And how is that?"

"Because since I took the musket she never knows where I am."

"And why haven't you written to tell her?"

"I can't write."

"But, man, you could have got some one to—"

"Yes, senor; yes, captain. But when a man's dictatin' he has to kick!"

"Juan, kick! If not, you're a lost man!"

"Captain, if you would give me a couple of law advices I would have them by me to use like that time I caught the smuggler."

"Good counsels are worth a good deal of money."

"I know that, captain, as the one you gave me in Jaca was worth thirty thousand reales to me."

"Then we'll make a bargain. I'll give you a good counsel; but you'll have to give me for it ten thousand of the thirty thousand reales I'm keeping for you."

"Canario, captain! ten thousand reales is too much!"

"But if you don't go well counselled you'll lose your money, and perhaps your life too."

"You are right, captain. Give me a counsel, and keep ten thousand reales."

"Well, this is the counsel: 'When you find a short way, shorten the way.'"

"I'll keep in mind that counsel, captain. But you might give me one more."

"I've no objection; but it will cost you another ten thousand reales."

"It's very dear, captain."

"You know already that my counsels produce thirty thousand reales each."

"That's true. I'll have another little counsel, then; and you can keep another ten thousand reales, if it can't be less."

"The second counsel is this: 'Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk.'"

"It's a grand counsel that, captain, worth a hundred times more than it costs me."

"But, look, to go fully provided, you want another yet."

"You might be able to give me an extra one."

"What I will give you extra, if you give me for it the rest of the money you have remaining, will be a gold onza for the expenses of your journey, and three fine, big, rich pies for you to eat with your wife and your father-in-law when you get home."

"No, no, captain. To be left, as you may say, without a copper, after being propietario of thirty thousand reales—that's very poor music."

"Have you never heard that three is a lucky number?"

"Yes, I've heard that."

"Then apply the saying."

"Canario! But come, captain, you're not making me a very royal offer."

"See, Juan, don't be foolish. The money will do you no good, for, with the head you have, you'll be robbed of it, or lose it, or mispend it, before you reach home. And they can't rob you of the counsels, nor can you mispend or lose them."

"Canario! That's a fact too. Give me another counsel, then, and let the rest of the money pay for it."

"Then listen to the third counsel: 'Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow asked advice.'"

"Captain, I don't understand that counsel; for, to follow it, a man couldn't even smoke a cigarette without passing a night by the way."

"Man, you don't need to take a counsel so literally. It only means that before deciding a serious affair—as, for example, avenging a wrong—you should think well over it."

"Now, now I comprehend, captain."

"Well, then, here are a gold onza for the road, and three rich pies, which you must not begin to eat till you reach home, so that you and your wife and your father-in-law will eat them together—a pie for each beard."

"Thanks, my captain, and God be with you!"

"Juan, kick! kick! And—a good journey!"

III.

Juan Kick, as soon as he set out, engaged a shaded seat in a wagon going to his district, and journeyed and journeyed, with his box under his arm and his treasure of counsels in his memory, resolved to put these in practice as soon as occasion arose. When he reached the foot of a long hill which the high-road ascended by many windings, Juan remembered the counsel, "When you find a short way, shorten the way," and saw that the moment had arrived for making use of it.

"I'll see you again soon," he said to the driver. "I'm going up this way."

"Take care! Only wild-goats go that way."

"There's no short way without labor to pay," cried Juan, and he scrambled and scrambled up the short-cut till he got to the high-road again, when he sat down by the roadside to rest and wait for the arrival of the wagon.

The wagon took a long time, and Juan had already given up hope of it, when at last he saw it coming.

But what was his surprise to see the driver with his face all bloody, the guard with his arm broken, passengers bruised all over, and driver, guard and passengers all lamenting the misfortune that had happened to them! The misfortune was that, at a turn of the road, a band of robbers had rushed out on them, beaten

them, and robbed them of everything they could carry off. Juan Kick shed tears of gratitude when he thought of his captain, whose counsel had saved him from this calamity, and continued on his way.

As Juan now took all the short-cuts which turned up, he got far ahead of the wagon, and, miscalculating his time for arriving at a good inn, night overtook him in an uninhabited part of the country, with no dwelling in sight. At last he discovered, not far off the road, a small tavern; and, although the place had a very ill look about it, he decided to pass the night there.

He rapped and rapped at the door, and at last a villainous-looking man with a candle in his hand came out to open to him.

"Is this an inn?"

"Yes, senor."

Juan entered and sat down by the fireside, where the landlord, who was the only person to be seen, was cooking a hare. Juan thought of asking him why he lived all by himself in such a lonely place. But he recollected the counsel, "Don't allow your tongue to poke into affairs of other folk," and confined himself to asking if he could have anything for supper.

"We'll sup together on this hare, with some bread and wine," answered the landlord.

When the hare was cooked the landlord placed a small table near the fire, went to a corner of the kitchen, raised a trap-door, and called out in a commanding tone, "Come up!"

Although Juan was stout-hearted, like all the uncultured, his hairs stood on end at seeing and hearing this, for all the terrible stories of murderous innkeepers which he had heard in his childhood came to the help of his imagination. His terror got to a dreadful pitch when he saw begin to rise up from the hole which the innkeeper had just opened a horrible skeleton covered with loathsome rags, whose sunk-en eyes stared at him as if terrified.

The skeleton was a woman, and she

squatted down timorously beside the trap-door.

Juan Kick was on the very point of asking the innkeeper who this miserable woman was, and how she came to be in such a wretched state, when he remembered his captain's counsel, and held his tongue.

Innkeeper and guest sat down to supper, the former at his ease, the latter in terror, and both without saying a word.

Now and then the innkeeper threw to the skeleton a scrap of bread or a bone, which she eagerly devoured.

Supper ended, the innkeeper got up, and with a rude push drove the skeleton into her den. Then he fastened the trap-door with an outside latch and sat down quietly beside the fire.

Once more Juan found himself assailed by the temptation to ask the innkeeper why he treated the wretched woman in this way; but again he remembered the second counsel of his captain, and swallowed down his words.

Soon afterward the innkeeper and his guest lay down to sleep.

But do you think the guest closed his eyes that night with such a panic at the bottom of his heart? No! Nor his nostrils either! Juan Kick for the first time in his life passed the night kicking.

So, when God brought the dawn, he paid his reckoning, and, taking his bundle, prepared to depart.

"Well, what sort of night have you passed?" asked the innkeeper.

"First rate."

"You leave pleased with my house?"

"Why not?"

"Did you notice nothing unusual, then?"

"Won't you shut up, man?"

The innkeeper threw himself on Juan Kick with open arms, and Juan Kick started back alarmed and prepared to defend himself.

"Don't be afraid, my friend," cried the innkeeper, almost weeping with joy. "Let me embrace you. You are the man I have been looking for these

four years. You have brought peace to my house. You have saved mankind!"

The tone in which the innkeeper spoke was so quiet that Juan Kick yielded to his embrace and kiss. But what he could not understand was how he had saved mankind. The innkeeper, however, was not long in dissipating his doubts.

"My wife and I lived in peace and in the grace of God in a town near by, when, by reason of the neighbors meddling in our affairs, we began to quarrel, and to have a row every day that upset the house. The result of these squabbles was that my wife was coming to hate me, and one day I intercepted a letter to her which showed that she was next going to be unfaithful. Then, half-mad with rage, I swore to be revenged on my wife, and to kill any one whatever who meddled in the concerns of my house, till the day when I should come across a man who would in no way concern himself with them. I came to this lonely place, shut my wife in the cellar, and I have stayed here four years. I have killed and buried in my wife's prison every man who entered my house, as I would have killed and buried you if, like the others, you had mixed yourself in my affairs, asking me what did not concern you."

And while Juan stood dumfounded between horror of the innkeeper and of the danger from which the captain's counsel had saved him, the man ran to the trap-door, opened it, and cried in an affectionate tone, "Come up, dear! Come up! Thou art pardoned now. Now thy punishment and mine are over. Now I am free from my oath. Now thou shalt leave forever the dungeon and rags. Now we are going to our pretty house in the town, and I shall set fire to this cursed place."

And the spectre came up from her cellar weeping with joy. And the innkeeper, after taking from a chest a rich dress, set to work to take off her rags and dress her in beautiful clothes;

while Juan hurried from the inn without having recovered from his terror and astonishment.

As Juan crossed a hill, where he lost sight of the inn, he looked behind him and saw that it was in flames, and a man and a woman—the woman leaning on the man—were walking toward a town whose spire he could faintly see in the distance.

IV.

Juan Kick, trembling with joy, at last caught sight of the belfry of his native town, and heard the bells chiming the orison.

The author of this tale knows by his own experience what a man feels on seeing again after a long absence the church spire that overshadowed him and the bells that cheered him when he was young; but he does not dare to profane the holy and sweet thought by explaining it superficially in a three-for-sixpence tale, having already consecrated to it a book sprinkled, if not with the sparks of his genius, at least with the tears of his eyes.

The joy of Juan Kick found itself very soon disturbed by fear. "Who will tell me," he exclaimed, "that my wife is not dead, or that she has not become unworthy of an honest man's love?"

The last doubt hurt him even more than the first. Ah, what an egoist and arch-egoist is malicious humanity!

Night had already closed, but there was a lovely moon. Juan's house, or rather the sacristan's, was at the entrance to the town. Part of its front looked on a garden. In the garden there was a leafy hazel, and in it Juan hid himself to see who would enter or leave the house, or to hear who might be speaking in it.

Presently the door half opened and a priest appeared, who, muffling himself up in his cloak, said in an affectionate voice to a woman. "For a very little, dear," and went away.

Juan put his hand to a clasp-knife that he had bought in the first town

he came to after leaving the before-mentioned inn, and hesitated between cutting to pieces the priest or his wife.

But suddenly he remembered the counsel of his captain, "Do nothing till you've thought twice, and from your pillow sought advice," and he stopped short, resolving to postpone such a serious business as the avenging of his honor till next day.

But it was needful to dissemble, so as not to frustrate his hope.

He leaped from the garden to the door and knocked at it. His wife came down to open, and, at once recognizing him, threw her arms round him with a thousand tender caresses.

Juan made a pretense of responding.

"Unkind one!" cried his wife. "Seven years without writing or telling us whether you were alive or dead!"

"You did the same."

"What a cheat! Father and I have written you more than twenty letters, and you never answered one!"

"Because I never got them."

"But we addressed them to Juan Garcia."

"But everybody calls me Juan Kick."

"How ridiculous these nicknames are!"

"And where did you address the letters to?"

"To where you might be found."

"But I've been always there."

"Oh my! that's funny. But you want your supper, don't you?"

"So, so."

"We'll have supper as soon as ever father comes in."

Juan's wife, who was still very young, finished preparing the supper and set the table. Just then there was a call at the door, and the girl took up the

lamp, saying, "It will be father," and went down to open.

Think of Juan's rage at seeing come up the stair a priest undoing his cloak, and he seemed to be the very same that he had seen leaving the house a quarter of an hour before. Throwing to the winds his captain's counsel, he drew his knife, when suddenly he gave a cry of joy, dashed the knife on the floor, and rushed to clasp the new-comer in his arms. It was his father-in-law, the former sacristan, who had been ordained priest in his absence! They all sat down to supper, and Juan brought out the pies his captain had given him, and began to tell of the three counsels which had cost him thirty thousand reales.

On the whole his father-in-law did not think the counsels dear, but his wife was in no end of a way when she understood that he might have brought thirty thousand reales and didn't bring a penny. You just try to make these lady-wives understand certain things! Nevertheless, the lady-wives are not altogether stupid.

"Well," said John, "let us try my captain's pies. He told me they were very rich." And, cutting his, he found ten thousand reales in gold inside.

His wife and his father-in-law hastened to open theirs, and both saw ten thousand reales in gold glittering in their hands. No need to say that the supper was jolly, savory, well seasoned!

What is not seasoned, what comes out as flavorless as when I met with it in the street, is this story; because—ah, what a head I have!—I forgot to put in it the salt my neighbor gave me!



The Pope and France.

By WILFRID WARD.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

I HAVE been asked to give any impressions or information in my power on the present religious crisis in France. A foreigner finds it difficult to form a confident opinion on the details of a question in which local circumstances and local passions play so large a part. Still I cannot but see that the English press is ignoring facts and considerations which to Catholics, English and French alike, appear all-important in forming an equitable judgment. Again, as a Catholic I have opportunities of hearing the point of view of French churchmen, which is very imperfectly represented in the English newspapers, and as editor of the venerable "Dublin Review," which since the days of its foundation by O'Connell and Cardinal Wiseman has endeavored to keep the English public au courant of events of importance in the Catholic world, I have secured the co-operation of colleagues, French and English, whose knowledge of the situation is exceptionally intimate, and on whose absolute candor I can rely. This is a special advantage in a case where each party so often doctors the facts to make them tell in the direction it passionately desires. I was, moreover, in Paris just after the events of the 11th of December, and can speak to the opinions current among those most closely affected by the action of the Holy See. Perhaps these credentials may seem at all events sufficient for the limited observations I shall offer.

I shall attempt, then, to summarize the views of those who have a claim to speak with special knowledge, and to point out that the almost universal opinion of Catholics as to the events now taking place differs materially from that which is generally maintained or assumed in the English press.

The general view current in England is that the Separation Law is directed against the encroachments of clericalism and against a political Catholicism which is a danger to the State. It is, I think, recognized that the law is somewhat hard on the Church. But the trend of opinion is (we are often reminded) with the anti-clericals. The French Church must submit, as our own Established Church has had to submit in England, to have its privileges curtailed, or as the "Church of Ireland" had to submit to disestablishment.

The attitude of MM. Clemenceau and Briand has (it is pointed out) been in a certain degree conciliatory. M. Briand's measure itself is liberal as contrasted with earlier proposals. They both seemed disposed at the outset to apply it so as to give the Church real freedom in its own sphere of religious influence, and to effect the process of disendowment gradually and not inconsiderately. This attitude and spirit are recognized (it is asserted) by moderate and liberal-minded Catholics who have concurred with the opinion of the episcopate, which is supposed to have decided by a large majority that the As-

sociations Cultuelles described in the law might be formed and worked. The large bulk of the clergy also were in favor of forming the Associations. But Rome, caring only for her own power, or wishing to embarrass the government, or yielding to German influence, and represented by a Pope and Secretary of State innocent of sound judgment or diplomatic tact, has overriden the wishes of the French Catholics. Rome, by forbidding the formation of the Associations, has decreed a state of persecution and spoliation for the hapless clergy of France. As loyal Catholics they have accepted it, but sorely against the grain.

The same thing has happened in respect to M. Briand's circular of the first of December, regulating public worship in the absence of Associations Cultuelles. M. Briand imposed on the priests the mere formality of an annual declaration of public meeting, giving thereby a liberal interpretation to the act of 1881, which in its more obvious sense required a declaration for each service, as being a separate meeting. Bishops and priests have obeyed the papal directions which forced them to do what they were unwilling to do—to decline making the declaration. Rome has, by her whole policy of non possumus, endeavored to create a fictitious impression of a persecution on the part of a government, when in reality her own action is responsible for the persecution. The bulk of Church property could have been saved, had the Associations Cultuelles been formed. It was Rome who refused to form them. The Church services could have gone on legally after the 11th of December, had the declaration required by the law of 1881 been made. Rome refused to allow it, and thus rendered the clergy liable to fine or imprisonment.

The view to which the best information at my disposal points, and which is not, I think, adequately realized in England, maintains almost every fact assumed in the account just given to

be either inaccurately stated or wholly false. And I may add that in holding it to be essentially false many Catholics whose views are comparatively conciliatory and progressive are at one with the most intransigent.

M. Paul Sabatier, in his recent book on Disestablishment in France, written for the instruction of English readers, speaks of the enlightened French Catholics of the new school as likely to come "nearer and nearer to the democracy and the free-thinkers." The general impression left on the minds of M. Sabatier's readers is that it is the intransigent Catholics, the political opponents of the government, who alone decry the act of 1905 and accuse its framers of hostility to the Church.

The present writer may say at once that, when visiting Paris for some days on the 16th of December last, he derived most of his information from M. Thureau-Dangin, the distinguished Academician, one of the twenty-two who joined the late M. Brunetière in petitioning the Pope for measures of conciliation, and the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, whose name is familiar to English Catholics as a representative of the comprehensive theology of the "Revue du Clergé Français," and whose recent work, "La Pensée Catholique en Angleterre," has been so fiercely attacked in the "Etudes Religieuses" by the more Conservative French Jesuits. No Royalist or Intransigent, not the Comte de Mun or M. Drumont himself, could speak more strongly than did these able writers against the injustice and insolence displayed by successive governments in the whole course of anti-clerical legislation since 1901.

But, indeed, M. Sabatier largely misconceives the nature of the differences among Catholics both in France and in our own country. He writes with delightful naivete of the "intellectual and moral differences between the clients of St. Januarius and the Catholics formed in the school of Newman," apparently not knowing that Cardinal

Newman went out of his way in the "Apologia" to avow his belief in the very miracle thus singled out as the symbol of contemptible superstition—the annual liquefaction of that saint's blood in Naples. The religious liberalism of the last century, free thought, the destruction of established religion, these were the great objects of Newman's attack for the first half of his life. His conservative philosophy of religion on Coleridgian lines—parallel on some points to Burke's political philosophy with its defense of prejudice as often the practical safeguard of wisdom—was opposed in its first principles to the whole Jacobin movement, of which French anti-clericalism is the representative.

Newman's philosophy was, moreover, largely a defense of what is to M. Sabatier credulity and superstition. M. Sabatier's reference to him is unfortunate and fortunate—unfortunate for his own argument, fortunate as reminding his readers how little familiarity he has with the currents of Catholic thought of which he writes so fluently, and how little he can be trusted as an authority on this subject.

Before setting down in outline the general view of the situation taken, I think, by the bulk of French Catholics, and the differences between the more intransigent and the more conciliatory, I should like to remind those Englishmen whose memory is short, of the complete falsification by the event of the view which our press took at first of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's legislation for the religious orders in 1901. This was the first stage of the campaign against the Church of France of which we are now witnessing the development. Our journalists wrote then very much as they write now. Then, as now, they urged that the object of the law was not hostile or persecuting. They pointed to M. Waldeck's assurances that the religious congregations would not be interfered with, except so far as was necessary to prevent them from being a political danger. They

were to apply for authorization by law. Such an application was to be in most cases a mere matter of form. Authorization was to be given except where strong reasons could be shown for withholding it.

When a cry of terror arose from monks and nuns, and community after community left the country, declining to come within the meshes of the law, our press then, as now, accused them of impracticable fanaticism. Then, as now, the sympathy of Rome with their action was decried as being inspired by political reasons and as savoring of hostility to the republic. When the orders took refuge in Belgium and England and elsewhere, pleading for the hospitality due to persecuted men and women, our press retorted that the cry of persecution was a "pose." They had in reality exiled themselves rather than submit to a reasonable law, which for most involved a mere formality.

Those who remained in France were applauded as men of common sense and genuine patriotism, who trusted the assurances of the rulers of their country that no harm was meant to them. We know the sequel. Yet let me once more record in outline, for the sake of those who may be ready to forget, the assurances of M. Waldeck as to the scope and intention of the law, and their practical interpretation by his successor.

(1) On the 27th of June, 1901, M. Waldeck declared in the Chamber that the bill, so far as it was meant to dissolve the orders, was designed only to "disperse those monks who are plotters against the State and those who interfere in politics."

(2) To Dominicans, Benedictines, Carthusians and others it was represented that they had only to go through the formality of applying for authorization as an act of submission to the State, and they would be left unmolested.

(3) With a view to helping the government in its peaceful and paternal work they were asked to give all par-

ticulars of their property and their numbers, which it would not be very easy for the government itself to obtain.

(4) There were many houses and schools belonging to already authorized congregations, but not themselves separately authorized. For them the question arose, Did the existing authorization of their order cover them? If not, they must decide whether to go or to apply now for authorization. M. Waldeck, in his paternal kindness, declared such an application to be quite unnecessary. The existing authorization protected them. "Let them stay." And they stayed.

Nothing is gained by hard words, and it would not be easy to find the appropriate adjectives to qualify the administration which carried out the law. Eighty-six congregations of men and two hundred and eleven of women said from the first roundly that the government simply meant their extermination; that to trust its word, its pledges, its sense of honor would be madness. Such language was stigmatized as unpatriotic, unmannerly, bigoted, fanatical. But it represented a conviction too deep to be shaken by the abuse of irresponsible onlookers. The congregations left the country, taking with them as much of their property as they could. The subsequent action of the government was directed, therefore, not against the disaffected, not against the opponents of the government, but against just those orders which had trusted it, which had accepted its assurance that the law was honestly meant for the legalization of the orders and the expulsion only of such as were "political" or "plotters against the State." M. Waldeck at this juncture retired, leaving the carrying out of his pledges and the execution of his law to his successor, M. Combes. M. Combes's method of performing his task was as follows—to take the above four heads in order:

(1) No examination whatever was made as to the charges of political

Catholicism or plotting against the State, which had been given as the only ground on which expulsion would be resorted to. The charge was not even alleged in detail against any but a handful of Assumptionists, and vaguely, but without an attempt to adduce evidence, against the Jesuits.

(2) The assurance given to Dominicans, Benedictines, Carthusians and others that, apart from such evidence, they were all to stay, was interpreted as meaning that they were all to be evicted and their whole property confiscated. Five orders only, out of the whole regular clergy of France, were suffered to remain. These were the Trappists, the Cistercians, the African Missions, the White Fathers and the Order of St. John of God.

(3) The schedules drawn up by the orders as to their numbers and their property, demanded in their own interests, in order that they might have legal standing and protection, were employed as useful documents to insure not a monk escaping nor a farthing of his money from being saved.

(4) The assurance that new houses of already authorized orders already possessed legal authorization—an assurance on the strength of which they kept themselves and their property in the country and in the power of the government—was interpreted as meaning that they were not authorized after all, and moreover that they should not be authorized now. In June, 1902, 130 schools belonging to them were closed by the government; in July, 2,500 more were shut up.

To make his work quicker, M. Combes got rid for the occasion of the controlling influence of the Senate. One Chamber alone—so he decreed—should decide the fate of the orders, and a law was passed to that effect. The Senate was assigned the five orders which were to be allowed to stay. Twenty-five teaching congregations were refused authorization en bloc at one sitting of the Lower Chamber, twenty-eight at another. The rest

followed quickly. M. Combes had practically made one head for the whole monastic organism, and he proceeded to cut it off.

I recall all this not only to remind Englishmen that the view taken at first by our own press as to the tenor and probable issue of the law was at once similar to their view of the present situation and legislation, and proved to be wholly false, but also because quite inevitably the sequence of events produced the profoundest impression in Rome. And this impression has had, I believe, a large share in determining the present attitude of the Holy See. Englishmen may forget, but in such a matter not Rome, whose interests are so deeply affected.

The law of 1901 was the culmination of the attempt persevered in for some twenty years by Leo the Thirteenth and Cardinal Rampolla to "rally" Catholics to the republic, and to pursue in its regard a policy of undeviating friendliness—with at no time any substantial response. The *esprit nouveau* of M. Spüller raised hopes for a few months, but nothing came of it; and now at last open persecution and breaches of faith without a parallel in modern times came from the government of that very country, with which Rome had so persistently sought alliance and an *entente cordiale*. It was a most severe lesson, not to be forgotten.

Two views had, as we have seen, been taken even among Catholics as to the spirit and intentions of the government of 1901. One party had taken its assurances to be on the whole reliable, its motives really what they professed to be. The others quickly scented reasons for the suspicion that it had undertaken to carry out the campaign against Christianity which the Radical Socialists and Freemasons had long been urging. This second view was confirmed by fact after fact.

The judicial tone of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his assurances were now seen to have meant only that the first

step must be taken securely and without scaring either the orders or the public at large. Else the second could not be achieved. Public opinion must be enlisted on the side of the government. Political Catholicism, Clerical encroachments—these were foes which might be fought with the world's approval. Therefore, they were the only alleged objects of attack. Such an attack was, indeed, self-defense on the part of the State; and while the world held that it was forging only an effective defensive armory, it completed undisturbed its equipment and its strategical operations for a war of extermination.

Probably M. Waldeck did not in his heart desire himself to carry the campaign to its next step. But none the less that step was inevitable. The government was pledged to carry out the anti-Christian policy which was the least impracticable of the proposals of the importunate extremists who left them no peace until one or other of their demands was satisfied. The real moving power at the back of the law was thus fanatically anti-Christian. It was no case of equitable legislation, firm but not unfriendly, whose motives were political rather than irreligious. It was the beginning of a movement for the extirpation of Christianity, whose stronghold in France was the Catholic Church.

Those who had all along maintained this view naturally enough claimed that the event justified them. And the Holy See considered that they were right. "Once bitten twice shy," says the slang proverb. Henceforth to trust assurances, to believe in alleged friendly motives in the further prosecution of the campaign, would be at least rash. The orders which applied for authorization received with hardly any exceptions simply extinction and complete spoliation. And history was likely to repeat itself. Kindness and conciliation must henceforth be sharply scrutinized. They were likely again to be only the Waldeck-Rousseau stage

in the further prosecution of the campaign, to be followed by the Combes stage. The object was to get the Church within the meshes of fresh legislation, which the Ministers who introduced it might interpret in a friendly spirit, and their successors use for purposes of relentless destruction.

The story of the rupture of diplomatic relations with Rome—of which there was no hint during the reign of M. Waldeck-Rousseau—was a complete confirmation of the view that a relentless hostile campaign against the Church was on foot. I happened at the first stage of the dispute to meet a distinguished and experienced foreign diplomat whose sympathy with the Papacy as such was less than nothing. He assured me that the method pursued by the French Ambassador, M. Nisard, in refusing at the outset to specify in writing his cause of complaint against the Vatican, was a flagrant breach of diplomatic etiquette. And the pretext for the final rupture was the performance of a purely spiritual duty on the part of the Holy See. It was simply and solely the summoning to Rome of two bishops, Monseigneur Geay and Monseigneur Le Nordez, to give an answer to grave charges against them in the performance of their episcopal duties. On the ground that the Organic Articles forbade a bishop to go to Rome without leave from the government, the rupture was completed. It mattered not that the Organic Articles had never been accepted by Rome, and that such summonses had been constant and had never been objected to. Diplomatic relations were terminated and the Nuncio dismissed.

M. Clemenceau has completed this part of the dispute, displaying manners quite worthy of M. Combes himself, expelling Monsignor Montagnini from the Nunciature without warning, and confiscating the official papers, because the Pope declined to recognize as a law applying to public worship what

a fortnight later all the world agreed did not so apply.

When the Separation Law was first proposed by M. Combes the "*Journal des Debats*," which represents moderate Republican opinion in France, described in weighty words the fatal sequence which was likely to be repeated:

"M. Combes speaks of a separation which should leave a certain liberty to religion. . . . At starting we always hear only of gentle and agreeable measures. All is to be kindly, easy and peaceable. Six months later the whole country is plunged into a religious and social war. The law of associations was to be a liberal measure: it was to take account of distinctions and to admit of being temperately applied; it was to let certain religious associations live quite freely. We know how in the event it has turned out. Will it be otherwise with M. Combes' scheme of separation? The President of the Council enunciates to-day large views, fitted to rally round him all the waverers, and to make sure of the good will of Radicals who have become hostile."

And this has been from the beginning the anticipation in Rome as to the course of the measures for the separation of Church and State. Catholics looked forward in dismay, not to a free Church in a free State, which they would gladly accept, but to the new endeavor to cripple its power of free action, which was to be expected, though the first offers were likely enough in part to disguise it. M. Buisson had, indeed, early in the day let the cat out of the bag and pointed to a separation law as likely to break the strength of the Church by opening the door to schism.

The attitude of Rome may perhaps be paraphrased thus:

"The Concordat was a bilateral contract. Each party—Church and State—was represented in its formation. Rome accepted in it a very inadequate compensation for the Church property confiscated at the Revolution. In justice, if it is rescinded, the claim to the confiscated property should be revived. But let this pass. We are ready to bow to the inevitable and to submit to disestablishment, if the Church is given real autonomy. But it is the merest folly to accept uncritically a measure framed mainly by men who are, we know, aiming at our destruction, and whose apparent concessions are in all probability disguised

snare. Let us have a voice in the arrangement. Let us point out what is essential for our liberty, what is tolerable from our point of view and what is not. Why is the French Church to be limited in its power of providing financially for the future? Why is it to have State auditors for its accounts? In Prussia, again, where the State and Church are friendly, the parish priest is *ex officio* the head of an association of worship. Why not in France? How can it be reasonable to ask us to accept a law framed by our enemies? Even if their intentions were fair, they are not familiar with the constitution of the Church. And, in point of fact, the probabilities of the case point to hostility only disguised so far as is necessary for the sake of appearances.

"M. Clemenceau has for years bragged of his aggressive Atheism. His ribald jokes about 'Satan, his noble father,' do not give confidence in him as an ecclesiastical legislator. He may have remarkable, even great, qualities as a statesman. But on this subject his real aims are not likely to be very different from those of M. Combes. As recently as the 19th of June M. Clemenceau caused a sensation in the Chamber by a blasphemous speech about Christianity. In August M. Briand, in addressing a congress of teachers at Amiens, remarked: 'Il faut en finir avec l'idée Chrétienne.' Two years ago, at Lisieux, he boasted in a public speech, 'Nous avons chassé Dieu et le Christ des écoles, de l'université, des hôpitaux, des prisons; il faut maintenant les chasser du gouvernement.' M. Briand was the original author of a Separation Bill more hostile to the Church than it was thought wise to introduce. He has since then learned the wisdom of professing moderation; but a man with such avowed desires is hardly one to regulate the administration of religion or to be trusted with the interests of the disestablished Church. If such men are to legislate let us either have a real conference, in which our own representatives can point out what is necessary to us, or let us be prepared to give as wide a berth as may be to their proposals. Their legislation is likely enough to be so framed as to give facilities when the opportune moment comes for further hampering and crippling the Church even where we do not at present detect them."

This appears to be what I may term the initial root-attitude of Rome, with which it has approached the closer consideration of the actual proposals; and it is one in which on the whole the large bulk of French Catholics concur. They thus repudiate, as I have above said, every item in the view current in the English press. They deny that the Separation Law is directed only against political Catholics, and affirm, on the

contrary, that it is directed against the Church, and against Christianity itself in the long run. They deny that Clemenceau and Briand have been actuated by a genuine aim of permanent conciliation. They hold that apparently conciliatory steps are temporary and are due to the fact that such stable statesmen see that these will best secure the end to which the new legislation tends. They are, as I have expressed it, the Waldeck-Rousseau stage of the Separation Law and will sooner or later be followed by the Combes stage.

The riots over the inventories and the fall of Rouvier were a warning to the responsible ministers not to go too fast. They are wise in their generation and have taken it. Catholics deny again that the Church will be accorded real liberty, and it is with a view to securing real liberty that they would choose rather to sacrifice their property than to give the State power to cripple the Church by schism. It is not true to say that the moderate Catholics trust the government as being friendly to religion while Rome does not. The difference has been only as to the wisest policy for the moment in dealing with men who are regarded by Catholics almost with unanimity as carrying out the desires of the implacable enemies of the Church and of religion. And this brings me to the situation at the present moment.

First as to the papal *non possumus* in respect of the formation of the Associations Cultuelles. It is generally believed, as I have said, that Pius the Tenth had been deeply impressed by the sequence of events above recited in the case of the Associations Law. The treatment accorded to those who had obeyed the government, and acted on the law and trusted its assurances, impressed on him deeply what I may call the duty of being suspicious. And the course of events did not allay his suspicions.

The government not only had broken off the time-honored diplomatic rela-

tions with the Holy See, but would not even on this special occasion hold communications with the Head of the Church, when they were dissolving the solemn Concordat of France with his predecessor. They did not even notify to him that the Concordat with the Holy See was at an end. With fanatical and pedantic insolence, they declined to allude to the Pope or to the bishops or to the constitution of the Church in the text of the law even where it needed elaborate circumlocution to avoid such references. The most that had been gained by the Catholics was Article 4, which stipulated in general terms that each association should be framed in conformity with the rules of the special worship—a concession in gaining which M. Ribot took, to his honor, a great share. But this apparent concession was practically neutralized by the framing of Article 8, which enacted that the claim of an association to own a particular church should be decided, not by the bishop or by the Pope, but by the Council of State, which may be and is recruited from non-Christian or anti-Christian sources, and whose deliberations are secret and never submitted to the tribunal of public opinion.

It was the civil constitution of the clergy over again, and Pius the Tenth could no more accept it than Pius the Sixth. The weakening of the Church by schism had been spoken of by M. Buisson as a wished-for result of the Act, and Article 8 naturally appeared to the Pontiff to be the means whereby it was to be effected. It was in harmony at once with his simple and saintly character and with his sense of the presence of inveterate and unscrupulous enemies, to break away from juristic subtleties and precarious accommodations, and look for the Church's safety to that position of simple autonomy and trustful poverty with which she won her first victories over a persecuting State in the early centuries. Saul's armor was to be set

aside, and battle was to be done with a stone and a sling.

Yet among the most weighty—though not, I think, the most numerous—representatives of the Church of France the trial at all events of the law was counseled in preference to sacrificing at once the whole of the property of the French Church. Abbe Gayraud wrote ably on the subject in the "*Revue du Clerge Francais*." A large proportion of the bishops were in favor of his policy. They rejected, indeed, the *Associations Cultuelles* with practical unanimity, but the Archbishop of Besancon's proposed *Associations Canoniques*—an adaptation of the law which it was hoped the government would accept—found favor with very many bishops. It is generally believed that Rome was prepared to assent to this, although the Holy Father's own instinct was from the first the other way, and that the later change in his practical attitude was due not to the initiative of Rome herself but to the strong and urgent representations on the other side of French Catholics of influence. The effect of these representations was reinforced by the agitation over the inventories. The *Associations Canoniques* had not, it was finally judged in Rome, a sufficient legal security, and though the existing government might give assurances of their acceptance, experience had shown that such assurances would be wholly valueless so far as their successors were concerned. And so in the end the great sacrifice of from three to four hundred millions of Church property was made.

We come now to the most recent stage of the conflict. If English journalists had taken into account the Holy Father's well-grounded mistrust of a set of men who, whether their attitude is for the moment more or less conciliatory, never forget the ultimate object of "uncatholicizing France," they would hardly have represented the rejection of the terms held out in M. Briand's circular of the first of December as a final demonstration of blind

and unyielding arrogance. The political good sense of Englishmen is naturally apt to revolt at the mere notion of sacrificing a substantial advantage to considerations of form; and they have been led to believe that compliance with a trivial, if humiliating, formality is all that was required of French Catholics in order to secure a lasting peace with the enemies of their religion. The case is far different, as a glance at the text of the circular itself is sufficient to show. As to its spirit, the following passage is significant:

"It must not be supposed that because a declaration made in accordance with the Act of 1881 entitles a minister of religion to continue his ministrations in the church where he ministered under the Concordat, the church is therefore to exist for his benefit, and that he shall enjoy similar rights over the building to those which belonged to the suppressed Vestry. The Vestry was invested with the legal possession of the church; the rector or incumbent will henceforth be only an occupier without legal status. He will have no right to perform any act of government (*aucun acte d'administration*); still less will he be competent to perform any act of disposal (*aucun acte de disposition*)."

Let it be conceded that the required notification to the authorities of an intention to worship God in the parish churches of France is in itself no hardship; let it be conceded that the assimilation of religious services to company meetings, debates and public festivities (implied by having recourse to the Act of 1881), constitutes only an ideal objection: yet it is plain that the situation of a parish priest under that regime as interpreted by M. Briand, would be absolutely intolerable. The provision that the police have the right to be present at any "meeting" and to disperse it in case of disorder—by whomsoever provoked—means that the right of public worship shall be virtually at the mercy of a municipality. And the initiative and responsibility conferred upon a committee of three, or in default upon the two persons who sign the notification, and of whom one need not even be a resident in the commune, would be a continual provo-

cation to unedifying conflicts if not to actual schism. As to the concessions of which so much has been said—the simplification of certain formalities—they are not even permanent and certain; since a Ministerial circular is not a law, and binds neither the judges, nor the Minister's successor, nor the Minister himself.

But this is not all: M. Briand's circular positively aggravates the injustice of the Separation Act in its dealing with the seminaries. He lays it down that the professors of a seminary form to all intents and purposes a veiled association (*dissimulee*); and on this flimsy pretext determines that they are to be for ever deprived of the use of buildings erected at the cost of the faithful, even by lease from municipalities. Surely nothing could be plainer than the intention of the government to strike directly at the very existence of the French priesthood.

Whether his action has been wise or not judged by diplomatic standards, the truth is that the Holy Father has recognized clearly the spirit of relentless aggression which the French Government desired partially to veil, and has acted on that recognition. Far from inventing a state of persecution, he has brought into relief a real state of persecution which its authors wished to disguise. An indignant protest, coupled with a great act of renunciation which must disarm those who would accuse the Church of unworthy motives, has appeared to him at once more effective and more characteristically Christian than any endeavor to negotiate indirectly with inveterate enemies who are likely in the end to outwit him in strategy as they are his superiors in physical force. In one weapon and one only the Church is stronger than the State—in the moral force of principle and a good cause. To denounce the anti-Christian campaign which is designed to destroy her power by inches, to draw up her forces in unity, zeal and apostolic poverty—this was the best policy just because it was no

policy. And it was the most direct and urgent form of appeal to the people of France, and to Catholics throughout the world.

Its actual effect in Paris made a great impression on me during my recent visit. Nothing struck me more than the whole-hearted way in which the action of Rome has been accepted by those who at first had urged a policy of conciliation. "One may wish the general to adopt one kind of strategy," said M. Thureau-Dangin to me, "but if he adopts another, the great thing is to obey orders and show a united front." The Radical papers had said with their customary politeness that the grasping ecclesiastics would most certainly do anything to keep their property. On this account the refusal to form the Associations was not feared. The action of the Church has thus wholly disconcerted them. In the event, whatever may be said from the standpoint of human policy, the action of the French Church stands out as a very remarkable moral protest and a display both of the apostolic spirit and of absolute discipline at a moment when especially union is strength.

I spent some time on the morning of Monday the 17th with Monseigneur Amette, the coadjutor to the venerable Cardinal Archbishop. He told me that on Saturday the 15th a police commissioner had called and said that the Archbishop must leave his palace that day. Two days of grace were, however, in the end accorded; and now in a few hours the old man of eighty-eight was to leave the house which the Archbishops had lived in since 1831—the house of Monseigneur de Quélen, or Monseigneur Affre, who was shot on the barricades in 1848, of Monseigneur Darboy, who was killed by the Commune in 1871. St. Sulpice was to be also closed in two days, and all its sacred memories, beginning with the days of M. Olier, violated. The formation of Associations Cultuelles would not have averted this destruction of historic landmarks and traditions. It

would only have postponed it for two years.

The coadjutor Archbishop described the clergy as resigned and absolutely united. He looked forward to a great renewal of life and influence for the French Church to be won by the sacrifice of her worldly property, and the zeal which comes of persecution. On the absolute unity displayed—so great a power in time of war—he was very emphatic. That unity has, indeed, deeply impressed outsiders to the Church, as may be seen in words lately published in an English journal which has stood almost alone in extending to French Catholics that sympathy in their persecution which was so general among Englishmen when similar treatment was accorded to them in 1793.

The "Saturday Review" of the 15th of December thus refers to the united stand which French Catholics have made:

"Their attitude is historically remarkable, for never before in the struggle between the State and the Vatican in France has French Catholicism so unanimously ranged itself on the side of the Papacy. When Louis the Fourteenth raised the standard of Gallicanism against Innocent the Eleventh he could count on the aid of Bossuet and the flower of the French episcopate. Even Pius the Sixth's condemnation of the civil constitution did not prevent four bishops and a large section of the French clergy from giving their adhesion to the religious establishment inaugurated by the National Assembly. In the stern contest between Pius the Seventh and Napoleon a large section of the French clergy were Imperialists. Why, if there is a grain of truth in the allegations of the English supporters of the regime of persecution, is no such aid forthcoming to M. Clemenceau and his merry men to-day? True, the French Church may be more papal in sentiment to-day than it was of yore; but certain recent controversies—for instance, those on Anglican orders and Biblical criticism—have revealed the important fact that a considerable section of the French priesthood is not in sympathy with extreme Ultramontanism. Such facts render the world unity in the Catholic Church of France, and the united resolution of its members to suffer undeserved loss and shameful persecution, the more impressive. Only an issue of the first moment could have united so great a body, hampered as it is by Erastian traditions, in so magnificent a protest. For the time the clouds are black,

and there seems little hope of a popular reaction against Jacobinism in the land of St. Louis. From the greater part of Christendom, to its shame be it said, there comes but scant sympathy with the persecuted Church. History, happily, may be trusted to set the matter right, and to do a generous, if tardy, justice to the brave men who are fighting the battle of religious liberty before the world, and are preserving for France the faith of Christ."

It used to be the fashion in England to treat as the fanaticism of credulous Catholics the attribution of the campaign against the French Church to the influence of the Freemasons. The revelation of the masonic delations in the army in 1904, which led to the resignation of Gen. André and the fall of M. Combes, gave a shock to this view, and ought to have killed it once for all. Englishmen learned with astonishment of a system of espionage whereby Catholic officers were denied promotion because they were reported to the lodges as being the husbands of devout wives, or themselves churchgoers, or as having sent their children to Catholic schools. For a time the reality of masonic persecution was realized among us. But old prejudices are hard to kill. The incident has been forgotten, and, though maintained with less confidence, some of the old skepticism on the subject has returned. On the reality of masonic influence in the present war on the Church, no one with whom I talked in Paris was more emphatic than M. Dimnet, whose worst enemies could not accuse him of undue credulity. Dr. William Barry, in the "National Review" of July, 1905, placed the matter beyond doubt for those who really desire to know the facts.

The anti-Catholic fanaticism of French and Italian Freemasons is, indeed, no secret, although Englishmen are slow to believe in a temper which is so uncongenial to them that they are unable adequately to realize it in imagination. The "Revue Maconnique," in December, 1902, published a frank avowal on the subject. "Freemasonry," it says, "is not understood everywhere

in the same fashion. The Anglo-Saxons have made of it a brotherhood which is at once aristocratic and conservative in politics and religion. . . . As for Latin freemasonry, it owes its distinctive peculiarities to the battle it is waging against Catholicism." The sayings of M^m. Clemenceau and Briand, quoted above, show at least that if from motives of policy they judge it well to help on the campaign in question, there is nothing in it repugnant to their own sentiments. M. Camille Pelletan, Clemenceau's old friend and colleague, naively avowed a few days ago that Pius the Tenth seemed to be the providential instrument of their designs. At a time when they desired to confiscate the Church's property, but could not venture to do it at once, the Pope solved the difficulty by giving it up rather than accept the new law.

M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, addressed the Chamber last November in a speech which had the true masonic ring in it. He treated disestablishment as the seal set to the extinction of the light of religion in the land, and the exposure of its falsehoods. "We have extinguished in heaven lights which will not be re-kindled," he said; "we have taught the toiler and the destitute that heaven contained only phantoms." The speech was vehemently applauded and publicly posted in the streets. These speeches have been reported in the English press. I refer to them here only as illustrations of the fact of which French Catholics are as a body convinced, that what is going on is not legislation with the view to the ultimate liberty of the Church, designed to purge Catholicism of political elements, but is on the contrary, in the minds of its chief promoters, part of a campaign directed through the Church against Christianity. To exhibit this view as the true key to understanding the present attitude of the Vatican, and its unanimous and, for the most part, enthusiastic acceptance by the French Church, has been the main object of this article.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

PART TWO.

I.

PURSUIT OF THE DARK MEN OF THE WATERS.

MY fury aroused the Men of the Waters, and especially our friend. Mad with despair I rushed toward him, frantically pointing to Sabine's empty couch. Men and women crowded around me in the pale light of the breaking dawn, and their large, rigid, carbuncle-like eyes gazed at me with evident compassion.

Presently the sun rose, dispersing the morning mist; the horizon, save toward the East and West, became remarkably clear, and to the North I could discern an almost imperceptible moving speck to which I drew the attention of my brother of the waters. He took careful note of the direction, ran to the lake and plunged in. I followed him impatiently with my eyes and saw him heading northward under the crystal water, his body magnified and deformed by the ripples that ruffled the surface. At length he came up, uttered his batracian cry and vanished northward like a flash. A hundred of his companions, armed with helicoid harpoons, darted in his wake.

At the same time the raft upon which Sabine and I had been wont to make our excursions on the lake was brought to the bank. I installed myself upon it with my rifle and knife and was soon

being towed along at incredible speed, but not, alas! more swiftly than the other raft that was bearing my terrified fiancé away.

The rapidity of movement and the somnolent, soothing calmness of wind and water gradually assuaged in a measure my anguish, and I began to examine the situation with greater coolness. From what I had seen of the dark as well as of the light Men of the Waters I felt pretty sure that the young kidnapper would not at the outset resort to force. I had frequently witnessed their long and patient courting, the graceful ruses, the gentle supplications of the lover to obtain the favors of his heart's elect, and there was no reasonable ground for the supposition that the dark chief would adopt any other mode of procedure in regard to Sabine. Was not the romantic nature of the adventure calculated to excite the tendency of the race to overcome opposition by charming, rather than by using violence, toward such a captive?

Moreover, among primitive peoples the manners and customs of a tribe are rarely departed from, and even were his band to confer Sabine upon him, the young chief would probably have to submit to the customary rules governing marriage and go through the usual ceremonies. Finally, nearly a fortnight would elapse before the new moon, the period of choice, the only period at which the nuptials could be celebrated.

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. Begun in the January number.

II.

THE BATTLE UNDER THE LAKE.

Whether or not we were gaining upon the other raft I could not say. It continued to be but a speck upon the horizon, and I was apprehensive lest it might be shut out of sight altogether by a mist. My fears, as it proved, were only too well founded, for about noon large clouds spread over the sky, and the vapor that rose from the lake under the heat of the sun becoming condensed hung over the water like a pall. The speed of my raft, however, in no way slackened, and little by little I gave myself up to my thoughts. I conceived the wildest imaginable scheme for rescuing my beloved Sabine only to dismiss them despairingly as impracticable.

Suddenly I was aroused by the bac-tracian cry of the Men of the Waters and found that we were about three hundred yards from a low lying island covered with tall poplars, through the foliage of which the light played and quivered fantastically. We had after all been gaining on the raft, for, despite the mist, I could perceive it through an opening in the trees, though it continued to be but a black, indistinct speck.

My attention, however, was soon distracted from the raft by the cries of my amphibious allies who had risen to the surface and were excitedly calling each other's attention to a long, thick clump of rushes, in front of which the water was frothing and bubbling furiously. The raft stopped, and I seized my gun ready for an attack. I could see by the agitation of the water that something was approaching us, and soon realized that the dark band was making a stand.

All at once the agitation ceased, the oncoming wave dispersed in a succession of circles and the surface became calm. In the limpid depths of the lake big water plants, like a submerged forest, could be plainly discerned, the air globules covering their broad leaves,

stems and trailing tendrils with bright silver beads. The color of the mud at the bottom was a dull yellow.

Save for an occasional cautious snakelike gliding, nothing could be seen of the men. They must have been buried in the mud, eyeing each other closely, ready to take prompt advantage of the least opening afforded. Presently a slight cloudiness in the water, caused by a man changing position, afforded a mark. In an instant a hellicoid harpoon flashed through the water and a body rose close to the raft.

This enabled me to locate the position of the contending forces. The light men were lying a short distance ahead of the raft; their dark enemies were assembled in front of the clump of rushes. Twenty harpoons were hurled in response to the deadly shaft that had killed one of our side, and it was with ferocious satisfaction that I saw a couple of dark corpses rise to the surface. Then all was still again. The mud that had thickened the water settled down and I was once more able to see the vegetation at the bottom. It was patent to me that an attack by either side would be extremely dangerous, and that every man was carefully keeping under cover. But they could not continue their present tactics indefinitely.

It soon became evident that before engaging in a pitched battle they were disputing a strategical advantage that would inevitably fall to the side able to remain longest under water. Those whose breath gave out would be compelled to rise to the surface for air and would thus become an easy mark for their enemies. I awaited the issue of this duel of endurance with the keenest anxiety, occasionally raising my eyes to glance at Sabine's raft which, like mine, was lying motionless a long distance off toward the horizon.

Gazing down at the luxuriant vegetation that covered the bottom of the lake I saw what looked like a shower of burnished gold and silver; the wide-leaved plants and their mass of delicate

tendrils covered with glittering air globules began to sway and innumerable shoals of fish invaded the battle ground. At the same time I heard a sound of distant music to which a nearer burst of melody responded.

The dark men, it was evident, were desirous of placing this living barrier between themselves and their light pursuers, in order that they might rise under cover of it to obtain a fresh supply of air. For some reason or other the lives of the fish appeared to be sacred. It may have been a pact, or a rule of war. At any rate, it was a graceful and marvelous episode in the poignant drama. The darting fish of all shapes and sizes, whose scales flashed with metallic lustre amid the dark green diamond spangled growth of the sub-lacustrine forest, seemed like the visible notes of a prodigious orchestration, the rhythm and harmony of which were enjoyed by the eye instead of the ear.

The struggle to keep them there and to lure them away lasted for some minutes, but one of our men, having succeeded in reaching the raft in safety, clambered on to it and began to play upon a grooved reed, whereupon the finny cohorts rose toward the surface and swam away.

The fish having disappeared, it could be seen that the dark camp was in distress. A few warriors who had tried to reach the surface during the passage of the fish were floating with harpoons through the heart. Three others made a desperate break for air and met with the same fate, whereupon the harpoons of their comrades flew through the water like a flock of migrating swallows and fell in a heavy shower among the plants beneath me, wounding two of our men, who came up near the raft.

Then before the light warriors could answer with a single lance the enemy darkened the water by stirring up the mud and rose to the surface en masse. But my friends, rushing through the thick curtain, took up position beneath them and the battle was won. The

enemy vanquished and having exhausted their supply of weapons, had no course left but to seek safety in flight. In this many succeeded, but a large number were killed and an equally large number taken prisoners. Pursuit of the remainder was useless, for their rear guard velled their retreat by stirring up great clouds of slime and mud as they fled.

The captives, carrying their dead, were being marched under a strong escort toward a number of huts on the island, when half a dozen light men, bearing a little dark boy who was moaning piteously, emerged from the water and laid the wail on the raft. They signed to me to take care of him and pointed with compassion to his left arm. I examined it and found that the shoulder was dislocated, but paid little further attention to the child, for at this moment Sabine's raft was disappearing in the mist, while mine was being towed ashore.

Our band rested, but showed no joy at their victory. They appeared rather to be disgusted and saddened by the bloody strife in which they had been engaged, and from time to time would give way to violent outbursts of indignation and wrath. While they were cooking fish I meandered about the island, going over fully two-thirds of its length. It was covered with high grass. In one place I remarked a kind of furrow where the grass had been trampled flat, but thought nothing of the fact at the time, though it recurred to me later, like snatches of ideas recur in dreams.

A few steps further the ground became stony, and sloped to a yawning cavern whose dismal depth was shrouded in Cimmerian darkness. I thought it might be a sepulchre, and peered in, seeking to fathom its mysteries and comparing it to the gaping wound and the void in my heart.

Was it an hallucination? I thought I heard a cry coming from the pit. It was a cry that resembled in nothing the croaking, humid cry of the Men of

the Waters. It was clear and vibrating such as none but a European could have uttered.

"Sabine!" I shouted.

Was I mad? Sabine was being borne away from me on the waters, yet I listened in the hope of hearing the cry again, listened so intently that I could have heard the fluttering of a night moth's wings as it flitted through the wood; but my fancy refused to repeat it, and musing upon my misfortune I returned to the camp.

The halt was a brief one, for as soon as the fish were cooked we started off again, taking the food with us. My friends, as I had frequently seen them do before, partook of the repast under water. I, of course, ate my share on the raft I had offered a part of it to my little companion, but he had refused it. In the anguish of mind I was in myself I had at first been indifferent to his sufferings; but his refusal of food, his continual thirst and his moans finally moved me, and recovering my energy I succeeded in setting his shoulder. As I bent over him to terminate the operation I was struck by a peculiarity. His eyes to a certain extent lacked the characteristics of the eyes of the other Men of the Waters. The white was distinctly visible, the pupil had a pronounced outward curve and the iris, though inclined to redness, was of no precise color. I had seen more than one European with similar optics. Greatly surprised, I examined the other parts of his body and found that he was not like the aquatic people among whom he lived, either in skin, hair or extremities, the latter being much thicker.

Despite my cares, I was irresistibly agitated by conjectures and scientific hypotheses. Had I happened upon a specimen of a race that was a cross between the ordinary men of earth and the Men of the Waters? Was the boy's resemblance to the former due to some phenomenon of heredity? Might not the process of transformation have been so rapid that a few centuries had

sufficed to change the terrestrial into an aquatic man? I recalled scraps of what I had read in the works of ancient writers who asserted the ability of certain extraordinary beings to live under water.

Sabine's abductors placed every possible obstacle in the way of pursuit by stirring up the mud over a vast extent of the lake, but my sagacious companions succeeded in keeping track of them, and about 2 o'clock, to my great joy, the sun having rent the mist on the horizon, I again caught sight of the raft. Thereafter I kept my finger pointed toward the moving speck, and the men towing and pushing me redoubled their efforts.

We were visibly shortening the distance between us. Sabine's raft gradually became more distinct until I was able to make out the vague silhouette of a female form upon it, and shouted with glee. My delight, however, was suddenly dampened by a terrible doubt. Might not the young chief, rather than abandon Sabine, drag her with him to the bottom of the lake? The thought was maddening.

Onward, nearer and nearer we sped, and my band of brave, tireless swimmers surrounding the raft, raised their voices in a weird, wild chant as they cleft the dancing water with their powerful strokes. Sabine's adorable form now stood out so distinctly that I could easily discern her little cloak. Barely five hundred yards now separated us. I sprang to my feet and my whole soul went out in yearning toward her. I was wild with hope and impatience. Yet she did not see me. Her back was turned toward me, and she was gazing fixedly before her over the lake. By what artifice was she prevented from turning her head?

When we were about three hundred yards off those of our swimmers who were not hauling or pushing my raft made a spurt for the other one. Instantly a man rose beside Sabine, and my blood froze with horror as I saw him throw his arms about her and drag

her to the edge of the raft, though she resisted desperately. To describe my anguish as I watched the struggle would be impossible. It was too atrocious for words. My hair turned white in places and I felt the effects of it for years.

The resistance of my gentle, frail little sweetheart could avail nothing against the brute strength of her captor. He raised her bodily in his arms and leaped overboard. Frantic with grief and despair I plunged headlong into the lake, and heavily, slowly, as powerless as a fly in a glue pot, struck out toward the spot where my beloved had disappeared; but speedily realizing how useless were my efforts, and determined not to survive her, I threw up my arms and sank.

III.

QUEER SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE CHILD OF THE WATERS.

The next fact of which I was conscious was that I was lying alone on the raft, which was stationary. My little wounded companion had disappeared. Not a swimmer was to be seen. The lake, rippled by the breeze, danced in the glad sunlight; the bright-scaled fish streaked the crystal water with many colors as they flashed hither and thither in their sport.

I noticed these things in a languid, stupid way, and after a while became aware of the presence of a man in the lake. He was at too great a depth to be clearly distinguishable, but I could see that he was moving slowly and with precaution. He presently came up bearing on his arm the boy captured among the rushes. In his disengaged hand he held my knife, which he had fetched from the bottom. I helped him to clamber on the raft.

These movements recalled the events through which I had passed, and broken-hearted, tortured beyond endurance, I fell into a stupor of grief and despair. I was aroused by a touch on the shoulder. The boy was standing

beside me, gazing at me compassionately, and making persistent signs of denial accompanied by a pantomime that I could not for the life of me understand.

This continued for some time, when he stopped discouraged and remained thoughtful. At last his face brightened and taking my knife he cut five pieces of wood from one of the logs of the raft and went through the following curious performance:

First clasping one of the pieces of wood to his breast, he caressed it with the greatest tenderness. He obliged me to do the same, afterward laying the stick beside me, and I wondered what fetish rite he was trying to initiate me into. He next laid a second piece of wood upon the water and made me understand that it was a raft. A third piece of wood was then made to seize the first piece and carry it to the miniature raft.

This aroused my interest to the highest pitch, for I now understood that the poor child was relating what had happened to Sabine. He saw that I followed him, and his face expressed consolation and hope as he continued the experiment.

The raft bore Sabine away and stopped at an island. Sabine landed, accompanied by the dark chief and a fourth piece of wood took Sabine's place on the raft.

It was all as clear as daylight to me now. The child laughed gleefully and went on while I followed his performance with more thrilling interest and excitement than if I had been witnessing one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

Sabine and the chief remained on the island. The fourth piece of wood continued on its way on the raft. The fifth piece, seizing it, plunged into the lake, and again the boy laughed delightedly.

Sabine, then, was alive! It was all a ruse of her dark captors! The female figure I had seen on the raft had been substituted for her while she had remained behind on the island. The cer-

titude of it filtered into my heart more softly than the rays of the rising sun through the dense verdure of a dark African forest. My love was alive, but where was she? Did the intelligent child know, and, if so, would he be able to make me understand?

He showed that he was able not only to do this, but to accompany the story with a wealth of detail that astonished me. We had found a language in which we could converse. One success led to another until it became possible to express not only delicate sensations, but even a few elementary abstract ideas.

In this way I learned that Sabine was landed on the island near the clump of rushes, and that she had been hidden in a deep cavern a short distance away—a fact that I should easily have guessed for myself.

My supposed hallucination, then, was nothing of the kind. The cry that I had heard at the mouth of the dark cavern into which I had peered really was uttered by my hapless fiancée. From this cavern she must have been conveyed to the land of the black Men of the Waters, which the boy gave me to understand lay to the westward.

IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANNEL.

Resolved to rejoin Sabine at all hazards, I raked my brains in an effort to devise a means of accomplishing my purpose. Out of one of the small logs of the raft I fashioned a scull or paddle with my knife, and having been familiar with the use of it from my childhood up managed to attain a speed of fourteen or fifteen yards a minute. It would take many hours at this rate to reach the invisible shore I was heading for, but the labor was infinitely preferable to inaction. Hope gave courage to my heart and strength to my arms, and I worked the paddle hour after hour, while the boy slept.

The sun was setting when I sighted land. Undecided where to disembark I awoke my little companion. He pointed

out a spot about three-quarters of a mile to the right on the outskirts of a large forest. I made for it and came to the entrance of a wide channel into which, in accordance with the boy's instructions, I turned the raft.

The stream flowed so sluggishly that it seemed to come from a lake rather than a mountain. To right and left, like colossal pillars, the trees rose in gigantic colonnades, and their spreading branches cast a shadow over the water that deepened as we progressed, and was lightened at intervals by blood-like splashes caused by the crimson glow of the sunset as it glinted through the verdant canopy.

In the water beneath me I could see big, sightless, odd-shaped fish swimming lazily, mammoth crustacea, green with slime and weeds, crawling on the bottom, and cephalopoda of an unknown species with enormous eyes. The atmosphere was dank and chilly, and all around was manifest the pallid fecundity of creatures and plants that shun the blessed light. Weeds, many yards in length, carpeted the bottom of the channel where the water was shallow and trailed in the direction of the current; banks of luxuriant, variegated lichens formed feeding grounds for insects that resembled turtles with their great oval bucklers; a spider, as big as a man's fist, hanging from a branch, dropped to seize its nerveless prey; big white flies lighted upon livid fungi; my paddle disturbed a mammal with a beak like a bird's, and hundreds of bats of all sizes circled overhead.

The banks of the channel became higher, the trees bent toward each other over the waterway until their tops mingled, and the last distant blood-splash waxed fainter and fainter until it became merged in the appalling blackness. The child had fallen asleep again, and I, quaking with a nameless terror, but buoyed up by the hope of seeing my Sabine once more, stationed myself forward on the raft and paddled steadfastly on through the night.

V.

THE LUMINOUS FOREST HAUNT
OF THE MEN-WADING-BIRDS.

It must have been about midnight when the boy awoke. His shoulder was better. We were ravenously hungry, and he succeeded in finding some edible nuts, after partaking of which I fell into a light slumber. When I awoke, I perceived a pale ghostly glimmer through the trees in the distance on the left which I took to be moonlight. It outlined the leaves and the delicate drapery of the pendant creepers with a nebulous whiteness, as though the forest were covered with hoarfrost.

Along the colonnade of trees that lined the banks of the channel a profound darkness reigned which at intervals was splashed with light by the passing glow of the phosphorescent scales of a fish. I took to the paddle again. I had to advance with extreme caution, so that it took fully three hours to cover a mile and a half. An obscure cliff rose in front of me at a bend of the stream, while to the left it became singularly light. Could it be the sun already, and could its rays possibly penetrate through such a dense mass of verdure as that by which we were surrounded? Ten minutes later I rounded the bend and my eyes were almost blinded as I gazed upon a vast landscape that shone more brightly than snow-covered country in the moonlight. And yet it was illumined neither by the sun nor moon.

A mobile, wavy luminosity was upon the waterway that now expanded into the proportions of a lake. The water, which extended away into an inundated forest, was shallow, for the upper forks of the tree roots were visible. From these roots the luminosity emanated in dense circles that became thinner as they expanded. But it was without shadow, and everywhere it floated, undulated, went out, revived. It trickled from the brushwood in little cascades and was borne on the breeze in flakes

of light. In the very few places where the water could reflect it, it oscillated widely. Not the slightest sound disturbed the profound silence that reigned over the scene.

I stood motionless, petrified at the fairy-like spectacle. I passed in turn through the naive admiration, the mysterious terror, the invincible curiosity and the hair-raising dread of the occult it would have inspired in a little child. I fancied that I was in some fabulous town, in which the Men of the Waters had found means to illuminate the bottom of the lake. I, the representative of the superior races, experienced the shy, melancholy resignation of the races that have been vanquished; the innate pride at the conviction that I appertained to the highest form of humanity crumbled within me! I understood how our poor rivals resignedly allow themselves to glide into the abyss of nothingness, excluding dreams and confused theories from their lives, understood the consolations of Nirvana.

This spell was broken by the appearance on a distant islet of a man whose form was outlined on the background of light. He was incredibly tall and thin. His head reached to the lower branches of a neighboring ashtree that were more than nine feet from the ground, and he appeared to be more legs than anything else. Four similar men joined him, and they entered the water, which came up to their waists. They advanced toward us with rapid strides, and I awoke my companion.

Bewildered and dazed by the light he rubbed his eyes and shaded them with his hand, the better to examine the approaching giants, but the cry he uttered betokened neither fear nor surprise. On they came, sometimes immersed to the bust, sometimes with their ankles barely covered, and I had time to note that their arms, like their legs, were ridiculously long, as thin as a pipe stem, and covered with yellowish scales instead of hair. The body, on the other hand, was white and covered

with soft hair, the head small and narrow, with large, cold and excessively mobile eyes.

The boy seemed to take pleasure in their presence, a pleasure tinged with banter. He called to them, and I listened eagerly for their response. They did not speak with the batracian, rippling voice, the humid accent of the Men of the Waters. It was a sharp, hard cackling, and their jaws worked rapidly, chopping the syllables, as it were. Gravely they surrounded the raft. Their whole being bore the stamp of a joyless race, doomed to a precarious existence in an unproductive land. Their pallor was that of subterranean life. The hair of their heads was ash-colored; that on their breasts was of a lighter shade than that on their backs.

I felt a vague pity for them, I scarcely knew why. Maybe the patronizing attitude of the child inspired it; maybe I recognized intuitively that these narrow-headed people were pariahs. I fell a-theorizing, and it seemed to me that they were metamorphic abortions: Originally driven by powerful Mongolian nations into these paludal regions, inaccessible to the rest of mankind, they must have led a shy, hand-to-mouth existence. The ceaseless search for food in the marshes and ponds must in the course of centuries have elongated their limbs and rendered them dry and scaly. Then other peoples of the same origin probably made their advent. Having pushed through to the great lakes, or time having effected an improvement in the region, the newcomers must have boldly adapted themselves to an amphibious life, thus leaving far behind them their saddened precursors, the Men-Wading-Birds, thenceforth relegated to the shallow waters of the forest land.

I gathered that the child was requesting them to push the raft along, though from the tone of his voice it seemed to be more of an order than a request. Gently, melancholy, with, I thought, a consciousness of their weak-

ness, they obeyed, and the raft glided through the wondrous luminous forest. It was like a dream, and I could scarcely persuade myself that I was really awake.

The water thrown off by the raft swelled away to right and left in waves of light that in the distance formed beautiful and radiant strata of mother-of-pearl, into which the dull trail behind us gradually merged and became transformed. I plunged my hand over the side and it dripped light. I examined the water closely and found a number of minute vegetal cells, which from subsequent investigation I learned contained phosphorescent zoospore of certain species of water weeds that became animated, probably at the period of reproduction, by a movement similar to that of tadpoles.

After we had been journeying for some hours the channel became narrower and the water rose to the necks of our poor, panting escort, who, after swimming for a few minutes, gave up exhausted and made for the bank. We were on the confines of the land of light, and darkness once more lay before us. I shouted my thanks to our bird-like friends and the boy also cried out to them in cordial tones. They cackled something in answer and strode off along the shore. Nothing could be imagined more humble, more pitiable than these melancholy skeletons, and I gazed after them with deep and sympathetic interest as they trotted away until they were lost to sight among the trees.

I then began paddling again, and the water becoming deeper and the trees scarcer, I made good progress, in spite of the obscurity. The boy, I think, had fallen asleep again. I grew despondent in the gloom and loneliness. I imagined that the raft was being drawn into a bottomless pit, and that I should nevermore set eyes upon my beloved. I remembered that I had passed through trials and dangers almost as terrible in the course of the voyage, but on those occasions I had been en-

couraged by Devreuse's energy, the presence of Sabine, of European companions, and the perils we encountered had been more or less foreseen and provided against. Now, alone, I was facing the awful solitude and darkness of the interminable forest, beset by the fear of falling into an ambush laid by men of limitless power and totally different from us, in momentary anticipation of encountering some adventure, more weird, more marvelous than those I had already gone through, and which I felt my reason would not be able to withstand.

A great lassitude and dizziness came over me. I ceased to work the scull except spasmodically, almost unconsciously. Sometimes I did not know

whether I was paddling or not, could not tell whether the raft was moving or stationary. I fancied that I was walking through a country lane, then that I was seated high up in a lighthouse. I began to babble incoherently, and it was only by an immense exercise of will power that I was able to bring my thoughts back to the river, the darkness and the raft. I felt, however, that I could not long stave off the inevitable, that I was slowly but surely lapsing into unconsciousness, and I remember that my last effort before I succumbed was to keep the raft headed toward a glimmer of daylight that appeared in the distance like a white speck on the channel.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TO GENERAL PICQUART.

By C. D.

(From the National Review.)

Soldier and friend of France; who—finding wrong
By priest and soldier wrought in Justice' name,
While forgers wrote and signed their country's shame—
Did'st lonely front the furious bigot throng,
And stand across the prostrate 'gainst the strong,
Calling for aid, till from the darkness came
The flash "J'accuse" that kindled reason's flame;
Picquart; to thee does this high place belong.

Marshal the force of France; for thou hast served,
Beyond all other served, the nation well,
In raising truth command in chief to take,
When Dreyfus suffered pain all undeserved.
Where the hot floods faint round the Isle of Hell,
And thou wast exiled e'en for valor sake.

The Temple of Ten Thousand Gods.

By GLOFFREY SALIS-SCHWABE.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine*.)

BEHIND us lay the City of Springs, before us the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods. We had swung through the city in our palanquins and now had reached the plain. In the distance the Yellow River wound sullenly across the level, bearing its burden from far Thibet to the Yellow Sea. The city of Chinanfu stretched brown, grey and hazy in the heat, as it had lain and drowns for who shall say how many years, even before Confucius, centuries ago, had journeyed through it to his palace. Here at least nothing has changed. The river, sullen in its ordinary moods, breaks out in angry defiance ever and again, land is swirled away, blue-clad bodies, pitiful remnants of houses, black pigs or a cow floating strangely silent and stiff, are borne out to sea; but Time, the great healer, salves these wounds, and all is as before.

The beautiful Pearl Spring in its smooth stone basin has not changed. The exquisite bubbles of air rise through the pellucid water, like jewels tossed from some fairy palace beneath, rise slowly, holding the gaze enthralled, then, glimmering near the surface for one all too brief moment, are gone, and the enchanted beholder thinks himself bewitched. Deep blue carp swim slowly in great curves round the rising pearls, and the water is of crystal clearness. Glancing upward the eye rests with delight on the curved roofs of the

palace of just the same deep blue grey as the fish, and the insistent plash of an unseen fountain falls soothingly on the ear.

The air of the plain moves tremulously in the heat, and the palanquins swing slowly on. On either side are graves, grey stone graves of some forgotten race, and the mounds that mark the last resting place of the Chinese dead. The wandering thoughts are held, and one looks curiously at this end, so far as mortal toil can go, of our existence, of this dream which is our life. Grassy mounds and low pine-clad hills guard the dead intrusted to them by the loved ones, and guard them well. The trees grow, and the grasses, uncut from year to year, flourish rankly beneath their branches. Yellow lilies and pale iris peer out from the brakes, and in the autumn, Nature's garnishing for the cold grey months to follow, a purple immortelle expands its blossoms and decks the slopes with its starry heads.

But the humbler dead cannot hope for this peacefulness. A corner of the field is taken and for many years is tended. Here, on the Day of the Dead, offerings are brought and the survivors honor the departed, but every spring the cultivation creeps a little nearer; decade by decade it encroaches, and one morning, perhaps after heavy rain, the even furrows pass over all the field and the grave is not. The road sinks between two mounds winding down to

cross a stream. A hole in the bank is partly screened by some bamboo grass, and out of it comes a shape in dingy grey garments. With a long monotonous cry it flings itself into the dust—Loya, loya, loya-a-a—and I stop my palanquin-bearers. The figure lifts itself and I see a woman, incredibly old, bent and witch-like; wisps of white hair fall over the lined face, the eyes have a despairing look. Behind her is her lair, and the thought of that hot hell in summer, of the freezing night to be passed alone there in winter, amid the desolation of that wind-swept place of the dead, makes me turn to my ting-chai and give the poor thing an alms—to me a sum paltry enough, but to her, in this land of infinitesimal coinage, a fortune; and we pursue our way to the dirge of loya, loya, loya, as the withered fingers fumble among the strings of copper coins.

Above us rise the Hills of the Gods, wooded and green, so very green, except where the crags of dark grey rock jut out, a harder, colder note in that poem of line and color. We have reached the little village where our palanquins must halt and we change into the light hill chairs to be borne up the winding steps. Each chair is a mere skeleton of hard polished wood strung together with ropes, and over each, supported by strips of shining wood, is a dark blue canopy. Sturdy mountaineers pick up each chair, and sideways we are carried swiftly up the steps. After a while we pause on a little piece of flat ground. The trees grow down to either side of the path, delicate grasses tremble at the edge over the sun-baked stones, and the sense of heat suddenly intensified becomes palpable, and rising in hot waves from the ground confuses the senses. In this heat two pale blue butterflies, large as little birds, circle and float, the embodiment of the tremulous warmth. Higher we are borne and higher, over terraces whose grey stones are falling apart from age, on

whose lichen-covered parapets jeweled lizards lie basking in the sun. The black sheets of rock, fringed with the pale green feathers of bamboo, grow more frequent, and at last the grey roof of a temple curves grandly between the trees.

We have reached the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods. Images of Buddha, carved from living rock, look benignly down; on the steps two blue-green pigeons lie sunning themselves. An old priest receives us, and we enter the courtyard. On two sides rise sheer smooth walls of black stone, and everywhere from the living rock Buddhas had been carved, some life-size, some small, most of them presentments of the Lord Buddha, calm and dignified, but some of them the frightful demons and gods of the under-world of the Chinese. In one corner a round boulder leaned against the cliff sides, and here a pool of deep clear icily cold water, fed by the slow drops of the black rocks above, stretched away into darkness beneath the cliff. Turning from the walls of black rock, a temple built on the edge of the hill overlooks the plain, and passing through a gateway facing us we reached its main buildings. Above us rose more roofs, and on either hand were stone steps winding across the mountains. We saw the Gods, the blue malignant Gods of War, the placid white-bearded God of Riches stroking his attendant stag, and many more. Outside one shrine stood two high green earthen jars in which lotus lilies were growing; the beautiful leaves yet held the dewdrops and the pale pink flowers glistened. "Om mani padmi om (oh jewel in the lotus flower)"—that mystic incantation murmured through the world from far Thibet to farthest Japan, and the river that wound below formed by the Thibetan snows—"Oh, jewel in the lotus flower."

We wandered on, a priest and two or three acolytes accompanying us, and in an arbor on the hanging terrace we sat

down to rest. A blue creeper flung its tendrils over the balustrade, the bloom of its dark blossoms rubbed here and there by overhanging leaves, across one of which a vermillion spider suddenly ran. My attendants came up carrying the baskets containing our meal; the priest sent an acolyte for dishes, and soon the table was decked. We had, of course, brought no flesh or animal food to this sacred spot. The vivid green of the peas, the peaches, apples, grapes and delicious Chinese cakes laid out for us in the old dishes of the temple, looked delightful. The tingchai had placed the bottles of white wine to cool in the dripping water; he brought them now and poured out the wine into delicate porcelain bowls. The old priest next me ate but little, but enjoyed the wine. The peaches did not last long after the curved red lips of the acolytes had touched their sun-kissed cheeks. Steaming bowls of rice were brought and quickly disappeared. Then my tingchai brought that which I had thought would please my hosts—a box of French bonbons, and another of gold-tipped cigarettes. I was right. I do not know whether the mauve fondants or the Turkish tobacco were most appreciated. The old priest's pale cheeks showed a brighter color, his eyes sparkled, and I thought to ques-

tion him. Below us over the plain lay the city in a haze of heat and dust; beyond, the great river wound to the sea; a faint mist hung over everything.

"Tell me," I said, "when you look, from this cool retreat, down on to that city, are you not content with your lot? Have you not found that peace and satisfaction which we dwellers in cities so vainly strive after?"

"I know not," he answered. "At times I think so, but then again, during the long winter when I sit all day over the charcoal braziers and study the Books of the Law, I think not. Life down there in the city must be very pleasant, very gay, but there it must, indeed, be hard to acquire merit. I am old, however, now, more than four score years, and my life here cannot last so much longer."

"But these boys," I urged; "they are young—have they entered into the right life?"

"Look at them," the priest replied, "and you will know."

They had gone some little distance from us, and were sitting in their gauze robes on the steps, the sun shining on their shaven heads and bright young faces. Puffing the gold-tipped cigarettes, they laughed from the sheer joy of being alive. The old priest had answered me well, and as I rose to make my farewells our eyes met, and for a moment our souls were bare.



The Poet and the Muse.

By FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Awake, arise, my idle Muse!
Thou sleepest as if dead;
Open thine eyes, the close-shut lids
Seem weighted as with lead.

No slave art thou who needest spur
To drive thee to the task;
A willing comrade thou hast been
To bring me what I ask.

Spread thy soft wings and soar awhile
In fields of upper air,
Wherefrom the things of heavy earth
Seem light and debonaire.

Poise on the sun-tipped cloud and lean
O'er shimmering, light-filled space;
It may be I shall catch some gleam
Of glory in thy face.

Hark to that music whose keen thrills
No earth-born ear may hear,
That so some note of it may fall
Into my listening ear!

Ah, Muse, but might I fly as thou,
What wonders might I see,
What songs might hear, to plunge my soul
In waves of ecstasy!

Then, stirring in her sleep, she spoke:
" 'Tis thy desire I wait,
That and thy will make wings to waft
Me high as Heaven's gate.

"Without thee I am chained to earth,
And thou art chained with me;
Thou must awake, O Poet Soul!
To set our spirits free."

Within my heart a living flame
Arose. I bid her go;
And her bright wings gleamed over me
Like Heaven's surpassing bow.

And all around the radiance pulsed
With gold and rosy light,
Awhile my Muse, on soaring wing,
Swift vanished from my sight.



An English Year.

By M. F.

The almond and the apple, the bending bullace spray,
Shed showers of purest petals before the end of May.
A little while of budding, a little while of bloom,
And then the spring is over, and ended all too soon.

A wealth of sweet confusion, the lily and the lime,
With heavy scent of ripened hay, of tiny honeyed thyme.
A burst of happy singing, a few short weeks of sun,
The hum of dreamy insects, and summer days are done.

Bright crimson of the creeper, the poppies in the corn,
With cobwebs, and the dripping dew to kiss the fields at dawn;
Rich days of purple hillside, of cloudless August skies,
Few weeks of thundery harvest, before the autumn dies.

Cold wind of wet November, soft snows of latter days,
White hoarfrost on the holly by muddy country ways.
The naked yellow jessamine, and hardy Christmas rose,
Short days of scarlet berries, and then the winter goes.

Twelve months of endless wonder, an ever-shifting chain,
Of sun to make the whole world glad, of cloud, and snow, and rain.
Full fragrant flowers of summer, ripe autumn grain in ear,
Uncertain days of varying joys, a changeful English year.

The Jamestown Exposition.

By CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

FOR more than five years the projectors of the Jamestown Exposition have been working early and late to prepare for the American people a celebration worthy of its underlying idea, and, having done so, to call the attention of that people to the celebration when Virginia, the mother of States, should be ready to receive her children's children in a befitting and becoming manner.

The Jamestown Exposition will be held on the waters and shores of Hampton Roads near the city of Norfolk, Va., commencing at noon on the 26th day of April, 1907, and closing at the hour of midnight on the 30th of the following November. It is also generally known that it will be held in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America. Few realize the influence which that settlement had upon America—in fact, upon the whole civilized and hitherto uncivilized world. It has been recorded upon the pages of history that those who read may know—and most persons do read at this age of the world—that upon the waters of Hampton Roads and within a radius of 100 miles, save for the ocean side, most of the history of the colonists, most of the history of the United States and of the American continent has been made.

It was at a point almost opposite the site of the exposition grounds, just across Hampton Roads, that the colonists first found a safe landing place after their long and stormy voyage

across the Atlantic, for they had been driven off at Cape Henry by hostile savages, and in consequence of the safety and comfort they found here they called the place Point Comfort, and it is so to this day, and probably will be for all time to come, called Old Point Comfort. They did not remain here long, but passed on up through Hampton Roads into what was then known as Powhattan River, by them named the James River for their English sovereign, and settled at a place that eventually became Jamestown. It is now, however, only a name in history, for the restless waters of the James have made of the site only a low, marshy island, instead of the peninsula it was when the pioneer pilgrims landed, and but a few crumbling walls and old foundations and the fast decaying old church tower remain.

Before the pendulum of time swung back to the center of oscillation in the radius of its scope and in its marked vicissitudes virtually obliterated Jamestown from the face of the earth, that little colony had planted the seeds of a civilization that has encircled the globe and shed its beneficent rays of influence upon every land and in every clime. This claim is broad, but not more so than the English influence upon the earth, and is so apparent that no argument is necessary to establish its truth. I beg, however, to submit one phase in its support, and that is that to-day almost every nation of the civilized world is seeking representation at the Jamestown Exposition. Not only are they to be there with their

**MACHINERY HALL.**

armies and navies, insignias of one kind of power, that, paradoxical as it may seem, grows less in demand as it increases in efficiency, but with their educational development, their historical records of progress, their arts and sciences, their manufacturing and commercial industries. Why do they come? Because it has been heralded abroad that the United States is going to show the progress it has made in the last three hundred years, and they want to enter the arena in peaceful rivalry, to show what they, too, have accomplished. The influence that this exposition is having upon the whole world to bring every kindred and tongue into closer relationship, and to a better understanding of each other, had birth when that little colony of hardy, brainy Englishmen under Captain John Smith founded the Jamestown colony. This, I believe, establishes the broader claim and more need not be said in its defense.

But the commercial interests awakened, the new life-blood infused into

the arteries of manufacture and commerce, by the Jamestown Exposition, are more nearly beyond comprehension than my first proposition, because they are equally far-reaching and go hand in hand with all that makes for the comfort and good of mankind. The rate of progress is dazzling and would be terrifying but for the fact that each bound lands us upon a higher plane. Virtually, within a hundred years every branch of industry has been revolutionized. The old wooden mouldboard has been succeeded by the more modern cast plow and that in turn by the smooth steel plows of to-day, the latter now dragged across the vast areas of farming lands in the West by massive traction engines in gangs of a dozen or more. The old sickle gave place to the scythe, that to the grain cradle and that in turn to the first crude reaping machines. Then followed the Buckeye dropper, the self-blinder, and now in the wheat areas of this and other countries the grain is cut, threshed, cleaned and sacked in one operation. The old

carding machines and the old spinning wheels have been succeeded by modern machinery that would have been a mystery then, and a million steel spindles under the manipulation of a single hand now do the work in a few hours that a whole community could not have done in a season.

The boom of the old hand loom is no more heard, but has long since been laid away with the flax-break and scutching knife, the spinning wheel and reel. The good housewife no longer fills the old lard lamp or makes the tallow dip. The kerosene lamp appeared on the scene for a short time to blaze the way for the gas light and the incandescent. Work that it required many hours to perform with the needle and thread is now done in a few minutes with the sewing machine. The glistening tin pans and earthenware crocks no longer stand in long rows in the spring house filled with sweet milk awaiting the cream to rise to the top to be skimmed off and churned. The

milk, almost before it gets cold, is turned into a centrifugal and the cream separated from it and by machinery churned until the mass of yellow butter appears before the barefoot boy can drive the cows to pasture.

The slow messenger afoot or mounted has been succeeded by the lightning express, the telegraph, the telephone, and now by wireless telegraphy, while the old sailing vessel that consumed many weeks in crossing the Atlantic has been followed by the ocean greyhound that makes the trip in five or six days. The aeolian harp no longer makes its weird, sweet music from the half-open window of the cottager, but in its stead the graphophone or phonograph from the center table sings the songs of olden days, the modern opera, and amuses with dialogue and monologue, lecture or recitation. The blacksmith no longer toils for hours over a bar of iron to forge out horseshoes or horseshoe nails, as he was wont to do of old, but the modern machine now turns them



RUSTIC BRIDGE.



RHODE ISLAND STATE BUILDING.

out faster than he can count. The baker no longer kneads the dough with his hands, but tosses it into a machine and watches the work go on. The shoemaker who once toiled for days over a pair of fine shoes for the gentry or for others, has degenerated into a cobbler, and machines make the shoes.

The iron age is passing and the age of steel has come. The iron bands that erstwhile spanned the continent have been changed by the Bessemer process into stronger bands of steel. The hands that once slowly and laboriously shaped metals now control without effort a million machines that do the work more quickly and more accurately.

All these old processes will be shown and practically demonstrated at the Jamestown Exposition, in the Arts and Crafts Village, where skilled workmen will turn out before the eyes of the millions articles in every line of industry in modest cottages in keeping with the age they represent, while but

a few steps away in massive buildings filled with modern machinery the same articles will be turned out as the work is now done, not only showing the perfection of mechanism, but that mechanism in motion and the finished products. It will be a school, to look upon which cannot fail to inspire every visitor with hope for future greater achievements and a desire to look further and learn more.

Necessity is the mother of invention; it is the necessity of all these things that puts to work the master minds of our day and age. In the South cotton is king, and yet but for the brain of Whitney, or, had he failed, some other brain that would have grappled with the problem, there would have been no cotton gin and cotton would not be king.

It is only a little more than a hundred years ago that Fulton gave us the steamboat, and yet but for that where would be the glory of old Hampton Roads and the other waterways of

the continent? Where would be the cities that have sprung up in consequence of commerce?

Would this continent be bound in bands of steel to-day and distance annihilated if Peter Cooper had not, in 1830, given us the first crude but practical locomotive, and only a few years later Bessemer the steel?

Could the vast business of this world of to-day be handled but for Davenport, who, in 1835, gave us the electric railway, and Morse, who, in 1839, gave us the electric telegraph?

How would the world of to-day lag superfluous on the stage of the universe but for Elias Howe, McClintock, Bell, Edison, Roentgen or Marconi? But the list is practically endless, and each day some new genius passes across the zenith of our world and leaves behind a legacy of wealth that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Brains cannot be weighed. Yet, with few exceptions it is American brains that has

set all this machinery in motion, and American brains and nerve that keep it going.

So much has been said of the material and technical features of the Jamestown Exposition that a little retrospection and speculation on the past, present and future is necessary.

While this is, in the main, a material age, and most people are chiefly engaged in the endless chase after the "mighty dollar," there are still those who occasionally pause long enough to note the alluring charm of the beautiful, or listen to the echo of the music of long ago and look back along the aisles through the dim vista of years that were.

The historic and the romantic are so closely interwoven all over tidewater Virginia that it is almost impossible to fully grasp and comprehend the one without catching the spirit of the other. Aside from its material phase, there is something extremely interesting and



POWHATTAN OAK.

**POTTERY BUILDING.**

romantic in the springing up of a magic city—a city of magnificent colonial structures in a setting of Nature's most elaborate handiwork, with winding walks bordered with a million shrubs and plants whose vari-colored foliage lends enchantment and whose flowers fill the balmy air with a fragrance that intoxicates, and over all the outspread umbrageous branches of the giant sentinels of the "forest primeval." But all this—grand, beautiful, romantic as it is—is but a shadow of the historic and romantic past and Nature's unadorned architecture, while the blaring of trumpets and sweeter strains of modern music are but faint echoes of the Indian maiden's plaintive song, the "brave's weird chant of pending or progressing war, the rattling of musketry and the booming of cannon, that come back to us from the long, long ago. It is not unwarranted nor a loss of time to pause occasionally amid the mystic maze of money-maddened millions and give a thought

to what has been, what is and what is yet to be.

Where the exposition grounds now lie bathed in the sunlight of a modified Southern winter, or white in the flood of seldom obstructed moonlight, three hundred years ago there stood the primeval forest in all its silent, solemn grandeur. The leaves swayed gently to and fro in answer to the gentle breeze, and in the forest shade the Indian warrior wooed and won the maiden of his choice. The thud of the tomahawk, the swish of the arrow or the dip of the paddle as the canoe glided swiftly over the waters of Hampton Roads, then nameless, were all the sounds that broke the stillness, nor did the denizens then dream or the medicine men prophesy that this sequestered spot should ever be the one center at which the eyes of the whole civilized world would be focused ere the very trees that stood about them were reduced to mother earth by the elements that gave them birth. Yet so it

is. True, little is left of what was then. Powhattan Oak still stands, knotty and old, but casting its friendly shade just as of old; the same untiring waves restlessly lap the same old shore, the same breezes gently stir the leaves or sigh among the barren branches, and the same stars still look down from out the upper depths of blue. But the red man is gone and the smoke no more curls heavenward from his wigwam or his council fires; the warrior no more wields the tomahawk, the swish of the arrow is no more heard, the light canoe no more skims over the placid waters of Hampton Roads, and the Indian maiden no more meets her chosen brave under the outstretched branches of the mighty oak.

Another race set foot upon the shores of America—a pale-face race as restless as the waves that lave the shores and gambol o'er the sand, endowed with a spirit called progress and a creed called religion, and their coming

marked the beginning of the end of the red man. This had been a peaceful country till then. True, there had been tribal wars, but they were petty in the light of subsequent years. The soil recorded little of bloodshed and rapine before that haray band of pilgrim-pioneers landed at Old Point Comfort, but since then the dew of heaven has many times mingled with the crimson flood of slaughtered armies; fires, brighter and greater and grander in their terrifying extent than ever the Indian kindled, have cast their light over land and sea, and when they died out, cities, hamlets and isolated homes had disappeared and in their place there was left naught but smouldering embers marking the graves of buried hopes, and the winds from the four quarters of the earth scattered the ashes far and wide, as if in mock benediction. Upon the placid waters of Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, or upon the restless waves of the greater ocean,



FORT JAMESTOWN.



ARTS AND CRAFTS VILLAGE.

a charred hull sometimes marked the site of the conflagration, then drifted away at the caprice of the wind, or sank beneath the waters to be no more.

And yet, from the ashes of the past, as if every tiny particle had been the germ of a human soul, there has sprung up a nation of many millions, so great and so powerful, and, in the main, so just, that it has not only shaped the destiny of the North American continent, but has influenced the course and conduct of the whole world. As if each ship that went down had been but myriad seeds planted to come up and grow and multiply ten fold or more, there are now thousands of craft to plow the mighty deep in place of every one that went down under a cloud of smoke. Upon the battle plain the golden grain now waves in season and the orchards yield their luscious fruit. During the Jamestown Exposition warships of almost every nation will sail into Hampton Roads greeted by friendly salute. Instead of mines and ob-

structions being placed in our rivers and harbors, they are being dredged and cleared for the traffic of the entire world. Instead of railroads being torn up and bridges burned, thousands of miles of new tracks are being laid and streams bridged or tunneled to facilitate the growing traffic. Instead of vast fields of desolation, now magnificent cities, delightful suburban retreats and cozy country homes.

The question may well arise, "Was this prologue to the great drama of peace that is now being enacted a curse or a blessing?" And who can answer? It seems to demonstrate the generally accepted fact that no great and permanent good is ever achieved without equally great hardships and heart-rending sacrifices. The Creator seems to have recognized this in His plan of redemption. Gold must pass through the crucible before its true value is determined.

The way has been long and oftentimes steep and rough from the landing of the

first English settlers at Jamestown to the opening of the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition. The civil war left the beautiful and productive Southland nothing but its noble history and its high ideals. It is the province of the Jamestown Exposition to point the way

for the world to rediscover this determining section of this great country. When that is done, the discoverer will stand amazed.

"Like some watcher of the stars
When a new planet sweeps into his ken!"



BIRD'S EYE VIEW.



The Editor's Miscellany.

AN hour in a library is a natural part of a perfect day. A public institution enriched with many volumes is not meant. Just one room at home, the door of which need not be further open than sufficiently ajar to be friendly, some sort of a chair, some sort of a table, a few shelves and upon those shelves, not encyclopedias or complete sets of "literature," but the two dozen favorite volumes which invite the reader again and again—these are enough to make a library. These are a necessity. Anything more in the way of books or furniture or other environment is intellectual luxury.

* * *

There is a wealth of pleasure in an hour in a library, when that hour exists for itself. Many discoveries are made in the course of haphazard rummaging. The discoveries need not be new to the outside world. The zest of a voyage of such discovery is a distinct factor in the value of an intellectual life, and also of a life never courageous enough to appropriate the description "intellectual." In fact, the sort of man that thinks along a tangent often learns much, and enjoys much, among his books.

* * *

The Preacher who told the world that there was no new thing under the sun, talked of the day when "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken." It is not such a far cry from the cedars of Lebanon to the halls of the University of Virginia, which protect the Zolnay statue of Edgar

Allan Poe. And the last chapter of Ecclesiastes easily recalls the opening lines of "Lenore":

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit
flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on
the Stygian river."

A volume of Shakespeare, opened at this juncture, will give the soliloquy of Hamlet with its association of ideas as to the flight of the spirit when the dissolution of the body sets in. With the Prince of Denmark the humble devotee of a library hour stops a moment to think of

"That undiscovered country from whose
bourne
No traveler returns."

Nor is this the end of the search, if the text books of youthful days have been retained.

"It now goes along the shadowy way to
that place, whence they deny that any
one returns."

So runs the ode of Catullus written upon hearing of the death of the pet sparrow of his beloved Lesbia. The idea that when the soul starts on its shadowy flight, it knows no return, found credence among other Roman poets. When Virgil, in the sixth book of the Aeneid, interrupted the thread of the story in order to relate the descent of Aeneas to the infernal regions, the poet told how his hero "quickly mounted the bank of the stream, from which there is no return" (*irremeabilis undae*). When Horace addressed an ode to Dellius, bidding him to enjoy himself while he might, for death was at hand for both the well-to-do and the poor, the closing stanza reminded the

fickle soldier of Antony of the coming of the day "to place us on board the bark for the exile from which no one returns."

* * *

Beneath the polite surface of classic paganism was a strong pessimism. Catullus thought of the goal of the shadowy journey as one from which there was no return. With Virgil the irrevocability of the passage of the stream was the dominant impression, and Horace frankly called the voyage in Charon's bark an eternal exile. There seemed to be no rift in the shadow curtain at "the end of the vista," through which could come even a reflection of the light of what Lucas Malet has called "the far horizon." Slight are the evidences that those critics were well-grounded who believed they detected in the *Aeneid* a Messianic note.

* * *

In "The Far Horizon" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Lucas Malet emphasizes that transcendental motive which so divides the life of to-day from that of the melancholy academic groves of Athens, Rome and Alexandria. In the story of the later life of Dominic Iglesias, bachelor, suddenly and ungraciously relieved of his life duties as a clerk in a London banking house, the daughter of Charles Kingsley has added one more reason for the enthusiasm of those who read and have re-read "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." Few can meet Poppy as Mr. Iglesias met her and can watch her as acquaintance reveals her character, uneven, volatile and yet naturally well-disposed, without a sorrowful realization of how easily the life of a really womanly girl may become sadly tangled "like sweet bells out of tune."

* * *

Mr. Iglesias "was fairly frightened by the greatness of the emptiness, within and about him, engendered by absence of employment. He had sacrificed personal ambition, personal happiness, to the service of one supremely dear

to him. Here was the Nemesis, not of ill-living, but of good—namely, emptiness, loneliness, homelessness, Old Age here at his elbow, Death waiting there ahead. * * * Dominic Iglesias dwelt, consciously and sensibly, in the horror of the Outer Darkness— which horror is known only to that small and somewhat suspect minority of human beings who are also capable, by the operation of the divine mercy, of dwelling in the glory of the Un-created Light."

* * *

When Mr. Iglesias, to escape a moment the jostling of the crowds making a holiday over the news that the siege of Ladysmith by the Boers had been relieved, stepped through the gates of the Oratory on the Brompton Road, he understood that he faced the moment of final choice. For him on one hand was "London, the type, as she is in fact the capital, of the modern world— of its ambitions, material and social, of its activities, of its amazing association of pleasure and misery, of the rankest poverty and most plethoric wealth—at once formless, sprawling, ugly, vicious, while magnificent in intelligence, in vitality, in display, as in actual area and bulk. On the other hand, and in the eyes of the majority phantasmal as a city of dreams, was Holy Church, austere, restrictive, demanding much yet promising little save clean hands and a pure heart, until the long and difficult road is traversed which—as she declares—leads to the light on the far horizon and beyond to the presence of God."

* * *

As the curtain falls before the reader Poppy, "the Lady of the Windswept Dust," is sobbing at the bier of Mr. Iglesias.

"Beautiful in death as in life, serene, proud, austere, but young now with the eternal youth of those who have believed and attained and reached the Land of the Far Horizon, Dominic Iglesias lay before her."

Chile con Carne.

WE do not admire sentiments of the infuriated Radical who asserted that Australia would never be a nation till the cable was cut; but his meaning is clear. The cable depreciates the importance of local affairs and cultivates imperialistic sentiment in the minds of the people. The Antipodean dweller becomes long-sighted, his outlook is broader, and his intimacy with Home affairs is in striking contrast to the Englishman's lack of interest in matters colonial. He only gets the concentrated news essence, it is true, but his mind is not burdened with an avalanche of detail, so we often find that he has a better grip of European questions which concern Great Britain than the Englishman who has grappled with them at close quarters.

We must admit that the average stay-at-home Englishman takes little interest in the Commonwealth. Australia is on the outer track, far away from the heart of things, and he connects it in a vague way with frozen mutton, rabbits, nuggets and other items. The Imperialists should look to this, "the crimson threads" will not stand the strain of our indifference. Quite recently a Riverina squatter, who returned to Melbourne after a trip home, made a score of Republicans in one evening by stating at a dinner that he had not met an Englishman during his travels who knew whether the Melbourne Cup was a two-mile race or a six-furlong sprint.

Seriously we cannot blame the Aus-

tralian if his indignation rises when he finds that his country is not mentioned in the daily press, or when his neighbor at the hotel dinner-table makes him shudder by mixing up the State capitals. He has dreamed of England since boyhood; it is home to him as it was to his parents, and, when he does visit us, Piccadilly and Oxford street, the Strand and Pall Mall seem to him like old familiar spots revisited after a long, long absence. London has been his Mecca, and while staring out towards the fog-pall over the world's metropolis, he fondly imagined that we were watching the rim.—From *Black and White*, of London.

* * * * *

That Mr. Lowther, the present Speaker of the House of Commons, is unlikely ever to be at a loss while in the chair, was illustrated a few days ago, when, as chairman of committees, he took upon himself the onus of an innovation, at the very thought of which old-established members grew pale. The incident occurred through the contumacy of the clerks' sand-glass that had been turned to count the two minutes allowed for members to assemble, but refused to work as industriously as it should have done, only indicating, in fact, the passage of one minute, when every clock in the vicinity, from Big Ben to the humblest of American time-keepers, had proved three minutes to have really passed. What would happen if the mace developed any painful eccentricity of the character indicated by the sand-glass that wouldn't, it is difficult to say, but in all probability the House would ad-

journal until the sergeant-at-arms had coaxed it into a better frame of mind. Luckily the sand-glass is something less than a bauble compared to the mace, and accordingly no protests were levelled at the clerk who shook the glass and slapped it, or at Lord Stanley, who administered chastisement upon it with his fists; but when Mr. Lowther actually had the temerity to ignore the sand and put the question after a consultation with the clock, it is to be feared that some of the older generation of members regarded the innovation as a sign of the times even more to be deplored than the laxity of the sand-glass in performing its Parliamentary duties. — From Macmillan's Magazine.

* * * * *

Mrs. Mayberleigh: "Johnny, is the new baby at your house a boy or a girl?"

Johnny: "Ma says it's a girl, but it ain't a-goin' to be baptized till next Sunday, an' if I have my way about it she'll change her mind before then."

—

"Maria," began Mr. Stubb, "last night I played cards, and——"

"Played cards!" interrupted Mrs. Stubb; "how dare you spend your money gambling, sir?"

"As I was saying, I played cards, and won enough to buy you a set of furs——"

"You did? Oh, John, you are so good! I knew those sharps would not get the best of you."

—

"I presume," said the conceited fellow, "that you will be glad to have me call again soon?"

"You do," replied Miss Sharpe.

"I do—what?"

"Presume!"

—From Tit-Bits.

* * * * *

If Adam could have so managed it that he should know everything, whilst

his wife knew nothing, the scheme of Creation would, in his mind, have been perfect. What is the first natural claim of "right" of woman? Is it not to be loved, admired and honored by man? But of all rights to which woman may show claim, the right to vote seems to me the most useless and unnecessary. It is better to be a Cleopatra than a "suffragette."

—Marie Corelli, in *The Rapid*.

* * * * *

Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced, sallow heroes were tobacco chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and workmen of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled, sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.

—Dr. Louis Robinson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

* * * * *

A Scotch minister and his friend, coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state in which their potatoes at the feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute till I go ahead. Perhaps I don't walk steady and the guld wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead for a short distance, and then called out:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?"

"Oh, aye," answered Sandy, thickly, "yere a' recht—but who's that with ye?"

—From *Idler*.

In the Market Place.

IN finance, as well as in other spheres of human enterprise, there are frequently periods when even the expert seems unable to form an opinion regarding the future course of events, when the view, if obscured by a haze, does not permit of more than speculation as to what may lie beyond. At such times the markets are likely to resemble a ship groping its way through fog with the sailors endeavoring to tell by every slight sign whether the road is clear. The present time may be said to be such a period of uncertainty. It is impossible to attempt any analysis of the future. Even the events that happen from day to day fail to enlighten the searcher. If at such a time speculation takes a cautious attitude and the markets are permitted to go their natural way slowly, carefully and undisturbed by untimely speculative fever, there is good ground for the belief that everything may turn out well in the end. If, on the other hand, careless and easy optimism is permitted to gain the upper hand and cause rampant speculation to complicate the situation still further, only the worst can be expected. Of all times this is not the moment to make any haphazard investments. Stocks should be scrutinized to see whether the companies will be able to continue the dividends which have been recently increased. Bonds should be considered with especial regard to the question as to how far they are more than notes on collateral security. Short term notes should be investigated as to the priority they may or may not have over other debts of the

companies issue in them. In short, every caution and every care should be exercised by the investor to assure himself of the soundness of the securities he contemplates buying. There are undoubtedly many first-class bonds now to be had which will be able to weather any storm. There are many stocks which will always be able to pay their dividends. But there are some securities which at present prices, especially in view of their high dividend return, look very attractive, about the stability of which we know nothing. There are many of these, which a few years of hard times would reduce to such poverty as to prevent their paying any dividends at all. Simply because a stock pays a high rate of dividends now does not mean that it will always do so. In the late '80s many stocks paid high dividends that were assessed in reorganization ten years later. It is foolish to say that those things may not happen again. Insolvency means simply the inability to meet one's obligations. If the railroads continue to pile up debts at the rate which they have recently adopted they may find themselves unable to meet their obligations, should hard times fall on the country.

* * *

The main troubles that beset the stock markets in many countries at the present time are intangible. There is at yet nothing the matter with prosperity anywhere. Business is going on everywhere at the same rate. Factories are crowded with orders, railroads are crowded with freight, shipping is active, banks are busy, mines

continue to give forth their wealth, and every field of industry is still teeming with activity. But there is, nevertheless, a lack of confidence in existing conditions. Fear that the years of plenty may be at an end, belief that a reaction is due, doubt as to the extent to which such a reaction may go, the ascendancy of the radical element in politics, timidity on the part of capital to take any new risks—all these things tend to undermine optimism. If continued, it can be easily conceived that this state of the financial mind might reflect on the body, and cause an actual contraction in business affairs.

* * *

The only tangible evidence that such a contraction might occur is to be found in the difficulty to enlist capital in new enterprises, or even to extend aid to enterprises already in existence. This is expressed clearly by the continued high money rates. True, the Bank of England has reduced its rate to 5 per cent., and in the New York money market rates for time money are lower than they were early in the year, while call money rates have fallen to a more normal point. Nevertheless, these rates are only low by comparison with the very high rates which prevailed only a few weeks ago. When the great advancing movement of 1904 to 1905 took place, call money rates ruled at 1 to 2 per cent., while time money was plentiful at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. That money rates will become stiffer a little later in the year there is no reason to doubt.

* * *

The one factor on which, to a large extent, will depend the solution of the question, whether nothing more than a slight business reaction or a decided depression will set in, is as yet an unknown quantity. The crops will, to a dominant extent, determine the financial future. With even fair crops the country will be assured of another year of well-being. The fall-sown crops have had to pass a severe winter, and

only the coming spring can show whether or not they have been damaged to any extent. The view that the crops will play an important part in the developments of the year is so generally held that to it may be attributed a considerable share in the prevailing feeling of uncertainty regarding the future of business and financial affairs.

* * *

The severe winter has played havoc with commerce at many points, and has caused heavy losses to the railroads. In the Northwest especially the roads have suffered a heavy shrinkage in gross earnings, as well as in net returns; but in the East also losses have been sustained. Shippers also have suffered through failure of delivering goods in time for the demands of the retailers, while the latter have in turn failed to make profits, simply because their goods failed to arrive. So far the result of the abnormally severe cold and snow has shown only in the returns of earnings made by the railroad companies. It remains to be seen how far the losses to shippers and retailers shall have impaired their capital and purchasing power.

* * *

In the January number I called attention to the fact that \$300,000,000 of new capital had already been spoken for by various corporations for the first part of the current year. That prediction has been nearly made good already. The total amount of stock, bond and note issues announced since the beginning of the year exceeds \$250,000,000, and a number of railroads that are badly in need of money are still to be heard from. Prominent among these are the Erie and the Missouri Pacific. It is probable that the only reason why these companies have so far failed to borrow new capital is because they are not enjoying sufficient credit to enable them to secure at reasonable terms any large sums of money such as they appear to be in need of. That the demands of the big industrial and railroad companies for

new capital have been satisfied by these issues of new securities is not certain. But that the demands for such purposes will be on a smaller scale during the balance of the year may be reasonably expected.

* * *

Recent declines in the stock market have caused a more conservative view to be taken of the future chances and possibilities of a number of important railroad systems. The optimistic views entertained concerning the Southern Railway, for instance, have been sadly shaken. It has been made clear that the reorganizations of ten years ago, for which certain financiers were inclined to take a great deal of credit, were by no means as thorough and on as conservative a basis as they should have been. The revelations regarding the efficiency, earning power and general condition of the Southern Railway are in striking contrast with the claims advanced on behalf of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his co-voting trustees when they asked for an extension of the voting trust of Southern Railway common some years ago on the ground that they had managed the affairs of the company so well that they were entitled to an extension of the trust in order to demonstrate further their ability to lift that property to a high plane as an operating railroad and an investment proposition.

* * *

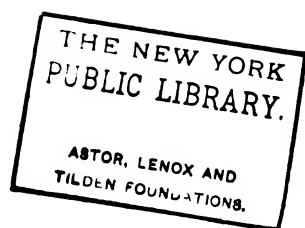
The hopes of Wall street are now centered largely on the enactment of what is known as the Aldrich bill, by which Congress is expected to amend the banking laws so as to encourage the taking out of a larger note circulation by the national banks. This legislation is not certain of success, mainly because there are many who believe that it represents merely a makeshift, and it is well known that makeshift legislation generally turns out unsatisfactorily when it is tried

in practice. The other factor which causes the financial district to feel somewhat more optimistic is that New York is now in a position to withdraw gold from London in volume. The rate of exchange is so low as to make such an exchange operation profitable. The only fear is that the Bank of England might retaliate by raising its rate of discount again. The Bank of England is at present in possession of a large reserve, and could well afford to let New York have such gold as may arrive from time to time from South Africa and other gold-producing countries that ship to London and sell the gold in the open market. A small amount of gold has thus been already engaged at this writing, but it remains to be seen how far the Bank of England will permit the exports to proceed.

* * *

Financial circles have indulged recently in some hysterics over the attitude displayed by the President toward corporations. While I have no patience with the dictum by the head of the government to the effect that there are good corporations and bad corporations, and that he has nothing against the former, I am equally unwilling to agree with the self-centred leaders of finance who fear the worst as a result of the governmental activity in enforcing the laws and calling into being such other laws as may be believed desirable to curb those particular evils of irresponsibility, most of them growing out of a lack of personal liability on the part of corporation managers. At least one year has elapsed since the activity of the government in the direction of corporation regulation became pronounced, and so far the results cannot be said to have been anything but beneficial to the public at large, and certainly not harmful to the corporations whom it was sought to regulate.

EDWARD STUART.





**"Hlt am pow'ful spooky, in de black bayou
Wif de sof' win' a-moanin' en de moon peekin' froo."**

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W'en de Sto'hk Flew.*

By C. GARFIELD KINNEY.

Hit am pow'ful spooky, in de black bayou
Wif de sof' win' a-moanin' en de moon peekin' froo,
En eb'ything seemin' daid quiet en still
Lak hit done kitched hits breaf—skeered fit ter kill;
End de moss on de cypress en cedar en oak
Hangs danglin' en twistin'—lak hit mean ter choke
Who ebber de voodoo man tol' hit to
W'en his spell fotch dem down ter de black bayou.
En hit sho'ly am da'hk. W'en yo' luk eroun'
De blue-white light 'peah's ter des' drip down
Froo de swish-swishin' branches, en ter fall ter res'
A-tremblin' en a-shakin' on de watuh's breas'.
W'en de sto'hk flew ovuh hit—not long ergo—
Wif de li'll black pa'hsel w'at had bothu'hd him so,

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He folded he wings, en he drap wif a swoop
'Twell he light en res'. En Ah reckon de whoop
Dat de bun'le let out w'en hit kotch hits bref
Mus' ha' skeered Mistuh Mud Turkle nigh to deaf;
'Case he flop f'um de log wheah he slep' dat night
En quietly soused hisse'f, clean out er sight.
En a scritch owel yowled wif a "To—who—who—"
F'um out in de da'hkness of de black bayou,
En Ah knowed deh wuz sperrits a-lookin' fo' me
Right den. En Ah say: "Dis 'peahs to be
De time fo' er 'spectable niggah Ah know
To git." En den, ez Ah sta'hted ter go
Ah grabbed dat bun'le en, honey, Ah flew
On de way to'hds home f'um dat black bayou.
Yo' mammy wuz sick at de time, en so
Ah open' dat bun'le outside de do'—
En w'at do yo' reckon hit wuz Ah foun'?
Mah ha'ht stopped thumpin'—one luk eroun'
En Ah sneaked to yo' mammy en tol' her de truf,
En de bun'le—Lawd a Massey! Lak ter rais' de roof!
Doan' yo' know yit, honey? W'y, 'twuz sho'ly you
Dat yo' daddy stole—a-huntin' in dat black bayou!



The Concrete Soul.

By WILLIAM HEMSTREET.

BOTH biogenesis and abiogenesis are true, with qualifications. The former is a claim that there cannot be a living body except as the product of another living body; the latter that there can be.

Simply and popularly stated, established phenomena say there is mind without a physical body; that they are generically two different things. But whether there be no living body without a preceding living body, there certainly can be no mind without a preceding mind. The materialists say the human body makes and precedes the mind. According to that absurdam the mindless body has made itself with all its wonderful and adaptive machinery; then it makes within itself mind to intelligently govern itself, and then it unmakes that mind and decays. Although the question of biogenesis is of no more importance than the North Pole, it may be asked in passing, How came the first body, because the planet was, in its creation, a mass of fire wherein no body could exist? The question now is one of mere discovery, for in the bottom of the sea and in the ooze of swamps beginnings of species may be going on now all the time, for all we know, just the same as in the Creation immediately after the planet was rounded up and cooled off. Deeper and usefuler questions are, whether matter, here now, can of itself make life; whether the life that is found in the body came to it from the outside, and whether that mind—or life—exists after bodily death as it did before bodily life. Mind and life are one. The two antithetical differentiations—mind and matter—do really exist here in alloy, but which was first or was neither first, like the snail and its shell?

Go back a bit. The first chapter of Genesis is intuitively scientific. The first Intelligent Cause created all living things, each with its own seed, "finished" its work and "rested." Perhaps then and there was ended spontaneous generation on this earth. But this self-seeding is the marvelous proof of intelligent design preceding the organism. We must appreciate the great fact that outside of this planet and its organisms there was and is an illimit-

able Universe of life and mind, of intelligent and executed purpose. To move matter, mind must itself be matter (Zeno), and so the conclusion is that universal mind was embodied in the universal protyle, or ether, which differentiated itself upon this planet in various forms called organisms, selecting and composing them in the first seed or cell from their various elements. Now as that creative power, that has been proved by its effects to be intelligent, existed before and independent of bodily life, for it is plain to us that it continues to exist after and independent of bodily life, for it is plain to us that in the cosmic fountain of creative law some worlds are older than ours, some are dead, and some are not yet made. There was no cut-off or vacuum between this planet and the rest of the universe. Living bodies were commenced here, as elsewhere, by that universal intelligent force. Neither is it necessary to assume that "germs of life crossed the spaces hither," for this creative spirit was everywhere, even in fire, and was ready here to organize as soon as chemistry was ready for organisms. The postulate that mind precedes and is independent of body is shown by the fact that there was a nebulous universe with an intelligent design in all its cosmic formation, then afterwards the advent of our organisms which are flimsy and ephemeral. From the smallest microscopic animalcule with its full complement of intelligent faculties, and some even with the human visage, all the way up through glorious vistas of suns, for billions of miles, we see one connected plan and planner. Cell and sun are brothers. Soul is abroad and man's mind here is a part of it. We can see by common phenomena right before our eyes that this creative intelligence is always in operation and present. Breathe upon a wintry pane, or spray water upon a cold flagstone, there instantly appear, before the eye can detect the change, vegetable forms. A tiny sphere of quicksilver, struck by the finger tip, flies, by its inherent living force, instantly into many lesser perfect spheres before the eye can see the process. ("Oh, God in the atom!"—T. D. Talmage.)

All material energy and motion originate in mind. A natural intellect cannot conceive of force and action without a will power back of them, for, inductively, all we know of them in organic manifestation comes from preceding design and plan involving a designer and planner. Most minds say there cannot be any harmonious design, such as we see in all nature, but as coming from mind. But some minds refuse to cross that *pons asinorum*. Don't beat the animal; give him time; he shall evolve. We look upon a palace and its garnishment. The preceding intelligence and will of man brought it out from the mines and forests; so we naturally want to see the architect. We see an artificial flower and we inquire for the genius who exe-

cuted it. So when we see a natural living rose with its ambrosial breath and self-propagation, some of us acknowledge a maker of that also, although some do not.

There could not have been any Cosmos at all without mind, for mindless chance would have broken the orderly continuity of growth, and the germ of the lily might have produced a rhinoceros, or the cell of the tadpole an oak. There would be just as much sense in saying the palace made the architect, or the cells make the sap of a tree, or the magnet makes its attractive power, as there is for saying brain cells make mind and the directive force within themselves. The brain cells are only the medium of reception and expression for the original mind-substance within their nuclei. A man can make a horseshoe magnet, but the life force within it, that is without germs, cells or corpuscles, is beyond him and the magnet, too. Why may not composite matter, as well as ether, make mind? Because it is transitory and secondary. The ether is primal and permanent.

Now occurs the question, What is the substance of this unatomized, mental creative force, super-physical, that precedes the Cosmos and that has shown itself to be All-wise, All-powerful, All-present? Mind must have matter for its expression, its entity, its location, its personality. A conjectured or metaphysical soul, and a conjectured or metaphysical God are fallacious. We must have either a concrete soul or no soul at all, and a concrete God or no God at all. A soul is a continuing mind after the dissolution of its atomic body. As the mind of man here must have a body, so, in the oneness of law, the universal mind must have a body. The luminiferous ether is the body of the Omnipresent God.

There is a divine duality of mind and matter united, as there is a human duality of mind and matter united. We know scientifically that there is an elemental ether out of which all physical substance was made. Says Professor Baskerville, "The difference between the atoms of physical matter is the difference between the orbital motions of ether corpuscles." Who is causing these orbital motions to form systematic and purposeful atoms with which to build up the marvelous Universe? According to mental law the materialist cannot conceive of dead ether moving itself; there must be mind in the ether as there is in the physiology. From the simple fact of a body walking around with a mind in it is an easy intellectual step to the concept of the ether, which made the body, containing mind also. Our living, mind-containing body is made up of the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorous and sulphur, the atoms of which, whether organic or inorganic, all come from the parent ether. But we cannot combine them

and make mind, which is an extra essence. The mind has been imparted to them as the uncorporealized ether that is within them, coming from away back by an unbroken life chain, through all the coitional protoplasms of heredity, linked back to the fountainhead—God. “Life from only life” is the conclusion of metaphysics as well as of physics. If mind must be hitched to matter here, although we don’t understand the fact, it may be hitched to matter there, although in the far-back void we cannot understand how ether and mind were hitched.

The question comes from the materialists, “If you must have matter for mind why not accept the brain cells theory if they perform the full mental functions?” The reply is that the brain cells die. The ether does not die. When we reflect and conclude that the homogeneous ether can think as well as the compound physiology can think, a great light breaks in upon our philosophy.

This theory of a material soul appeals to our understanding and more befits man’s aspirations, dignity, plans, hopes and instinct of permanence than does the vague theory of an immaterial soul. He is not merely a bee making honey for others, for he aspires, while the bee does not. Maybe the bee does and is reincarnated, losing its memory. After all memory is entity. A permanent soul-body is more natural and rational than that of mind depending upon a composite, fleeting, molecular organism, and dying with it, which would not be in character with the known harmony and reasonableness of the Universe. Without resurrection this world is a mockery. Men and women ambitiously acquire knowledge, power and affections down to the hour of death by this inherent, natural, driving instinct of progress and permanence. Do these mental aspirations keep company with the departing ether at the moment of dissolution of the body which is so beautifully “wired” for it? If yea, then it can be seen that we are temporary links between two eternities, one reaching backward and the other forward. At the beginning of our earth God’s omnipresent and etheric mind resolved itself, as solution crystallizes, into protoplasm, and thence into bioplasm, which was Adam. We see that matter here must be the vehicle of mind, so matter—ether or protyle—away from here may be the vehicle of mind. In that concept there is no incongruity of law or fact. And herein is our hope and proof of the resurrection—THE PERSISTENCE OF MIND ALLIED TO THE PERSISTENCE OF PRIMAL MATTER.

This living ether is the constructive mind-matter that inhabits the cells of all living things. The cells do not make it; it makes the cells. The nuclei of all living cells are approximately alike, whether vegetable, animal, man

or beast. In each nucleus is the directive force of all that follows in character, form and achievement. This answers all questions—psychological, theological, free-agency, aspiration, social synchronism and sympathy, and our future. It also agrees with Moses, "And God made man of the dust (protoplasm) of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath (ether) of life. There were two separate acts of creation as to time and essence. The materialists say, "A peculiar commingling of chemical elements in the protoplasm makes the mind." But who first made the ready "elements" and then did the "commingling"? This divine ether in the cell is the commingler. God is there in the cell the same as on His throne. At that point is the first act of the divine differentiations into organisms. Science has, with opposition and difficulty, passed from the world to the molecule, from the molecule to the atom, from the atom to the corpuscle (ion) of ether, which is the limit of present science. Here philosophy takes up the subject and passes from the idea of lifeless ether to living ether, to mind inhering in it as it does in the human body. This is the translation of the legend, "God with us," of metempsychosis and of abiogenesis. To such conclusions we are led by the following accepted facts:

"Scientists have just discovered what they call the energy of nature. They call it energy; I call it God."—H. W. Beecher.

"The corpuscles of the ether are atoms."—Duncan.

"Electricity is ether in motion."—Lodge.

We are forced to the inquiries, Who is back of this energy? Who is making this motion of the ether? What designer is placing within these atoms their immeasurable potentialities? This ether has been called an "ocean of fluid steel." It is God's energetic living body whose self-motions crystallize into organisms and unorganisms. If it has made molecular bodies here that are called men, it can as easily make corpuscular bodies. Beyond that are called angels, itself uncorpuscled and homogeneous, remaining as the Universal, Personal God. Saint Paul said, "We are raised a spiritual body." Theologians must find out what that body is made of, or be silent.

Next the question occurs, Why may not that etheric body dissolve as well as the atomic body? The answer is this: The etheric or spiritual body being a mass of matter, elemental, simple, not composite, and animated by mind, holds itself together as it does in the fleshly body that has constructed limitations. The ether-soul has self-love, will-power and tenacity of existence, just the same as in the mortal life. It perdures by natural moral law which gives joy and hope. If it violate that law it dies. ("And these shall go away into eternal punishment but the righteous into eternal life." Matt.

26: 26.) If we be not inherently immortal entities we are "immortable" (Dr. McConnell) and may be made immortal by moral law. Admitting the Christian theory that we are individualized in the next world we would need there location, dimension and form, which are predicable only of matter, and the soul must be a material thing related to the other things of the Universe and thus susceptible of scientific demonstration. Let us never lose sight of the presumption that the parent ether can think as well as its child-body can think. We are told by scientists that matter cannot be annihilated, that it may be dissolved by chemistry to atoms, and the atoms dissolved by electricity back to corpuscles. Inferentially God—or Mind—can dissolve the corpuscles back to the ether, the human etheric entity remaining cohered by its own divine qualities and love of existence.

Thus we reach backward to God and eternity whence have come our instincts and a priori wisdom; and we also reach forward to the next eternity by inherent persistence and hope. As children awaken themselves exultantly to a promised day of festivity, we drift forward by reflex, holy and joyous hope and awaken to the Great and Glorious Morrow, to free sweep of opportunity, leisure or work, and uninterrupted loves, fitting ourselves here for them by moral hygiene and spiritual discipline. Perhaps souls fall still-born into the next world as physical bodies do into this, by genital crime. The fittest always survive.

"In the way of righteousness is eternal life; in the pathway thereof there is no death."—Proverbs 2:73.



The Channel Tunnel.

By JAMES KNOWLES.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

THERE is some difficulty in reducing the general dislike and disapproval of the Channel Tunnel schemes now before Parliament to a definite expression and a practical form. With the view of helping to do so, it has been arranged that a declaration by way of protest in the foregoing terms shall be submitted for signature by all who care to join in it.

The public has no *locus standi* as opposite to a private bill, and cannot appear before the ordinary committees in the ordinary way; nor has it any other machinery for guarding itself from the Parliamentary attacks of commercial speculators. Its interests are thus at a great disadvantage as compared with those of company-promoters, who have a complete organization, which is worked "night and day" for their own very simple commercial interests.

Promoters are represented almost too well in Parliament, especially in the lobbies, and it is conceivable that a cause involving vast public interests might be practically decided on before it came to its judicial hearing in the House, and in the absence of the party most gravely concerned. Promoters' practices have indeed been hitherto comparatively strange to the English Parliament; but it is easy to imagine a state of things in which they

might succeed, and it may therefore be worth while to consider some of them for a moment.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, a similar matter to the Channel Tunnel scheme, similarly introduced as a private bill, greatly disliked out of doors, but personally approved and supported by some important member of a government. What course would its Parliamentary advocates be likely to take if disturbed by public opinion in the quiet progress of their measure?

They might first—under cover of an admission that there were perhaps two sides to the question—suggest or accept a committee of investigation into its principles—to be appointed by and privately held at the department presided over by the approving Minister. To this committee only such witnesses would be invited as the department thought proper, and if, notwithstanding such carefulness, the majority of them were found likely to be hostile, the committee might be dropped without making any report, and nothing more would be said about it.

The next step might be the appointment, under the same favorable auspices, of another and larger committee—still selected by the departments. This might be safeguarded by excluding from its scope the vital matters which had been already found insuperable. The report of such a committee

This article first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in April, 1882, and has just been republished in that Review, because of the revival in London of the plan to construct a tunnel to France underneath the English Channel.—Editor.

might easily be put forward in the House by a skilled debater as a sufficient answer to objectors—even though the most real objections had been left aside from its consideration.

Or, should the result of the second committee be unsatisfactory, a third even might be constituted on some plausible pretext, and the whole matter thus kept in delay until public attention was wearied out.

Meanwhile the various small artifices of "lobbying" might be going on—artifices so small as to seem almost beneath notice, but, nevertheless, not too small to have their weight. First one member and then another might be influenced by them so far as to commit himself to an expression of approval before he had really thought or cared about the matter. He would naturally conclude that his constituents were equally indifferent, and the mere fact of having taken a side at a dinner, or given an opinion at a luncheon, might enlist his amour propre as a consistent man, and consequently his vote, almost before he knew it.

Prepared for in such ways, the division, when it came, vigorously whipped for on one side only, would be a foregone conclusion; and the public might, when too late, find itself helplessly wound and handed over to a knot of private speculators.

But to return to the Channel Tunnel project. The disapproval and dislike of the general public to it have become continually more and more obvious. Almost the whole of the most influential journals, led by the "Times," which was the first to sound a warning, have agreed in its condemnation, and in this the press is but the echo of the talk of ninety-nine out of every hundred unbiased men who have considered the subject.

Awake at last to an attempt upon their birthright, which they have hitherto thought too absurd to be worth serious opposition, they have weighed, as wise King Leopold advised in such a case, "the probable gain against the possible loss," and find the dis-

proportion so stupendous as to leave little if any room for discussion.

Three consequences alone, which would necessarily follow from the project if carried out, are found more than enough to condemn it—a certainty, a probability and a possibility:—

1. A certainty of increased military expenditure, even upon the showing of the promoters themselves, who admit that the tunnel must be defended by extra forts, guns and troops always in a state of watchful readiness.

2. A probability, almost, indeed, amounting to a certainty, of irresistible outcries for more and more armaments, arising out of panics about invasion which would undoubtedly recur with greater acuteness and greater frequency in proportion to the increased closeness of the links binding us to a continent in arms.

3. The possibility of an irretrievable disaster from invasion. For whereas now such a catastrophe, if it occurred (and no serious person has ever denied its possibility), might be in time got over, and England be once more herself again within her "silver streak," then no successful invader would leave the soil until he had first stipulated for continued possession of the English end of the Tunnel, and could thus forever keep his foot within our open door.

In compensation for such risks and liabilities as these, what do the company-promoters offer to the country?—increased comfort in the journey to Paris, and the nearer approach, through increased commerce, of the "universal brotherhood of mankind"!

As to the sea-sickness, Mr. John Fowler has long ago proposed a preferable remedy for it in "floating railway stations" and improved harbors.

As to the "universal brotherhood" argument—is the immediate contiguity to each other of the Great Powers of Europe so obviously conducive to peace and goodwill that we should be in haste to join ourselves as closely as possible to them—to become one of

that "happy family" of mutually watchful tigers?

And are we still so sure as, say, in 1851, that men have only to bargain and haggle with each other to become firm friends—that unlimited buying and selling is the one short cut to the kingdom of heaven upon earth? Surely, to ask such questions is to answer them.

No business-like attempt has yet been made by the promoters to show how, and how much, the trade of the country is to be improved by our becoming part and parcel of the system of European railroads. Our great carrying trade might, as some hold, be very injuriously affected by the change. On the other hand, the mercantile advantages might be so large as to warrant, in the minds of others, even some remote risk to the national security. But these advantages have not been yet set forth; and were they clear, the projectors, as business men, would surely put them forward, rather than declaim about "universal brotherhood" as an inducement to shareholders.

Instead of such business-like considerations, pretences are advanced that a former Government committed itself beyond withdrawal to approval of the scheme. It is enough to answer that the actual correspondence gives no foundation whatever for any such pretences beyond general diplomatic courtesies, and that the country is at this moment absolutely free and uncommitted by any treaty or engagement of any sort or kind upon the subject.

Had any such engagements been made, to its grave detriment, without its privity and behind its back, the language of Shakespeare would alone be strong enough to convey its anger of repudiation.

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from
home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's
Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear,
dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the
world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm;
England, bound in with the triumphant
sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
sieve
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment
bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer
others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself."

It is pretended, again, that the company-promoters would be hardly used if now—when for the first time their project is receiving public attention—they were forbidden, in the interests of the State, to proceed further. But they would be in no different position from any other company-promoters who have chosen to venture a certain amount of money on the chance of obtaining public approval. These particular promoters have spent their money in procuring Parliamentary permission to make certain trial holes (now being used by way of advertisement to their scheme)—but nothing more. If the public now withholds support from any further prosecution of it, how are the promoters in a different position from any others of their trade who make a bad venture at their own risk?

It may be useful, nevertheless, to add a modern instance which Mr. Alfred Seymour sends as throwing additional light upon one of the military objections which have been urged. He writes: "A few days after the battle of Sedan I was at Brussels, and whilst there I had the opportunity of conversing with an aide-de-camp of Marshal

MacMahon's in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, who was, with her family, a temporary refugee from France. I had just returned from Sedan, where I had visited the battle-fields, and the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the war. The Marshal's strategic movement to the rear, after the early eventful battles, when his whereabouts was for three days unknown to the general public, was discussed, and the question was raised why he did not blow up the tunnels in the Vosges mountains in his rear, and so delay at any rate the German advance, and their immediate occupation of Nancy and the adjoining country.

"The reply was that the Marshal had given the order to blow them up immediately the retreat was decided upon, and an aide-de-camp was sent to deliver the order to the engineer whose duty it would have been to execute the order.

"Unfortunately there occurred, what might possibly happen at Dover, a difference of opinion. The engineer thought it was not immediately necessary to destroy such finely executed works, and did not execute the order at once. The tunnels were seized, the possession of the line was made good, and we all know the results.

"It is possible that a few hours, perhaps less than an hour's delay, in destroying such a finely executed work as the Channel Tunnel, might produce the same result: the seizure of the Dover end, and the transmission of a sufficient body of troops for the occupation of Dover, supplemented every ten minutes by further relays, until the bold stroke either failed or succeeded. There can be no question that the rapidity of the advance of the Germans was enormously facilitated by the possession of the Vosges tunnels."

To hang the safety of England at some most critical instant upon the correct working of a tap, or of any mechanical contrivance, is quite beyond the faith of this generation of Englishmen. To disregard the warn-

ings of her most trusted soldiers and sailors, and yet to play into the hands of those who wish nothing better than the spread of a spirit of militarism—these things are also beyond the assumed credulity and indifference of a generation which has watched the European wars of the last twenty years.

The supporters of the scheme, beyond the circle of the company-promoters and their personal friends, seem to be chiefly foreign marshals and generals—who, oddly enough, can "see no danger in the tunnel"—and foreign citizens whose own conscriptions leave them nothing more to fear in the way of extra military burdens. Besides these there are a few high-hearted, noble-minded men, whom all must reverence, and who look "beyond this ignorant present" to the nearer advance of a great future for mankind in such adventures and operations. Such men "impute themselves," and sometimes fall in consequence, assuming in the interested people who beset them a disinterested enthusiasm like their own. To them appeal can but be made in words as lofty as their own aspirations, and such as have been already quoted from the great poet who loved not mankind less but England more. They may be besought to recollect what the isolation of England, as "a precious stone set in the silver sea"—as a city of refuge for the oppressed of all nations—has done for the growth of freedom throughout the world, and how clear and cogent should be the call, before the walls—the crystal bulwarks—if that city of refuge should be abolished. The time may come, indeed, for the "United States of Europe," as for "the federation of the world"; but can common-sense lift up its eyes to look across the Channel now and say that such a time is yet "within measurable distance"? Till it be so, let us trust—and not for our own sake only—to that "inviolable sea" which has made us and kept us what we are.

Sea Magic.

(From the Spectator.)

THERE is nothing in this world so clean and clear as the skyline at sea. The first sight of it on leaving land, when fields and hills and houses sink out of sight and all around is nothing but that vast unbroken circle of which the ship is the center, with the great arch of sky meeting it delicately at the edges, affects one with sheer amazement—so immense is it and so simple. Kipling speaks of the “excellent loneliness” of the sea; but till one grows used to the vast emptiness of its solitudes, this loneliness is almost appalling. It is a curious thing to feel the interest aroused by any sail or funnel during a voyage. The ocean solitude fosters a strong sense of comradeship with anything that sails or swims, so that it becomes possible to throw oneself outside, as it were, and survey the liner in which comfortable people travel from a humbler level—with the eyes of the deep-sea fisherman or the master of a tramp steamer. Imagine the sentiments of half-wrathful admiration with which those who go down to the sea in the “Bolivars” of the ocean—“overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder”—meet and see, green upon the starboard bow, red upon the port, “some damned Liner’s lights go by like a grand hotel.”

The sea magic is sure and indestructible, preserved in salt, and so is the beauty of ships. Even in these days when the sailing line-of-battleship and the swift and graceful frigate have vanished utterly from the face of the

ocean, while the “wind-jammer” is slowly following them, there is still the beauty of strength and true purpose to be found in the ocean liner. They trick her up inside in velvet and gilding, so that land-bred and sea-sick passengers may delude themselves into thinking that they are still on shore. The sea has nothing to do with the liner’s cabins and saloons; but where the water closes round her stark smooth sides the old sea lines and the old sea grace perforce come back—for the sea endures no foolish excrescences.

Leaning over the rail at the bows one can understand what a beautiful idea was the old figurehead—now, alas! almost departed from the ocean. It was the expression of a true instinct—the watchful spirit looking out and forward over the waters. All old figureheads have that eager outward curve, a very embodiment of the thought of the home-coming sailor, always surpassing the speed of his ship. The figureheads of the old sailing ships were completely in harmony with the tall and tapering masts and the wing-like spread of canvas. It is only in the uncrowded spaces of the sea that the beauty of sails can be properly understood, for then the curves of the sails repeat and yet break the long line of that horizon which is itself a curve. No “star-pointing pyramid” in the desert can have the strange significance of the solitary sail at sea.

And because it grows more rare and more solitary, because the smoke-plumed funnel and not the raking mast

is becoming the commonplace of the ocean, the sight of a full-rigged sailing-vessel to-day has not only an unsurpassable grace, but all the pathos of a passing thing—into the vanished years she is sailing at such speed as the wind will give her, beloved by the sea, molded slowly by generations of man's skill and dear-bought knowledge, beautiful exceedingly because in every line of her attuned to wind and wave, because she speaks in all her sturdy timbers of the triumphant daring which first ventured upon the trackless ocean—high-hearted in face of the unknown, valiantly adventuring in a cockle-shell. The ship is a symbol and the great civilizer; she links land to land, and brings men from far countries into touch. Her keel follows the sun around the world. Arctic night and tropic morning are alike to her, and the circumnavigation of the globe was one of the supreme events in the history of mankind.

The ships that sail upon the sea have grown and altered from truck to keelson. Even the names have changed. Who now would recognize a cog, crayer or snake? But if ships pass and change, the sea is unalterable and ageless. Nothing in Nature has so many moods. One day it is grey and lumpy, with a sulky internal heave; another it is a mysterious green, crossed by veinings and finger-markings of foam; and again it will be a radiant blue with crests of white that toss a veil of flying spray all along the decks. Yet with what suddenness fog will dim this blue!—and fog is always hovering in certain latitudes. It is one of the strangest things at sea to watch fog slowly, stealthily closing in the ship, while the circle of the horizon grows smaller and the waves stand weirdly silhouetted upon the grey curtain which gradually drops down in silent stifling folds.

Caught in fog, a ship becomes curiously human; the melancholy howl of the fog-horn is like the cry of a frightened creature feeling her way through un-

known though not unguessed-at danger. The more seamen know of fog the more they hate it, for its blind helplessness sets all their skill at naught. But those who are not responsible for the navigation of the vessel may find a half-fearful satisfaction in leaning over the rail in the strangest solitude known to man. Then is the time to recall sea-legends of Vanderdecken and the albatross known to the Ancient Mariner. The pallid white gleam of fog forebodes and menaces; it makes uncanny disasters instant probabilities. Hands may not grasp it, yet it seems to turn all solid things to unreality and ghostliness—a few hours of thick fog make one feel that fog is the only element, that in it man was born and walks his days, and that befogged he dies.

But a fresh strong breeze will drive away the oppressive presence and once more bring back the wide horizon that sea-trained eyes so ache for and "the sight of salt water unbounded." Once more the great invigoration returns, and it is surpassingly good at sea to remember that apostrophe of Joseph Conrad's:—"Glamor and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, the bitter sea, that could whisper to you, and roar at you, and knock your breath out of you."

The heart rises to it as on the crest of a shoreward-sweeping wave. That is how we know and love the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," which is at once both terrible and dear, but never "the unplumb'd salt, estranging sea" of Matthew Arnold's melancholy line. Instead, the sea is now and always "the mother of prosperity," the highway of the nations, the sepulchre of the brave. "Who hath desired the sea?" Surely all true children of England, for to each one it is

"His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same through each wonder. . . .

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never betray him—His Sea that his being fulfils."

Through the Malay Jungle.

By J. C. GREW.

(From the *Badminton Magazine*.)

OUR object in planning an expedition into the interior of the Malay Peninsula was twofold: first the big-game shooting for which, from the accounts of others, the peninsula seemed to be a veritable paradise; then to see this rapidly developing country before the hand of British progress should have opened up its last hidden corners to the light of civilization.

In the first respect we were destined to be wholly disappointed. The time chosen for our trip, although unavoidable, had brought us into the jungle at the height of the rains, the worst possible time of year; the rivers were in flood, the saltlicks submerged, and although continual signs of wild elephant and seladang were to be seen in the lowlands, all the great quantity of game which must have been there but shortly before our arrival had disappeared into the hills and the depths of the jungle where tracking was impossible. Only once, as I shall narrate, did we come on a fresh seladang track, but after following it for several hours until almost on the animal we were obliged to abandon the chase on account of the darkness. Tiger spoor were everywhere, and more than once news came to us of a native or bullock killed in some near-by village; yet to carry out a successful beat in such vast stretches of thick jungle would have been absolutely impracticable.

In the other respect, however, we were well rewarded, for though rain

poured almost incessantly day after day and week after week, with a tenacity and vigor which are known only in the tropics, all such handicaps were many times repaid by the interest of seeing at close hand the wilder places and people of this comparatively little-known country.

British influence is fast bringing the Malay Federated States to a condition of civilization and prosperity undreamed of twenty years ago. Then the country was unopened, wars between the tribes were practically continuous, the murder of white settlers the rule rather than the exception. To-day each district is orderly and progressive under the able guidance of a British Resident, cities are springing up, roads are daily being pushed farther into the interior, and as far as the roads extend the smallest kampong with its schoolhouse and police station is learning the demands of a higher civilization.

We entered the peninsula from the port of Penang, which with Malacca, Province Wellesley and Singapore forms what are known as the British Straits Settlements. A railway journey through great palm forests and vast stretches of rice-cultivated country, where big black water buffaloes were in evidence in all directions, carrying burdens or turning irrigation wheels, and where hundreds of coolies in their pagoda-shaped hats worked knee-deep in the flooded padi fields, brought us to Taiping, a large town in the state of

Perak. It was here, I remember, that a trifling incident gave me my first insight into the true Malay character.

We were deposited on the unlighted station platform at night, in utter darkness and a most dispiriting deluge of rain; hungry, weary and wet as we were, the cheer of the rest-house appealed most strongly. Rickshaws were engaged, and in a moment we were speeding up the road at the satisfactory pace which a gentle reminder with one's cane on the coolie's back always secures. I took it for granted that my coolie knew where we wished to go, for although my knowledge of the Malay language did not then include either of the much-needed nouns "rest-house" or "hotel" I had carefully repeated both these words to him in English, and he had bowed with an expression of such total comprehension that I felt no misgivings as to a speedy arrival at the desired destination. So we spun along in the darkness, I already beginning to feel the cheering anticipation of a hot dinner and dry clothes.

Alas for a traveler's innocent trust in the moral responsibility of the Oriental mind! We were well out in the country now; the rain was pouring harder than ever and dripping dispiritingly through the rickshaw top down my face and neck; not a light was in sight to show signs of human habitation, and the driving storm had quickly separated me from my companions, shutting out all other sounds. Then it was that I finally grasped the situation; my coolie not only had no knowledge of my intended destination, but took absolutely no interest in learning it; he was a wonderful piece of brainless, heartless mechanism, wound up to go until forcibly stopped; that was his purpose, his duty, his whole function, and he was fulfilling it to the letter, going on straight until ordered to cease, as unconcerned with the why and the wherefore of the matter as a bullock drawing a cartload of stones. When I stopped him and shouted despairingly, "Rest-house, hotel, rest-

house!" he grinned as comprehensively as before, and changed his course; when I expressed my opinion of him in the choicest and strongest words at my command he beamed appreciatively and immediately started off in still another direction. Under the circumstances I was at the time unable to appreciate the humor of the situation. But the matter ended happily, for after an hour or more of aimless wandering we happened by good luck to pass a police station where the word "rest-house" was understood, and my coolie, with an ostentatious dressing down from the little Malay policeman, was directed thither. My companions, I found, had both enjoyed exactly the same experience as myself.

Kuala Kangsar, the capital of Perak, was reached some days later, the Dato or headman of the town, who had been apprised of our arrival, receiving us with great cordiality and escorting us to the rest-house, where a day was spent in making final preparations for the trip.

We were to have had an audience of the Sultan of Perak, but as he was indisposed at the time this was unfortunately impossible, and our shooting permits were sent instead by the Dato. I happened, however, through an amusing mistake, to be presented to one of the three Sultanas, each of whom lives in a separate Istana or palace. The chief native physician, having been introduced to us by the Dato, called at the rest-house in the morning after our arrival to ascertain if one of us would care to accompany him on his rounds in order to see something of the town, and as the others were busy packing I agreed to join him. He showed me the hospital, which though simple was neat and orderly in a degree worthy of the most civilized of cities, and having attended to several cases, started for an Istana, where he was to visit one of the Sultan's wives. We entered and passed upstairs to a large ante-room from which a door led into the Sultana's apartments. As the doctor opened this

door he made a sign to me, which I misinterpreted to mean that I should follow, and I was ushered in at his heels. The Sultana was sitting on a dais at one end of the room with her handmaidens grouped about her, and in her lap lay a baby born but a few weeks before, perhaps some future Sultan of Perak. The group made a decidedly Oriental picture, and in my interest at observing it I did not for the moment realize how unconventional my presence was. As the doctor turned and saw me his jaw fell in surprise, for he had in reality motioned me to wait outside. He was, however, to be credited with much diplomatic tact, for without a moment's hesitation, having salaamed to the Sultana, he presented me as a noted foreign physician who had come especially to advise concerning her health! I bowed low, my presence was approved, and what might have been an embarrassing situation turned out happily.

A clear starlit night saw us packed in three bullock-carts at the rest-house at Kuala Kangsar, ourselves in the first, the luggage in the second, and Ahmed, our worthy cook, holding down the third. The impressions of the following fourteen hours are as clearly marked in my memory as at the time they were on my person: they were a medley of springless swaying and creaking, the sharp "Ja!" of the Kling driver coming at regular intervals through the night, the damp evil smell of the padi-grass which served as bedding, the odor of our driver's vile cigarettes and areca nuts, which alone must have served to keep one awake, and, above all, the pitiless swarms of flies that came from the padi-fields through which we passed, to render sleep as impossible as it was longed for. The cart jolted along at scarcely two miles an hour, never once stopping through the long, hot, soul-trying night.

Dawn disclosed the jungle like an impenetrable wall on one side and a valley on the other, luxuriant with ferns and cocoanut palms and hundreds of brilliantly-colored song-birds. We

were hungry—as hungry as any healthy mortals might be after such a night. Ahmed proved his efficiency from the first by binding his ankles with a fibre thong and proceeding to clamber up the nearest cocoanut tree, whence he soon returned with a full breakfast under either arm.

Arriving at Lenggong we repaired as usual to the rest-house. Now, the British rest-house is a most gratifying institution. It is intended originally for the government official on his round of duty, whether he be the resident of a district on a tour of inspection, or the Roads Commissioner building new highways into the interior; and among the printed regulations on the wall of the dining-room it is clearly stated that in every case an official has first call in the matter of accommodation. In the more-frequented places a servant will be found in charge who performs the combined duties of cook, butler, valet, and anything else that may be required. Further away from civilization where travellers are few and officials given larger tracts to cover there is no servant, but the key to the rest-house will be found in charge of some privileged old inhabitant of the village, who unlocks it with the greatest pomp and ceremony and sweeps it out as though preparing a palace for the king's arrival. Up in the interior these build-ings are raised high above the ground in case of flood, a porch runs along the outside, and the single floor inside is simply furnished with plenty of plain wooden chairs and tables, pots and pans for cooking, and, above all, mosquito netting.

It was at Lenggong that our first news of a tiger came. The headman or Penghulu of the village called on us one morning with two old trackers who said that within the week a tiger had killed a bullock some three miles down the road, and that if we cared to investigate we might find him still round the carcase. We accordingly got out our guns and walked to the spot where the animal had been killed; here the jungle was dense on both sides

of the road, but we found the path the tiger had made in dragging his prey away, and followed it straight into the rukh to the remains of the slaughtered bullock, whose limbs had evidently been well chewed and scattered not far from the body itself. I noticed several fresh paw-marks in the mud which on account of the rains could not have been more than a day old. As we were bending over them there was the distinct sound of an animal escaping into the jungle; both trackers at once said "Rimau!" ("Tiger!") and appeared much excited. But a tiger slinks away silently; and though the men assured us they had heard a growl, we attributed the noise to a deer, and returned to the village feeling that however much game there might be in the country, tracking was to be out of the question, so dense and pathless was the jungle.

Rain had now poured steadily for several days, turning the roads into sluices, which rendered the journey to the next post, Janing, exceptionally trying; to take a bullock cart through that wilderness of mud was out of the question. We learned, however, that government elephants might be secured from the British Resident at Janing, and, trusting to be able to send them back for the luggage, set out to cover the twenty-odd miles on foot. This was no easy task: the highway had become a veritable quagmire into which one sank at every step, and since we had neglected to carry sufficient drinking water, thirst came on with painful intensity. Darkness found us with our bearings completely lost, as we had missed the right road and taken one which apparently led nowhere; we were much too fatigued by the twenty-two mile tramp to hope to reach Janing, and a prospect of a night in the open jungle, with no means of guarding against the beasts which might happen to be there, was not pleasing. But by good chance we stumbled upon the small village of Kuala Kinerang, where an English tin miner, prospecting alone in the interior, brought tea and rice, the first food we had had since morn-

ing, and made us comfortable for the night.

Janing, which we reached at noon on the following day, proved to be a rather pretty little town on the bank of the great Perak River. Our stay there was rendered most pleasant by the hospitality and cheery personality of the British Resident, Mr. Burgess. The picture made by his little white bungalow, sheltered by palm trees and surrounded by smooth green lawns, like an oasis in the dark jungle desert, its cool interior well fitted with pictures and game heads, its library and many long comfortable cane lounging chairs, is one which I shall not soon forget. Whether such comforts can make up for a life of almost loneliness, so far as intercourse with white men is concerned, is a question which only a man's personal character can decide: many of these officials, their wives and children at home, remain for years up in the interior of the countries they labor in, without a holiday, with almost never the sight of a white man's face, and few indeed with the comforts I have described, their whole nature absorbed in their work, all their sympathies centered in their black charges, whom they doctor, teach, and govern. It is a true labor of love and patriotism this, and one worthy of admiration. Mr. Burgess's face lighted with affection and pride when he spoke of the men he worked among; perhaps, after all, there are better things in the world than creature comforts.

On the day after our arrival the whole village, including the police force, was turned out to beat pig for us—perhaps, for the sake of the uninflated, I should say to drive wild boar. While we stood at short distances apart on a jungle path, the natives formed in a long line and came down a hillside yelling at the top of their lungs, beating tin pans and letting off fire-crackers, making indeed a pandemonium before which the heart of the most intrepid boar might well have quailed. The sportsman stands in a little clearing, his gun cocked, his eye, for want

of a better expression, "peeled": the din approaches, there is a rustle in the bushes, and what appears to be a black 20-ton torpedo shoots like a thunderbolt across the path. For the first few times the hunter then gradually recovers his breath and uncocks his still undischarged rifle, the boar being by this time several miles away and still going strong. Occasionally the animal, happening to emerge exactly where the expectant sportsman is standing, makes a bolt between his legs, and the latter, being unable to shoot accurately while turning a complete somersault in the air, thus also loses his game. However, with a little experience he learns to judge where the boar will appear, and to catch him in mid-air as he springs across the path.

While we were shooting, the Resident of the neighboring district happened to call at Janing, and not finding a single inhabitant in or near the village came to the obvious conclusion that an earthquake had swallowed up the entire population.

Mr. Burgess had most kindly sent back Government elephants for the luggage, and on their return proposed that we should take them on to the next post, Grik, where others could probably be hired from the natives. This we agreed to do, and on a clear sunny morning, which contrasted cheerfully with the previous downpour, set out with five elephants and a baby elephant accompanying its mother. The jungle was at its best that morning: the foliage, from the refreshing rains, was of the most vivid green, and sparred in the sun; on many trees and shrubs rich orchid-like flowers were in full blossom, while among them darted birds of all descriptions, surpassing in the brilliancy of their plumage and sweetness of note any that I have seen in other lands. Occasionally a troop of chattering monkeys swung by us overhead, pausing to regard us with curiosity and to hurl down twigs and bits of bark as they passed; the whole jungle world was full of movement and life, every bird and animal

apparently drinking in with pure enjoyment the glorious freshness of the sunshine after rain.

A source of continuous amusement to us were the antics of the baby elephant. You have seen a kitten career madly around after its tail, or a puppy tumble over itself in paroxysms of playfulness; but have you witnessed an elephant at the tender age of six months expressing its uncontainable spirits? I assure you there is nothing more excruciatingly funny. To begin with, he suddenly charges a bamboo thicket, butting down great trees as carelessly as though they were cornstalks; these fall across the way together with a small avalanche of rotten boughs, placing your life distinctly in jeopardy and causing you to wonder anxiously whether in the event of a dearth of bamboo you yourself may not be selected as a substitute. He then tears up a large sapling by the roots, breaks it in pieces, and hurls the bits in every direction, while you vainly attempt to dodge the missiles. Tired of this pastime, you will observe him surreptitiously filling his trunk with the semi-liquid mud by the roadside, which he appears to have swallowed until a sudden carefully aimed jet covers you from head to foot. The next moment he is trotting docilely by his mother's side, his whole being radiating innocence and defying calumny. Perhaps the most amusing episode in our baby's infinite variety of entertainment was once when fording a brook he slipped on the muddy bank and landed on his back in mid-stream, where he lay with his legs waving absurdly in the air, as helpless as an overturned beetle; the fond parent, seeing his predicament, was obliged to return and support him until he could regain his feet.

The glorious sunshine of the morning was not to last. Toward noon the clouds rolled up, and soon it was pouring in tropical torrents; frequently we had to ford rivers up to our waists in water, while the road, from the mud and pools, became almost impassable. As my feet

had become sore from the gravel which chafed in my shoes at every step, I boarded an elephant, and for five hours endured the uncomfortable swaying motion and the chill of the drenching rain; the others kept on, however, till at nightfall pitch darkness found them alone in the jungle some miles ahead of the elephants. In attempting to ford a river they got in up to their necks, and only with difficulty managed to escape being swept away by the now much-swollen current. The outlook was serious, as it was a question whether the elephants would be able to keep to the road and find them in the darkness. Meanwhile my *gajah* had been steadily lumbering along, while the driver belabored him continually on the head with his stick, and now and then gave him a prod with the *ankus*, all the while addressing him in a comical reproving voice as one talks to a young child. After dark he became frightened at the noises in the jungle and tried to turn, but the driver kept him on with an ever-increasing volubility of epithets, and finally we met the others, who were of course delighted to find that they would not have to spend the night alone. We forded the river, reached Grik, a small kampong composed of a few little thatched huts, and turned in, wet and very weary.

Through the assistance of the Penghulu of Grik, Ibrahim ben Ishmail, a bamboo hut was now built for us on a game field some seven miles away, called Padang Sambai. These penghulus, by the way, invariably showed us the greatest courtesy and good will, and indeed all the natives with whom we had dealings proved the recognized cheeriness and light-heartedness of the Malay character. But indolence is their vice; it is the Tamil from Madras and the Chinaman who do the work in Malay. Even in the most solitary places we were continually running across well-ordered Chinese farms; were it not for the great number of Chinamen who have settled in the peninsula, and who by their thrift and energy have established themselves in

successful farming and commercial enterprise, the Malay Federated States would be very much more backward in civilization and exploitation than they are to-day.

Padang Sambai, the game field which I have mentioned, lay in the thickest part of the jungle, approached from Grik only by a scarcely perceptible trail. We were guided there by some hunters from the Sakai hill tribes, who had put in an appearance at Grik the night before our departure.

Our stay on Padang Sambai soon proved the uselessness of the trip so far as the shooting was concerned, and in fact led us to abandon all idea of going into Pahang, for day after day the rain poured with a dreary and dispiriting persistency. This great open game field, with its tall grass, ponds and marshes, was all marked up with the tracks of wild elephant and seladang. Yet morning and evening, day after day, we waited and watched to no purpose. Every animal, with the exception of a few deer, had effectually disappeared from the country. A few shots at these deer were small recompense, and I found that shooting from the back of an untrained elephant, who at the report of the gun tries to imitate a bucking broncho, is anything but conducive to perfect accuracy.

It was finally decided to build a raft here on the Perak River and to float down its course instead of crossing into Pahang. Seven natives were put to work, and in a few days had made, with no material but bamboo, a very ingenious construction. Some twenty pieces of bamboo about thirty feet long had been lashed together with bamboo thongs, and upon these, in the center, was a raised platform some fifteen by six feet. A light frame supported the tent and fly as a covering over this. Not a single nail had been used in the construction.

The trip down river would have been thoroughly delightful had it not been for the rain. As it was, the mornings were always bright and warm, and the river banks, as we floated leisurely

past, were always full of interest. As on our journeys through the jungle, gorgeously colored birds kept flying and singing around us; the shores were here and there lined with banana and other fruit trees, in which monkeys played and squabbled, and occasionally we passed a little kampong, half hidden in the foliage, with natives working and babies sprawling on the thresholds of the huts.

In one place we had to go over a rather formidable set of rapids which our paddlers had been discussing for days beforehand, and which apparently caused them some nervousness. The *barang* or luggage was carefully lashed, a huge steering paddle constructed in the stern, and, with paddlers and polers at their posts, we pushed out into the stream. As we drifted toward the first pitch, the pilot, who was a grey-headed officious old man, took a charm from his turban and threw it at a big rock in mid-stream, crying out a prayer to the river spirit to see us safely through. There were four pitches, each successive one a little worse than the last, and as we went over them the old man appeared to go mad; he leaped from side to side, brandishing his bamboo pole quite uselessly in the air and yelling as though he were possessed of devils, beating the poor coolies, who were doing all the hard work, on the back as he did so. They were all shouting, too, and when in the last pitch the flood rushed over the platform on

which we were sitting, they also seemed to lose their heads, and rushed about the raft like a stampeded herd of cattle. To a spectator on the bank the sight must have been a ludicrous one.

In one place the fresh seladang track of which I have spoken was found on the bank, and as it was evidently but a few hours old we followed it for hours through the worst tangle of underbush it has ever been my lot to encounter. When we were so close that the water in the animals' hoof-prints was still muddied, the trackers who had accompanied us refused to continue closer: an Englishman had not long since been killed by a bull seladang in the same country, and the accident had left too serious an impression on the natives' minds. We followed on, but the seladang had moved swiftly, and at dark we were obliged to turn back, bleeding all over from scratches and leech-bites.

The remainder of the trip was a disheartening story of rain, rain, rain. Occasionally a night was spent in some native's hut on the bank, where we slept on wooden shelves in opium-thickened atmosphere; but as a rule things were made as comfortable as possible on the raft. At the best, we slept in pools of water, with mosquitoes biting ceaselessly and rivulets from the soaked canvas dripping on our faces. Some weeks later I was carried in a hammock to the coast, with a severe attack of malarial fever, from which in the end none of our party escaped.



The Situation in Egypt.

By A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

ENGLAND has rendered an indisputable service to the cause of civilization."

This is the expression used by the famous French statesman, M. de Freycinet, in his work entitled "The Question of Egypt"—a work in which, nevertheless, he is by no means sparing in his criticism of England. Nowhere is the work which has been accomplished on the banks of the Nile better appreciated than in France; and all serious-minded Frenchmen, above all those who have important interests in Egypt, are the first to declare that the English have saved both Egypt herself and European interests in that country.

But at the time when Egypt was on the point of bankruptcy in 1882 England was not content simply to play the part of a Newfoundland dog; she wanted to achieve more than a mere rescue, which would undoubtedly have had to be repeated every year in order to save that unfortunate country from final disaster. Seeing her ruined, disorganized, in the hands of usurers and of a few powerful pashas, at the mercy of a government composed of veritable brigands, whose agents had but one care—to fill their own pockets—England decided to reorganize things from top to bottom, to give Egypt an honest and efficient government, and to restore her agriculture, trade and industries. Englishmen had perhaps at the time only a slight idea of the immensity of the task they were undertaking;

but with the courage, perseverance and intelligence which they have always displayed in colonial affairs, they have succeeded in more than compassing the end they had in view, in making Egypt one of the most prosperous countries on the face of the globe, and, wonderful to relate, in satisfying all the other European nations, who cannot, for this particular piece of work at least, refuse England their admiration.

England's success as a colonizing nation has certainly been great in all parts of the world; but I do not believe it has ever been so great, so rapid and so complete as in Egypt.

There has been much talk latterly in certain quarters, both on the continent and in Great Britain, of so-called "discontent" among the Egyptians, of violent opposition to England, of a re-awakening of religious fanaticism against Christians on the part of Mohammedans, and finally of the possibility of a grave financial crisis.

I have passed the last two winters in Egypt and the Soudan, and have been in daily contact with all classes of the population there, studying the situation with the greatest interest and the most absolute impartiality. Now I have arrived at the definite conclusion that from the top to the bottom of the social scale the inhabitants of the country, the very great majority of the inhabitants, recognize the work achieved by England, pay her a real debt of gratitude for their present prosperity, and

are perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things. Of this there cannot be any doubt. Egypt's prosperity is very real; financially the government is more than prosperous; and if a financial crisis of any kind were to arise, it would concern merely the hundreds of more or less doubtful companies who have flooded the markets of Alexandria and Cairo with shares that have no true value.

It is these companies, launched by speculators of questionable honesty, that the European public should distrust. The great financial institutions with which Egypt is now provided have nothing to fear. As for the people, they remember too well the sufferings of the past, the crimes and injustice, the black misery, the crushing taxation and the grinding tyranny of the corvée, to be anything but happy and content in their present state. The great majority perceive that if the English were to quit to-morrow the poverty, ruin and chaos of a quarter of a century ago would return.

We may, therefore, be very sure that the discontent recently manifested, and the slight disturbances which have occurred in Alexandria and elsewhere, do not express the feelings of the great majority of the population. No doubt that population is extremely sensitive to everything affecting its religion, and here—as with all Mohammedan peoples—a spark will suffice to kindle fanaticism and cause a conflagration to burst forth; but the English understand this question of Mussulman fanaticism too well, and their experience is too great and too extensive to permit of their giving it the smallest foothold. Lord Cromer and his advisers leave the Khedive and his Mussulman ministers in absolute control of religious affairs.

Like nearly all great seaports, certain quarters of Alexandria are infested by very bad characters, the scum of all the lowest classes of Europe and the East, and these have their habitation among those of the indigenous population who are poorest, most

ignorant, most wretched and consequently most apt to let themselves be driven like a flock of sheep. A handful of enterprising agitators may easily create a small uprising, which a telegram makes the most of, exaggerates and presents to the readers of some European newspaper as the beginning of a revolution that can only end in a sanguinary massacre. The question is to know who has an interest to serve in creating this state of things. Opinions are divided but, for curiosity's sake, I will specify here those that have the most adherents.

1. Many persons who are conversant with Eastern affairs have no hesitation in declaring that the Sultan is the sole cause of that opposition movement which has manifested itself of late. He certainly cannot view with pleasure the definite installation of the English in Egypt, or the wonderful prosperity of that country—a prosperity which brings in absolutely nothing to Turkey, who, nevertheless, still virtually remains the suzerain State.

By creating difficulties for England in Egypt, difficulties which if they became serious might oblige the other powers to intervene, the Sultan might hope to raise the Egyptian question once again. He might hope to have it decided more in his favor than it was by the last treaty between France and England, who, it must be allowed, troubled themselves but little about him! Or, indeed, it might equally be the case that the Sultan merely seeks to do what is asked of him, and uses his influence as a religious authority to soothe the fanatics—a little service in exchange for which he would demand an augmentation of the annual tribute which Egypt, the vassal State, pays to his exchequer.

2. Others do not hesitate to accuse his Highness the Khedive of covertly encouraging the malcontents, his object being firstly to be agreeable to the Sultan, by thus proving that he is before all a Mussulman and the enemy

of the foreigner; and, further, to augment his prestige in the eyes of England, and his influence as the religious head of his subjects. In short, he would like to make himself absolute master of the situation by continually keeping in view the phantom of Mussulman fanaticism and of some formidable catastrophe which he alone can arrest—or let loose.

I know his Highness the Khedive personally, his love of peace and quiet, his care for his people, and his desire of remaining on good terms with England, well enough not to attach any importance to this particular report.

3. To many foreigners, residents in Egypt and elsewhere, the question is a very simple one, and can be summed up thus: "*Cherchez la perfide Albion.*" In their eyes England alone is responsible for the moment, and it is her own agents, paid by herself, who stir up discontent and provoke outbreaks.

According to some people, England's reduction of her armed forces in Egypt is a piece of pure bluff, an attempt to convince the world that she was really welcomed there. And now, finding herself not in the least beloved, and dreading some future hostile movement, she created an occasion which gave her an excuse for increasing her army of occupation.

According to some people, England is not to appeal to the good offices of the Sultan, but, on the contrary, to profit by the difficulties presented in order to say to him: "It is to us that Egypt owes her present prosperity. We are absolute masters of the country. We have had enough of your intrigues. Let us come to terms, and you shall be paid a certain sum down on condition that you renounce your right of suzerainty." Persons who hold this opinion seem to be convinced that the Sultan, being always in need of money, will joyfully accede if the sum offered be worthy of his acceptance.

Finally, there are, again, a good many foreigners who fear that Eng-

land's object is simply to bring on a crisis which will justify her in deposing the present Khedive, whom Lord Cromer, according to them, cannot forgive for his former hankerings after independence. This particular hypothesis appears to me entirely absurd, and, taking into consideration first the excellent relations subsisting between the Khedive and the royal family of England, and further the numerous and apparently sincere declarations which the Khedive and Lord Cromer have made to me regarding their personal relations, I am myself quite unable to give it credence.

4. The fourth and last explanation which I will cite is far more mercenary and less political. Certain of my friends, important shareholders in the large hotels of Egypt, are convinced that a formidable campaign is being set on foot by Monte Carlo and the great hotel companies of the Riviera, with the object of "killing" Egypt and attracting to themselves the rich clientele, more numerous every year, which goes and spends its millions on the banks of the Nile!

"It is really shameful and abominable," an Anglo-Egyptian said to me on this subject. "Directly a couple of Arabs strike each other with their sticks, or a Greek and a negro give one another a licking, imaginary details of a terrible shindy are telegraphed all over the world; it is made to appear that the Mussulman population is in a dangerously inflammable condition, their fanaticism is called to mind, and we are given to understand that a revolution is at hand, and that the Alexandrian massacres of 1882 may very well be repeated. If one out of the thousands of great steamers that touch at Alexandria and Port Said has a single case of illness on board, the cable is immediately set to work announcing to the four quarters of the globe that we have got the plague and yellow fever here. Or if an unlucky nigger has eaten too much fruit, our

ports are said to be attacked by cholera!"

I do not know whether the mysterious powers at Monte Carlo and the hotelkeepers of the Riviera are really taking measures to ruin Egypt as a winter resort; but if it is true that such a campaign has been undertaken, either on a large or a small scale, it has had but a paltry result.

In my opinion, all the above-mentioned hypotheses are merely the fruits of wild imagination. The truth is that almost the whole of Egypt is hard at work, laboring energetically for the continuance of this era of hitherto unknown prosperity. And it is one of the most wonderful results of the English occupation that in a country where formerly laziness reigned supreme, work is to-day being pursued with incredible fervor and energy, while life is as intense as in France or England. The English have not only worked themselves at the regeneration of Egypt, but have also managed to induce the Egyptians to work ardently for the same end.

Whence, then, come these rumors of discontent, and all these prophecies of misfortune? There exists in Egypt, as in every country in the world, an opposition party made up of all the malcontents. Numbered among its ranks, we find the patriots, real or sham, whose hearts bleed at the sight of the Englishman giving orders like a master, and often somewhat roughly; the ambitious, who see the admirable working of the present government, and are persuaded that they could direct things quite as well themselves; the envious, who are furious at not being prime ministers or, at the very least, collectors of taxes; the disappointed, who can nowhere find any official crumbs to pick up wherewith to fatten themselves without taking any exertion; and finally there are the irreconcilables, among whom I should include a crowd of individuals from all parts of the world, who are no longer

able to carry on those shady little trades by which they formerly enriched themselves. Add to these all the Pashas, Beys and former employes of the government that have been discharged for idleness, or because they had a too great weakness for "baksheesh"; the incapables who have been turned out of the army or the ministerial departments, and you will have the largest element of the "Egyptian Opposition."

No doubt there are in Egypt men of integrity and worth who sincerely regret that their country should not be free and independent, made great by her own unaided exertions, and by her own children. To these I accord my entire sympathy, respect and admiration; but they themselves are generally the first to recognize that Egypt is as yet incapable of self-government. They understand that for Egypt to become still stronger and richer, peace and quiet are needful, and the support of that powerful arm which twenty-five years ago snatched her by main force from destruction.

But the others—the failures, the incapables, the dishonest, have but one end and aim, which is to upset existing things and to pull everything to pieces in the hope of obtaining some of the pickings. Not being able to do anything else, they make a great noise, and are glad to find that there are people in Europe childish enough to listen to them.

* * * * *

Those who know the real situation in Egypt can easily understand how almost the whole population, with the exception of an insignificant minority, are satisfied and desire no change. It is enough to compare the present state of the country—even rapidly and superficially—with that existing in 1882, to perceive the perfect satisfaction of all classes and the greatness of the work achieved by England; and the more profoundly this question is studied, the greater the admiration that must

be accorded to Lord Cromer and to all those who during the past twenty-five years have worked under his orders at the regeneration of Egypt.

The situation of that country in 1882 may be briefly summed up in the following manner:

The government was then in the hands of a band of rebels, at the head of whom was the cowardly and worthless colonel, Arabi. The exchequer was empty; Egypt owed (almost entirely to Europe) nearly five millions sterling. The revenue was insufficient to pay the interest on her debts, or even to meet the expenses of government. The public works were all in such a state of neglect and disuse as to be no longer of any service. Commerce was paralyzed and industry at the last gasp. The fellahs, to whose labor Egypt owes her agricultural wealth, had stopped working, for, left at the mercy of the Pashas, who extorted from them everything possible down to the last farthing, they died of hunger whether they worked or not.

If we add that their leaders told the unfortunate people that their suffering all these privations was solely the fault of the Christian devils who were exacting mountains of gold from Egypt, it is easy to see that fanaticism and poverty combined were helping to make the situation a critical one for Europeans.

It was into this fiery furnace that England entered and France refused to follow her.

Let us skip over an entr'acte of a quarter of a century, during which we may imagine behind the lowered curtain the struggles and numberless difficulties, the antagonism of Europe to be overcome, religious fanaticism to be quieted down, the patriotism of the upper classes to be lulled to rest—that feeling of hatred, fear and resentment, cherished by a whole nation against the intruder whom they beheld coming like a conqueror, arms in hand—we can imagine it all.

This is now a tale of the past, and on the curtain being raised we behold a transformation so marvelous, so grand, that it is almost incredible.

We find Egypt rich and prosperous; a great portion of her debt paid, an admirably adjusted budget; her revenues increasing enormously, regularly every year—and that in the face of large and important public works, works which daily augment the wealth of the country. Agriculture is advancing by leaps and bounds, while commerce and industry develop and increase with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world. A well-organized network of railroads, steam navigation, telegraphs, telephones and excellently maintained canals, spreads over the country. Schools of every kind have been opened—primary, secondary and higher schools, technical, commercial and medical schools. The fellah works quietly and happily on his land, and the townsman is growing rich, while business prospers increasingly from one end of the country to the other. From the mouths of the Nile, from Alexandria to the great lakes of Central Africa, all across Egypt, Nubia and the Soudan, peace and quiet reign everywhere. And—strange as it may seem—all these results have been obtained, not by increasing the taxes, but, on the contrary, by reducing and even in some cases abolishing them altogether.

In less than twenty-five years England has accomplished all this and much more still. She has effected the marvelous achievement of remaining in Egypt with the unanimous consent of the powers of Europe, to the great satisfaction of the Egyptians themselves and the foreigners dwelling in Egypt, and finally of living there as a friend, almost as an ally, of France!

Any one who had foretold this situation some years back would have been treated as an idiot or a madman, and it is unlikely that the English themselves ever expected to attain a result

as satisfactory and complete as this.

Egypt's prosperity is now well known to the world at large. The almost fabulous progress she has made from a material point of view is well known, but not so her equally great and still more surprising advance in a moral sense. The honesty of the government in all its branches, the impartiality with which all abuses have been punished, and finally the honorable example which during five-and-twenty years the English have set before the Egyptians, have certainly borne good fruit. To be "honest" is no longer an empty expression on the banks of the Nile, and the entire population understands to-day what that word signifies. I think of how absolutely unknown it was in 1882! To sum up, Egypt and the Egyptian have now become clean, both physically and morally. We may say that England has cleansed and disinfected them, externally and internally.

Their whole life has been changed by this, and the change is visible even

in their dwellings. Little by little they are altering their habits: sleeping in beds instead of lying on the ground, using forks instead of their fingers, changing their linen and washing their clothes, and—a miracle, indeed!—allowing their women to catch a faint glimpse of emancipation. Yes, women are being better treated, are freer and happier, and their future is beginning to look much less dark.

The members of the new generation are physically and mentally much in advance of their elders, but they would be greatly mistaken in considering themselves capable of directing the future destinies of Egypt alone and unaided.

Egypt, as I have pointed out elsewhere, is still one of those beautiful and attractive, but terribly delicate plants which cannot stand upright without a prop. This prop, the only one that suits the case, is England, or, rather, it is that excellent man, Lord Cromer.



My Chestnut Tree.

By H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES.

(From *Idler*.)

I passed it by in winter time,
And it was bare;
I came again in early spring,
And buds were there.
When later on the buds had burst,
I found it green;
When next I came, 'twas full of leaf—
A beauteous screen
Of outstretched branches sheltered me,
With blossoms white;
Each petal's stain of crimson red
Hid out of sight.
And later on I passed and saw
Lying around,
These fairy blossoms, thickly laid,
Strewing the ground.
Then when the summer days had gone
The children came,
To gather green-cased nuts, and play
Their childish game;
Or strewing them together there
A necklace make;
Who would not be a child again,
For that hour's sake?
And when in autumn days I strolled
Along that way,
The leaves were dropping from the boughs,
And 'neath me lay;
While some of these their color changed,
Since fallen down,
No longer green, but dank from rain,
Were turned to brown.

Again the winter's frost had come,
And drifting snow
Had covered up the fallen leaves;
The autumn's glow
Was gone, and waving branches bare
Swayed in the blast
That shook and tossed them to and fro,
As it rushed past.
They saddened me, these naked boughs,
Of leaves bereft;
The dying year the tree had stripped,
And nothing left.
And yet I knew that life still stirred
Within the sap;
That the protecting bark around
Did kindly wrap;
That hidden currents slowly moved,
And held their course,
That would again bring leaf and bud
From secret source;
And then life's pulse would throb anew,
And we should see
Fresh buds burst forth, and blossoms deck
My chestnut tree.
Can we its lesson lay to heart?
When all seems dead
Within, and winter's frost doth fill
Our souls with dread,
There is a coming time of spring,
When buds will ope,
And that which now seems void of life
Will blossom Hope!



The Undercurrent.

By J. J. BELL.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I.

THE second-mate of the "Thorgrim" had a grievance, and he was a born nurse of grievances who had nourished many in his time. He gave most of his attention to the present grievance as the whaler neared the mouth of Isafford, on her way from the hvalstation to the outskirts of the Greenland ice, where the rorquals were then being hunted. Apparently he was devoting his whole attention to his duties as steersman. He kept his gaze immovably ahead, yet it is probable that he saw nothing—neither the great brown, bluff headland guarding the entrance to the fjord on the left, nor the range of mountains on the right, their ragged ridges white with eternal snows, nor even the dark water of the wide channel and the gray sky above it.

So absorbed, indeed, was he that he started violently when old Kaptan Svendsen, who was sitting behind him in a corner of the steering-box, stretched out his hand and pulled the cord communicating with the fog-horn.

A whaler had appeared around the brown headland, and Kaptan Svendsen, who for the past half-hour had been meditatively regarding the olive-green horizon ahead, desired some information of her skipper. The approaching whaler blew a white cloud and piped a reply. She was bound for the Langore station, not far off, and she was towing a blaa-hval as long as

herself, and swollen above the surface of the sea like the half of an oval balloon.

"I would speak with Kaptan Clausen," said Svendsen, and the second-mate altered the "Thorgrim's" course accordingly.

Ere the two whalers were abreast of each other Svendsen bawled his congratulations. Such a grand blue-whale had not been taken that season by any of the neighboring companies. Clausen shouted his thanks, adding that the capture had been made easily and speedily. "Sixty fathoms he ran out, and then he died."

"Bad weather, I see," said the old man, nodding his head seaward.

"Left a gale behind us, kaptan," replied the other. "No use going out to-day."

"I feared it," Svendsen waved his hand, and the whalers parted.

He turned to the steersman.

"Adelvik," he said shortly.

Something like animation dawned on the sullen face, something like eagerness awoke in the dull eyes, of Einar Ovesen, second-mate. But it was not a youthful animation, nor was it a pleasant eagerness to see on the countenance of a man of little over thirty.

"Adelvik, kaptan," he repeated, and turned the bow of the "Thorgrim" in an easterly direction.

Adelvik is a little bay not far from the mouth of Isafford. It is a safe shelter from many winds and a good anchorage. There go whalers when

the weather discourages a seaward trip and when a return to the station would merely mean waste of time and coal; there they lie until their impatient captains decide to risk the run to the ice, and give the orders that send them wallowing and staggering across the Arctic Circle.

A couple of hours after the meeting with the Langore steamer, the "Thorgrim," with wet decks and a salted funnel, slid smoothly into the bay and presently came to anchor.

Adelvik is bounded east and west by great walls of rock, bare and precipitous, and landward by a strip of stony shore. Beyond the shore the ascent is rapid toward the frowning mountains, which, however, are deeply cleft by a narrow glen—the most vividly green patch, perhaps, on the north coast of Iceland. A few huts, the wooden upper storeys more or less gaily painted, are visible from the water.

By the time the "Thorgrim" rode safely at anchor it was noon; and on board the "Thorgrim" noon meant dinner. Einar Ovesen was reminded of that fact by Hansen, the cook, going aft with a large vessel of sweet soup, from which escaped the fragrance of fruit stewed in sugar. Einar was engaged in watching a Danish schooner anchored some fifty fathoms to starboard. He watched expectantly, and smiled when a man appeared at the schooner's rail, waved his hands, held up eight fingers, and pointed shorewards. Einar returned the signals and betook himself to the cabin. Perhaps he was not aware that he was licking his lips.

Kaptan Svendsen and his first-mate, Sigurd, were already enjoying the soup, consisting of raisins, prunes, currants and small slices of dried apple in syrup. The fact that they ate sweet soup three days a week had apparently no effect on their appetites. They glanced toward Einar and nodded pleasantly enough as he took his seat. Einar scowled and helped himself to a small supply of soup.

"We shall get out to-morrow," observed Kaptan Svendsen cheerfully. "It is too early for a long gale."

Kaptan Svendsen was a hopeful man and hard to depress.

"There is no doubt about that," said Sigurd with a kindly laugh. He picked the stem of a current from his strong white teeth. "Did you hear, kaptan, that the 'Hekla' came in yesterday with seven whales in tow?"

"Sej-hval, Sigurd!" the old man returned contemptuously. "Not sixty barrels in the lot!"

"But they say that the time is coming when there will be none but sej-hval to kill from Iceland."

"It will not be in my time, my good Sigurd. Yet I have heard that the blaahval and the flin-hval and, maybe, the knol-hval are moving south. It may be so. It may be that they are becoming afraid. I do not know. They went north for fear of us, I believe. It is not so long since I killed whales not two miles from Isafjord, Sigurd; and now we go sixty, eighty, a hundred miles, and farther, to find them. But if they go south they will be followed."

Hansen entered with a steaming dish of lobsouse—salt-meat and potatoes boiled and mashed together. He laid it on the table, but did not remove the soup, to which captain and mate were wont to return after the meat-course.

"Einar, you do not eat," remarked the old man. "You should have hunger after two months at the whaling."

"I eat as I wish," retorted Einar sulkily.

"So!" said Kaptan Svendsen quietly, and resumed his conversation with Sigurd.

When the meal was over, Sigurd set his pipe going, took a fishing-line from his locker, and went on deck. It was customary to fish while stormbound in Adelvik; already the majority of the crew were busy, and numerous haddock and cod, the firmest, whitest and sweetest in the world, were lying on the deck.

Sigurd with his knife scraped the

flat leaden sinker, to which were rigidly attached the two stout hooks, until it shone brilliantly. He took his stand by the rail, and let his line run to the bottom. Raising it three or four feet, he gripped it firmly and began jerking it over the rail toward him and letting it slip back. At the fourth jerk it quivered violently, and he drew on board a fine two-pounder. From which it is evident that the simplicity of the method of line-fishing in Icelandic waters can only be equalled by the simplicity of the fish there.

Hour after hour the sport—or, rather, the business—went on, the men mechanically sawing the air, water and rail with their lines, and bringing fish, hooked by head, body or tail, on board at frequent intervals. At four o'clock Sigurd descended to the cabin for coffee.

The old man was sitting at the table with cards in his hands and before him, engrossed in his solitary game of "patience." Opposite to him lounged Einar, sullen as ever, staring idly at the skylight, and occasionally sipping eau sucree from a thick tumbler. The coffee was partaken of in silence, and when he had emptied his mug the first-mate went again on deck.

Five minutes after he had gone the second-mate spoke.

"Kaptan!"

"Well, what is it, Einar?" asked Kaptan Svendsen, a trifle irritably. The old man did not like to be disturbed at his favorite pastime.

"I ask leave to go on shore this evening," said Einar, with a furtive glance across the table.

Svendsen laid down a couple of cards and stared at them thoughtfully. Several times during the present season the "Thorgrim" had been forced to anchor in Adelvik. On each occasion Einar had received permission to go ashore. On each occasion he had returned—after the time stipulated—in a condition which, if it were not that of actual drunkenness, very closely approached the same. The old man had

been quite at a loss to understand how the young one had contrived to arrive at that condition. Drink was forbidden on the "Thorgrim," and it was scarcely likely that it could be procured at any of the few huts on the shore, the inhabitants of which did not taste alcoholic liquids twice in the year, and rarely possessed any store of their own. Svendsen thought of the Danish trader, but remembered that she had not been in Adelvik since the beginning of the season. Other whalers that had been in the bay along with the "Thorgrim" occurred to him, but he dismissed the suggestion almost at once. And Einar had sworn, when he was given the berth of second-mate, that he would bring no liquor on board at any time. The old man was sorely puzzled, but he made up his mind as to his duty.

He laid down a third card, and, regarding it attentively, said quietly: "I cannot give you leave, Einar."

Einar changed his position. "You will not be sailing before to-morrow, kaptan," he said, still staring at the skylight. "There is nothing for me to do on board."

The old man set a card straight. "I cannot give you leave, Einar. Have you written to your father lately? There is a mail from Isafjord a week hence, and we shall have returned by then."

"Then you refuse me leave, kaptan?"

"I have said it."

Suddenly Kaptan Svendsen, as if with an effort, raised his shaggy, grizzled head and fixed his keen gray eyes on the young man's face.

"Listen, Einar Ovesen," he said gently. "Your father, my oldest and dearest friend, gave you into my charge. Your father loves you, though you have not been a good son to him in the past—in the past, Einar—mark that! I speak only of the past. I am not reproaching you now. You have always been clever. You can do well, if you like; you can please your father and make him proud. It is not for me to tell you how. You

know it. I gave you a chance because your father asked me. I would not have done it for your sake then; but I am waiting, Einar, to be able to do something for your sake. You have but to give me opportunity."

Einar shifted his position impatiently. Had the old man turned Lutheran priest?

"Have I not done my work?" he muttered.

"I have not complained. I have sometimes wanted you to take more interest in things, for it is the interest that makes work happy; but I do not complain. And if you do not care for the whaling when the end of the season comes, I will help your father to get you another berth. Meantime,, I am your kaptan, Einar."

The old man bent over his cards, but his pleasure had departed.

Without replying, Einar rose and quitted the cabin.

Kaptan Svendsen sighed.

* * * * *

Supper was taken at seven o'clock, and thereafter the old man turned in for a four hours' spell. He had seen a satisfactory change coming over the weather, and he hoped to get the "Thorgrim" to business in the early morning.

About midnight he went on deck.

"Sigurd," he said to the mate, "we will start at four. Do you turn in now; but first send Einar to me."

"Einar, kaptan? Einar is on shore. He left the ship at eight o'clock. Have you forgotten, kaptan?"

"So!" said the old man, looking away. "Ja, I have forgotten. I—I slept heavily. Get out the other boat, Sigurd. I will go ashore for him; he must not delay our start. I will take Hans with me. Tell him."

"Let me go, kaptan. Or maybe a blast of the siren will be enough."

"You will take charge till I return," said Kaptan Svendsen quietly but finally.

And Sigurd, who knew the old man, hastened to fulfill his orders.

"You understand, Sigurd," said Kaptan Svendsen when the boat was ready—"you understand that the young man was given into my charge by his father. Therefore I must try to see that he comes to no harm. Did he take his gun with him?"

"I did not notice, kaptan. But when he went ashore another boat went ashore from the trader. I think Einar has a friend on the trader."

"So!" muttered Svendsen, and dropped easily from the low deck of the "Thorgrim" into the boat.

On reaching the beach, where the "Thorgrim's" other boat already lay, the old man bade Hans remain where he was and stepped ashore.

The northern horizon was aglow with the rising sun, which had set less than an hour before in almost the same position.

In front of the nearest hut an Ice-lander was shaving the lumpy grass with a tiny scythe. There would be plenty of time for sleep in the long winter, and in old Isafold it is well to make hay while the sun shines. As Svendsen approached him the Ice-lander paused in his work and took snuff from a horn flask. They raised their caps to each other.

Yes; the Ice-lander had seen two men come ashore in two boats some hours before sunset. They had met on the beach and had gone up the green glen; he could not say how far, but it could not have been a great distance, for ere long one had returned to his boat and rowed to his ship—the Danish trader.

Kaptan Svendsen thanked the man, and went off in the direction indicated.

* * * * *

On a grassy space, hidden from the rough track by great boulders, Einar Ovesen lay asleep. His heavy breathing in the dead stillness of nature had reached the old man's ears, otherwise he might have remained concealed for ever. Little gray moths played over and around him.

"So!" whispered Kaptan Svendsen, and the note of the whisper was very bitter.

An empty bottle lay on the grass near the sleeper; two bottles, unopened, lay in a cavity under a rock close by, and a flat stone like a lid was beside them. This, then, was Einar's secret store at Adelvik, supplied, doubtless for a consideration, by his friend the Dane.

Brandy of the vilest quality, containing little but a spirit of madness. Svendsen knew the gaudy labels on the bottles. Once in the old days he had seen the beach at the station littered with empty bottles so labelled; and now he saw again the awful night when the sixty factory hands had gone stark, raving mad, and when he, with the manager and the few sober individuals left, had gone forth with guns too late to save a poor wretch from being slit up by a brute with a flensing-knife. He turned and shook his fist at the trader lying in the bay, though doubtless her owner and her skipper were innocent of assisting Einar to his present sorry condition.

Then he stepped to the cavity, picked up the bottles, and smashed them on the rocks.

Einar awoke. First surprise and wonder in his filmy eyes, then a very devil.

"You swine!" cried Svendsen. "If it were not for your father I would leave you here to rot. Get up and come with me."

"Spy!" muttered Einar, rising slowly. Somehow the neck of the empty bottle had got into his hand. The old man was unarmed.

"Throw that bottle against the rock," said Svendsen calmly.

Einar hesitated, then obeyed.

"Come!"

Einar lurched forward, pulled himself together, and walked fairly steadily toward the shore a few paces in front of the captain.

They came to a streamlet.

"Bathe your face," said Svendsen. "So!" he murmured when the young man rose from his knees. "Let us go on."

As they drew near the boat the old man said hurriedly, "Einar Ovesen, this matter is between you and me. For your father's sake I will not betray you. I will shield you. I will give you one more chance. When we get on board you will turn in at once. You understand."

Stepping into the boat after the young man, Kaptan Svendsen remarked to Hans, "Einar had an accident among the rocks. I found him unconscious. Give me an oar."

And so they went back to the "Thorgrim."

Sigurd was the only one on deck. Before the boat reached the steamer's side Svendsen called to him, "Sigurd, go and see if Hansen has left any coffee in the galley. If not, make me a cup, like a good fellow."

"Right, kaptan."

They clambered on to the deserted deck.

"Go to my bunk quickly," whispered the old man to Einar. The captain had a tiny stateroom. "I will bring you coffee. But go quickly."

The half-dazed man obeyed, and the other gave a little sigh of relief.

Sigurd appeared with a steaming mug.

"Tak," said Svendsen. "Call the men to get up anchor, Sigurd. I will return soon. It is Einar's watch, but Einar had an accident among the rocks, and I found him unconscious." He repeated the words rather too carefully.

"Ja, kaptan," said the mate, rather too carelessly.

Svendsen looked at him keenly.

"You know, Sigurd?"

"I know, kaptan."

A moment's pause. Then, "I am your kaptan, Sigurd."

"Always, kaptan."

So they understood each other.

II.

It was the evening of the next day, and the "Thorgrim" had been fast to a fair-sized "blue" for upward of four hours. The harpoon had been well

enough placed, but its bomb-point had somehow failed to explode.

The gun had been reloaded, and Kaptan Svendsen was now standing by it, waiting for an opportunity to fire a second harpoon and so put an end to the struggle. The steam winch was grinding away, the cable was coming slowly on board, and the "Thorgrim" was gradually coming up with the whale, which had been swimming at or near the surface for some time, towing the steamer after him.

Suddenly, at an order from the captain to the steersman, who sang part of it down the tube to the engineer, the "Thorgrim" spurted ahead and ran parallel with the "blue," and four or five fathoms from him.

Kaptan Svendsen slewed the cannon to the left, took a brief aim, and pulled the trigger—but without the expected result.

With a roar of wrath he swung the weapon from him.

"Sigurd!"

"Kaptan? came the mate's voice from the steering-box.

"Half-speed! The gun is broken. It will not fire. Come you here."

Leaving Einar in charge of the wheel, Sigurd hurried forward to the bow platform. Along with the captain he examined the gun carefully. Presently he shook his head.

"I think it is the trigger, kaptan. We can do nothing with it till we get to the station."

Svendsen pointed in the direction of the whale, which was once more swimming ahead of the "Thorgrim."

"He will not die," he said irritably, "He might live so for days."

"But he becomes exhausted, kaptan."

"Aye; and then he finds his strength again. But I will not give him up; I will not let him go. I will lance him, Sigurd. Where are the long lances? I have not required to lance a whale for many years—I know not how many. Find the lances, Sigurd, and send the men to me."

Presently the six sailors stood before him.

"I am going to lance yonder blaa-hval," said the old man. "It is, perhaps, a little risky. I will take the larger boat and three men. Which of you will come?"

The six, with one accord, declared their readiness.

"Then I must choose. I take you, Hans, and you, Fred, and——"

The second mate, having begged Sigurd to take the wheel for a moment, came running forward.

"Well, Einar, what is it?" asked Svendsen coldly.

Einar came close to the captain, his face working. "Take me, kaptan," he whispered.

"So?" said Svendsen inquiringly.

"A chance, kaptan; you said you would give me another chance."

The old man's keen eyes softened.

"For—my father's sake, kaptan."

Svendsen cleared his throat and turned to the men.

"Hans and Fred, lower the boat. You, Einar, will steer."

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The boat moved cautiously and silently over the smooth swell under the clear sky. Pans of rotting ice gleamed exquisitely here and there; in the distance, under a white haze, lay the sheet ice, and nearer a small berg or two broke the monotony of gray-blue space. The whale had gone under, but his position could be judged not inaccurately from the cable that stretched tautly from the "Thorgrim's" bow to meet the water at a small angle. The "blue" was now making slow progress, for the screw of the "Thorgrim" had been reversed and was acting against the mighty flukes.

When the "blue" broke the surface at last he paused—it may have been in suspicion. An instant later the boat's bow bumped ever so lightly against his slaty hide, and Svendsen's great hands and arms rammed the long lance through blubber and flesh.

For a quick breath it seemed as if the "blue" were paralyzed; then he slashed air and water with his awful tail. And Kaptan Svendsen's "little

risk" had become great danger. His boat was in fragments and he and his men were in the water.

On board the "Thorgrim" there was a rush to lower the second boat, while Sigurd, with a hatchet, leaped on the platform and hacked at the hemp, for now the whale, slowly but surely, was towing the "Thorgrim" from the scene of the disaster. The three-inch cable snapped with a loud report and flashed, a yellow streak, out of sight.

Then Sigurd ran back to the wheel and steered the "Thorgrim" toward the victims. The four men had been thrown in two directions by the blow. With the help of a couple of oars, Hans, his face bloody, was supporting Fred, who was afterward found to have an arm and three ribs broken.

Fifty yards farther away Einar held on to the steering oar, and near him Kaptan Svendsen struggled in the direction of the "Thorgrim," now rapidly approaching. But the old man's heavy boots and clothing were beating him, bearing him down. He gasped painfully.

"Kaptan," spluttered Einar, "take the oar."

"No, Einar. Your father——"

"I can swim," replied Einar, and pushed the oar toward the old man.

"Einar——" He caught the oar.

"I can swim. Ah, kaptan!" sighed Einar, and straightway sank.

* * * * *

Kaptan Svendsen took his hands from his worn face and looked across the cabin table at his mate. The "Thorgrim" was making for the station.

"Why," he asked piteously—"why did he say he could swim, Sigurd?"

"I think," said the mate slowly, "it was because—because you were his kaptan."

"And—and because of his father, perhaps?"

"It may be so, kaptan. Who knows?"

Svendsen sighed. "His father's heart will be very sore, Sigurd."

"And, I think, very proud," said the mate gently.

* * * * *

Their long search for Einar had proved vain. An undercurrent, perhaps. There is always the undercurrent to be reckoned with in the sea, which is deep—in man's nature, which is deeper still.



Northeastern Asia After the War.

By ALEXANDER ULAR.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE Portsmouth Treaty, though it put an end to the Manchurian War, left open, between Japan and Russia, some questions of paramount political and economic interest. On the arrival of the Japanese Ambassador, M. Motono, at St. Petersburg, negotiations were entered upon, in order to settle these points, which concern what may be called "pacific penetration" after warlike invasion. No doubt was entertained that this supplementary discussion would rapidly bring forth a definite agreement. And, when, two months ago, a personal friend of the Czar told me at St. Petersburg that His Majesty "trusted sincerely to the present home and foreign policy of his government, but for the possibility of another conflict with Japan," I could not but impute this amazing statement to amateurship or megalomania, for it was beyond doubt, as it is now, that Japan is neither inclined nor able to repeat her late exhausting effort. Some days after, however, it was obvious that unpleasant difficulties had arisen between the Russian and the Japanese plenipotentiaries. Negotiations had come to a deadlock. The Russian Government, of course, explained in an official communique that all pending questions were on the way to amicable settlement, and the Japanese Ambassador emphatically confirmed this note in the French papers.

Nevertheless, the fact that negotiations have been hanging for some time

proves that Russia is not yet willing to accept plainly the economic consequences of her military defeat. And this is a point which deserves earnest attention, the more so as all European and American commercial powers are directly interested in the state of things in northeastern Asia.

When Count Witte, at Portsmouth, put aside the questions of fishery, customs, navigation, passports and immigration—as well as another point which appears to be a rather puzzling one, viz.—the demarkation of spheres of interest in so-called Chinese Manchuria—he did so not only for the mere purpose of gaining time, but, above all, in order to leave one more chance open for Russian commercial expansion in the Far East. Count Witte, the principal promoter of Russian "infiltration," felt pretty well obliged to acknowledge the political failure of his great enterprise; but he was not sure at all that in consequence of this the Japanese had a right to claim purely and simply the succession to the vast work of colonization, organization and pacific development done by the Russians for about ten years before. He believed, indeed, as before, that a close entente, if not an alliance, was the best issue, both for Russia and Japan, in view of working out the riches of northeastern Asia and of guaranteeing China from Western interference. He therefore wanted time to appease national resentment before discussing questions of economic inter-

est. And he remained firmly convinced that Russian prestige was still strong enough to make good by pacific labor what warlike invasion had ruined.

It appears now that the Russian statesman was entirely mistaken, as will be shown hereafter. The resistance of the Russian Government to the acceptance of the Japanese proposals concerning the different points left over at Portsmouth is neither reasonable nor useful. For the moral and economic situation of the Russians east of the Baikal is such that all hope should be abandoned, either of finding another outlet to the Pacific, or of re-establishing predominance over the Buddhist clergy, or of colonizing Mongolia in the place of Manchuria, or of resisting Japanese intrusion into the very possessions of the Czar. And it is sad to say that, if Russian power in the Far East is definitely vanishing, this is due, far more ever since the end of the war, to the inner disorganization of the Empire rather than to the rout of its armies.

Russian prestige in northeastern Asia, at least so far as it is based on economic and moral success, might have been saved, indeed, if the general insecurity, discontent, breakdown of private initiative, disorder, strikes, nay, civil war in Transbaikalia had not destroyed within two or three months all that had been projected or worked out in Mongolia. Count Witte when at Portsmouth evidently still relied on an actual compensation for losses in Manchuria by a further great success in Mongolia, securing the Czar another road to and a new influence in Peking and the Yellow Sea, while consolidating at the same time the Russian ascendancy over the Buddhist clergy, headed by the Dalai Lama, who had resided at Urga under the protection of Cossacks ever since his flight from Lhasa.

I do not know whether Count Witte was, at that time, exactly informed of what was going on in Mongolia. If so, he had certainly some right to trust to the future of Russian expansion. Rus-

sia had two horses to back in her race to the Pacific. The crack, Manchuria, broke down; but the runner-up, Mongolia, was still able at that very moment to take up the race. By way of Mongolia, even after and in spite of the loss of Manchuria and the direct way out to the Yellow Sea, the possibility of pressure on Peking remained intact, Japan being unable to meet Russia's paramount economic situation in that country.

While the war was going on, the Russians—perhaps unconscious of the importance of their enterprise—pursued a remarkably clever policy in Mongolia, just as if they were certain to be expelled from Manchuria. In a word, they tried to buy part of the country. It is to be remembered that, as I pointed out in this Review two years ago, a long time before the construction of the Manchurian Railway the Transmongolian road from Irkutsk by Kiakhta, Urga and Kalgan to Peking had been regarded by the promoters of Russian expansion as the best means for draining the traffic and having a line of "penetration" independent of all foreign interference. When the Czar, in 1898, had rejected the Mikado's offer of alliance, and chosen to meet Japan on the Yellow Sea, expansion in Mongolia was pushed on all the same. In 1900 the Russian Consul at Urga, M. Shishmarieff, artfully intrigued against the Chinese Suzerain, and secured for Russia the sympathy and the interest of the Mongol princes. On that occasion, and on the pretext of a non-existent Boxer invasion, Russia occupied Urga and laid out some forts in order to "protect" Gigen Khutuktu, the vicar of the Dalai Lama, and Tushet Khan, the master of Central Mongolia. Moreover, Russia took in charge the police on the caravan road down to Kalgan, and surveyed the track of the future Mongolian Railway. Her position seemed so well established that in December, 1900, Gen. Matsieffski, governor of Transbaikalia, proceeded to

Urga and proclaimed a kind of vague protectorate.

From that time onward the Mongol princes earnestly tried to get rid of the Chinese usurers who, for about two centuries, had subdued them to a system of "pacific penetration" that might serve as an excellent model for Western enterprises. As security for loans of all kinds granted to the princes, the chiefs of tribes or of families, the Chinese took over by degrees the whole of the pasture grounds, cattle, furs, furniture, etc. The interest being generally at 100 per cent., there was virtually no property at all left and the Mongols practically lived and worked solely to pay the Chinese guilds' interests on debts which nobody was able to remember. In other words, they paid an annual tribute to private bankers, besides the official land tax due to the Chinese Emperor. Russia promised to change this awful situation.

At first the Russian Government did not practically interfere with this matter. There was no money for that. They preferred spending it in Manchuria. But private persons took up a vast scheme which amounted to nothing less than upsetting the conditions of economic life of the whole of a nation. The bankers, jobbers, merchants and mining prospectors who wanted to "aid" the Mongols found however official support so soon as general politics showed the Government the danger of neglecting Mongolia. One of the two events that changed the mind of the St. Petersburg conquerors was the arrival of the Dalai Lama at Urga; the protectorate over Mongolia seemed at once to counterbalance the failure in Tibetan affairs; the chief of the Buddhist Church, under the direct protection of the Czar, was likely to save Russian ascendancy all over the Buddhist world at a moment when the military renown of the "White Emperor" was melting away. Besides this, men like Count Witte were perfectly aware that, even after a successful war, Russia would be un-

able to annex and govern Manchuria, because of the heavy and useless expense which her administration requires; all that could be hoped for was that Manchuria should remain Chinese under a sort of Russian suzerainty; but what nobody had expected in Russia was Japanese supremacy in that part of Manchuria which commands the Yellow Sea. This, indeed, was likely to ruin the very principle of Russian policy in the Far East—viz., the Czar's influence in Peking and his old and amicable economic relations with China, these being based throughout on the existence of intimate intercourse on a common boundary line of some thousands of miles. The expulsion of the Russians from Southern Manchuria to the profit of the Japanese had for effect the interposition of a third Power between Russia and China. Peking was to be left far from any Russian sphere of influence. And as, in Petersburg, the failure in Manchuria has never been considered as a definite historical fact, but as a mere episode in the natural course of Russian expansion, the leaders of Asiatic policy at the Russian Court were not discouraged at all. They simply changed their tactics, acknowledged the fait accompli, which as early as December, 1904, appeared unavoidable, and searched for another way than Manchuria in order to remain in contact with China and to make the expansive power of Russia felt there. It is for this reason that Mongolia became once more the theatre of political intrigue. The project which was to be realized with the support of private enterprise consisted in securing to Russian subjects the possession of the soil on which, later on, the hypothetical Transmongolian Railway from Kiakhta to Kalgan was to be laid out.

In spite of the war and the insufficient power of the Siberian Railway, a small quantity of materials for the line was forwarded to the Mongol frontier in order to encourage Russian action in the country. This policy succeeded quite well at first. The Russian

agents, proprietors of gold claims and bankers, the big tea merchants of Kiakhta, whose business was in a state of dangerous decay, bought and paid cash for pasture grounds of the Mongol tribes, which for some generations past had in part belonged to the Chinese usurers. This was the more easy as during the war the Russians had established throughout the country intimate relations with the tribes for the purpose of exporting cattle to Manchuria. The Mongols earned more money than ever before. Their standard of life would have improved but for the terrible exactions of the Chinese usurers. The Russians proposed to deliver them from this heavy burden by means of selling the soil. Many tribes accepted. Having received silver or goods, they offered part of this in definite payment of their old debts. And the Chinese, who are excellent business men, grasped very well the fact that, if they did not agree, they risked, in those troubled times, getting nothing at all; as they had all a thousand times over recouped their capital by scandalous interest, they took the money, wound up their affairs and retired to China.

The Russians, on the other hand, granted to the Mongols, who do not practice agriculture, the privilege of pasture on the grounds sold at a very low rate (as, for instance, two horses a year for a district where ten thousand are bred). The result of this method was marvelous. At the end of 1905 the greater part of the lands belonging to the Khalkha Mongols in Central Mongolia were the property of the Russians. And these were the very tracts wanted for the railway. It was a clever repetition of the cession of the famous "guarantee tracts" which, five miles wide, ran alongside the Manchurian Railway and being considered by Japan as a kind of annexed territory, were the immediate cause of the conflict. In Mongolia, on the contrary, it was thought that nobody had a right to complain, neither China, nor

Japan, nor any maritime power, the tribes, and not the Chinese Emperor, disposing of their own soil, especially as they did not sell it to a foreign State, but to private merchants whom it was impossible to regard as mere lay figures.

Thus at the end of the war, and in spite of Japanese supremacy in Corea and Southern Manchuria, the incurable optimists of Petersburg relied on two facts in order to maintain their former standard of power in Northeastern Asia. They could dispose of a part of Mongolia, and they kept the Dalai Lama at their mercy at Urga. It is easy, then, to find out the *arriere-pensee* of the men who, like the Czar, continued to deal with the internal situation as with a revolution *d'operette*, and concocted fantastic plans of Asiatic intrigue, just as if the Czar's moral credit had not suffered at all in China, or in the Buddhist world, or in his own Eastern provinces. The Buddhist clergy, on the Dalai Lama's instigation, had been the real authors of the Boxer movement, so that, this time, the Tibetan Pope being practically the Czar's prisoner, the clergy could again cause trouble in China if Russia thought fit. As to "penetration" in the direction of Kalgan and Peking, of course money was wanting; but the task was to be taken up again later on, and in the meanwhile it was urgent to keep up at least the economic standard of Russia against possible Japanese intrusion. Revival of Russian trade; prosperity of Russian possessions and friendship with the Buddhists: this was to be the provisional programme of Russian policy in the Far East. But this programme, however modest it may seem, proved to be utterly chimerical in practice, even before the Japanese demands concerning the supplementary economic agreement proposed to sanction its complete failure.

It was a matter of immense consequence for Russia to show the Western powers, the Chinese, Japanese and her

own subjects in the Far East, that her military defeat did not at all sap her commercial and industrial undertakings. For the latter had been the sole pretext for taking in hand the rule of Manchuria, for laying out the Vladivostok and Dalny roads, for representing northeastern Asia as one of the most important parts of the empire. If Russia accepted plainly the new Japanese proposals, it would appear at once that in spite of the immense and skillful efforts of some more or less official commercial pioneers, and in spite of hundreds of millions sterling spent on the economic organization of these countries, Russia's position as a colonizing power was not maintainable, and all her successes in founding her Eastern empire on another basis than brute force were mere bluff.

The Japanese know that this is so; and they have already swept away the whole of the commercial colonization that Russia relied upon to consolidate her supremacy. They now want to have this state of things legally recognized by an official treaty. And if Russia hesitates to sign such an agreement, it is because she is well aware that, from the general point of view of expansion, this signature would be far more disastrous for her standard of power than the one Count Witte appended to the Portsmouth Treaty.

Nevertheless, the future economic agreement will be only the sanction of a state of things already existing. Russian commerce and influence are routed not only in southern, but also in northern, Manchuria, in the very Russian district of Kharbin. They are vanishing at Vladivostok and all over Transbaikalia, down to Chita, the Baikal, and even Irkutsk. And at the same time, infiltration in Mongolia is retrograding, and the hoped-for Buddhist friendship has turned to sore animosity.

The Dalai Lama had two reasons for clinging to Russia. In the first place, Russia continued to make him believe that the war against Japan was, above all, a struggle against Anglo-

Japanese conquest in general, and as long as the Manchurian issue was left uncertain, the Buddhist Pope felt authorized to rely on the Czar's prestige in Peking and in London for being re-enthroned in Lhasa. On the other hand, he had a right to be convinced that Russia would, at any rate, even if her influence in China should fall, treat her Buddhist subjects in a friendly way, and support the views of the Great Lama's State Secretary, the Russian Buriat Dorjjeff, whose Russophile policy had been the real cause of the Pope's expulsion, and who did not despair of bringing about a schism, leaving Tibet to herself and uniting the rest of the Buddhist world under the Dalai Lama's rule, the center of this new church being Urga or some other Mongol monastery. As this hypothetical Asiatic Rome was to be, if not under the sceptre, at least under the paramount influence of the Czar, the basis of Dorjjeff's scheme was friendship with Russia.

Unfortunately for Russia, as well as for the poor Pope, the Czar's political ascendancy in China and in England broke down at Mukden (nothing is known in High Asia about Tsushima and the rest), therefore he was obliged to abandon his hope of making a triumphal entrance into Lhasa. At the same time, the Chinese Emperor not only again sent his tax-collectors all over Mongolia (an intervention that had not taken place during the four years of Russian splendor), and thus showed his firm resolution not to consider Russian intrusion as an historical fait accompli, but also dispatched to the Dalai Lama direct orders that all his ecclesiastical decisions must be ratified by the Chinese Amban at Urga, and that he himself must remain in that district, unless specially authorized by the Emperor to take up his residence elsewhere. This was a terrible blow to the Buddhist policy. The Dalai Lama now perceived—too late, alas!—that his flight from Lhasa, instead of delivering him from both English and Chinese suzerainty,

had put him at the mercy of his particular hereditary enemy; he had become no longer a vassal but a subject of the Emperor, and his anger both against Dorjjeff and the Czar is said to have burst out in awful anathemas.

But this was not all. The stubborn policy of counter-revolution in Russia had the immediate effect of placing an insurmountable obstacle in the way of further Russo-Buddhist co-operation. It must be borne in mind that, as early as 1903, that mischievous Minister of the Interior, Plehve, abolished the social status of the Buriat nomads and insisted on having them treated on a level with Russian peasants; moreover, he prohibited the repair of Buddhist temples and strongly supported orthodox proselytism by excluding Buddhists from part of their Russian civil rights. This took place, as I noted in this Review two years ago, just when the Dalai Lama applied for help to St. Petersburg. The Czar was imprudent enough himself to tell a Buriat deputation that the new statute would never be abolished. The impression in Transbaikalia was, of course, very unpleasant; but in presence of the Tibetan question and the necessity of keeping the Dalai Lama on the Russian side, the law was practically put out of effect as soon as Plehve had disappeared. When, however, the revolutionary movement broke out in Siberia, and at the same time the moment seemed propitious to "consolidate" Russian organization in those parts of eastern Asia which the Japanese had left under Russian dominion, the commander-in-chief and the Transbaikalian governors thought fit to make Russian peasants of the Buddhist nomads. The Plehve statute was again rigorously applied. Once more the Buriats addressed a petition to the Czar expressing their "loyal feelings," their "gratitude for having liberty of faith until then," but insisting on the practical impossibility of submitting to the statute treating them as settled agriculturists. The Czar received the deputation on February 13, 1906, in a somewhat cool fash-

ion, and, putting aside the case in question, addressed to them the following speech: "I shall order your communication to be dealt with by the local authorities. I thank you for your constant and loyal confidence in me and Russia. My journey through Siberia has left me the best recollections of the Transbaikial district."

As the deputation had come to Tsarskoe Selo precisely to protest against the doings of the local authorities, the Buriats were sure now that nothing more was to be expected from Russia. Their "loyal feelings" rapidly cooled down. Their friends in Mongolia also noted how mistaken they were in trusting to Russian friendship. The clergy, and, above all, the Dalai Lama, felt outrageously betrayed by the Czar. Russia appeared to be as artful an enemy as England. The short but disastrous flirtation with Petersburg and the Russian conquerors suddenly came to an end. The Pope broke off all intercourse with Russians or Russophile priests. He wisely considered that all European sovereigns were equally disloyal to men of another race and faith, and decided to revert to the old Lhasa traditions and shut the Buddhist world up from Christian interference. In reply to the Chinese Emperor's letters, he placed himself at China's command, and thus put a definite end to the strange Russo-Tibetan episode that at one time seemed to determine the political structure of Asia. Russia's role in the Buddhist world is past.

So it is in Mongolia. The Mongols being fanatic Buddhists, the rupture with the great Lama and the oppression, social and religious, of their Buddhist friends by the Czar could not but morally undo what Russian money had brought about. And even on the field of purely economic intrusion, Russian success proved wholly inconsistent. It came to light that the Russians were neither the political masters of the country, nor were they able, as they had promised, to improve, in the long run, the general standard of life. Even before the end of the war the disor-

ganization on the Russian railways and throughout Transbaikalia was such that cattle export to the theatre of hostilities was delayed. When peace was concluded this trade ceased at once. Not only, as might be suggested, because there were no more troops to be entertained; on the contrary, the Russian armies were starving. But revolution took such dangerous forms in Transbaikalia that it was practically impossible to have goods, cattle or men forwarded through the country. Thus the Mongols lost their sole means of earning money, and, of course, regarded the Russians as responsible for this catastrophe, which they had not foreseen. On the other hand, their former business, entirely depending on caravan trade from Pekin to Kiakhtha, had broken down on the very day when the first bale of tea had taken the way of Newchwang and Kharbin. And this road was due, likewise, to Russian invention. If, therefore, they were left now without any hope of selling their produce, or earning their living, this was evidently the fault of the Russians. Moreover, the latter had deceived them on the subject of Chinese suzerainty and Chinese taxes. The Chinese Ambans ruled and collected taxes, the Russians keeping quiet. Chinese tradesmen again appeared all over the country, selling goods on credit, which the poor Mongols were unfortunately obliged to accept and even to beg for, the bad Russians refusing to push on the cattle or caravan trade, the sole means of getting cash and keeping out of debt! Russians had bought pasture grounds, it is true, but they would not make a fortnight's journey in order to collect rent worth ten or fifteen roubles. And, indeed, all that remains of the grand conquest is a guard of twenty Cossacks at the Russian Consulate at Urga. For the rest, Mongolia is again what it was eight or eighty years ago. The tide of Czarist power has passed over the steppes without leaving any other trace than poverty and mischief.

In Manchuria the failure was, if pos-

sible, still more mortifying to Russian pride. There Russia had really laid out a splendid scheme of commercial and agricultural colonization. What Russia had done there was so able, so useful and so earnestly intended that impartial observation obliges one to state that if ever a Western power could gain by organizing and by developing the riches of a country a right to claim political sway, this was the case with Russia in Manchuria. Of course, war had been made unavoidable by Russian corruption and the Czar's mania for imperialism. And Japan was right in taking up the succession to Russia when the bulk of the work was done and the country was just ready to yield splendid commercial and industrial results. But it is difficult to ascertain whether Japan, in spite of her expansive power and her extraordinary social drill, would have been able to do what Russia accomplished within five years, owing much less to her military power than to the *nichevoism* of her officials. At any rate, there can be no doubt that if the principle of the right of a great power to possess colonies is admitted, Japan was utterly wrong in putting forth any claim to commercial or other liberties in that country. The Japanese, as good and artful business men, wanted to profit by the work their rivals had done. And it may fairly be supposed that if Russia had not colonized Manchuria, Japan would not rule her now. For the Western powers would not have allowed her to make so dangerous an attempt on Chinese integrity, and England and America would have taken measures to reserve industrial and commercial privileges for themselves.

Now as it is, Japanese sway in Southern Manchuria is the more stable because Russian power was well organized. The country has been accustomed to be ruled on a Western pattern, and the Japanese were able to begin at the very point where the Russians had stopped work. There is, however, a difference that is not in favor of Japanese methods, at least, so far as

Western interests are concerned. Russian Manchuria was, so to speak, an international colony. Japanese Manchuria is a Japanese province. I need not point out here to how great a degree strangers are excluded from trade, mining and manufacturing all over the country by Japan. Most unpleasant details of this nationalist absorbing system are known. Economic rule, supported by military and police force, is already so heavy that China herself is anxious to have her nominal subjects protected by international intervention, and demands a conference fixing the economic rights of non-Japanese inhabitants.

This at any rate is a country definitely closed to Russian enterprise. But even in Northern Manchuria, in the Amur districts and in Transbaikalia, work is going on to the same effect, in spite of Russian rule and of all kinds of political and other obstacles. And this will prove the deathblow to Russian power east of the Baikal. The commercial prestige which Russia hoped to maintain after the war is rapidly melting away. To some extent this is certainly the consequence of internal disorder. Nowhere has revolution taken on such awful aspects as in Eastern Siberia. There have been large mutinies of starving troops. Railway communication, last winter, was cut off for more than three months. Gen. Rennenkampf, the terrible Cossack chief, was charged to re-establish order from Kharbin to the Baikal. He had been unable to waste Manchuria and rout the Japanese; but he succeeded pretty well in routing the population of all Russian towns on the Transbaikalian line, burning thousands of houses, his Cossacks sacking towns and villages, killing thousands of men, women and children and shooting innumerable hostages for the mere purpose of intimidating the inhabitants of other districts.

This frightful method of governing a country that wanted to be treated with more tact than any other part of Russia resulted, of course, in "re-

establishing order," but it resulted at the same time in ruining the population for many years. Innumerable Russians fled and hid themselves—it is strange to say, but very characteristic of the state of things—with the Buriats or in Mongolia. Buriats helped Russian political criminals to get out of prison and reach Chinese territory in Mongolia or Manchuria. In a word, the Russian Government gave to the Japanese as well as the Chinese the idea that the empire was stricken to death and crumbling. Besides this, Russian trade, of course, had entirely disappeared. The railway did not even suffice to forward provisions for the unhappy soldiers left behind in Manchuria. Chinese and Japanese goods, therefore, were all that could possibly be introduced into this unlucky country. The Russian Government itself perceived, it may be suggested, that there was nothing more to be saved. Proposals were made to Chinese officials concerning the sale of gold mines in Northern Manchuria. In the Kharbin district, Chinese and Japanese trade is ruling. Big Japanese firms are working at Vladivostok, Chita and even Irkutsk. In a word, if Japanese and Chinese get the right to travel and do business on the same footing as Russians, there is no doubt that within a few years Transbaikalia will no longer depend on Russia—economically speaking—but on Japan.

And this is the reason why the Czar does not yet submit to the Japanese conditions concerning the execution of Articles XI. and XII. of the Portsmouth Treaty. Russia is to sanction the virtual cession of the whole of her Pacific coasts to Japan, the Japanese claiming the right not only to carry on fisheries, but also to establish at appropriate points of the coast factories connected with the fisheries. These coasts are now inhabited; they will be delivered up to Japanese colonization. Russia will be hustled away from the borders of the Pacific. There are only Vladivostok and Nikolalevsk left—for some time. Japan claims free trade

down to the Baikal, as it existed until 1903. She wants for her subjects equality of commercial rights with Russians over the same territory; that is to say, Russia is to deliver up to Japanese economic sway the whole country east of the Baikal. Moreover, Japan insists on obtaining free navigation on the Sungari, which implies free navigation also on the Amur from the mouth of that river to Nikolaievsk. And this again is likely to isolate and to crush Vladivostok.

Russia cannot possibly oppose these demands, which, as things stand, only legalize a situation already existing or which will inevitably exist in a few months.

Russia would have conceded all this at once, if only she could have been sure that after paying so heavy a ransom the political trouble would not again arise. But of this the Czar seems not to be at all sure. He is con-

vinced—and he may be right—that every Japanese merchant or artisan is a political agent, or, at least, a spy. Vladivostok, Nikolaievsk, Kharbin and Chita are closely watched over by these “artisans of Japanese conquest.” The Russian policy in Asia has been based on the principle that economic sway prepares automatically for political rule. The Czar believes that this principle holds good for Japan as well as for Russia. And, therefore, he is possessed by the firm conviction that Japan, in her proposals for amicable economic agreement, cloaks the design of future political expansion down to the Baikal.

“Japan regards the results of the war not as a term but as a start.” This is the state of mind in St. Petersburg. But even if this were true, would Russia be able to oppose the wave of history, which always runs from East to West?

DESIRE.

By H. E. FLECKER.

(From *Idler*.)

Launch the galley, sailors bold!
Prowed with silver, sharp and cold,
Winged with silk, and oared with gold.

Silver stream in violet night;
Silken clouds in soft moonlight;
Golden stars in shadowy height.

Stars and stream are under cloud;
Sinks the galley, silver-prowed.
Silken sails are like a shroud.

Montenegro.

By ELLINOR F. B. THOMPSON.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)



ONTENEGRO is, let us say it boldly, one of the most fascinating corners of Europe. Where else will you find a citadel which for five hundred years defied a whole Empire seventeen times, nay a hundred and seventy times, its size? Where else will you find a race of warriors who for three hundred and fifty years were ruled and led to battle by a bishop; or a people whose ancestors could claim no less than sixty-three victories in twelve years against armies outnumbering them ten or twenty or a hundred times; a people who still wear a black band to mourn their kindred who died on the field of Kossovo—that greater Flodden, when the flower of Slav Christendom fell before the advancing hordes of Islam, more than five centuries ago? Where else will you find a Prince who still wears the beautiful national dress of his country, who knows half his subjects by sight, who for fifty years has himself settled their disputes before his palace door, and who has led his troops to victory in person?

But the Montenegro of to-day is not wholly the Montenegro that inspired the finest of Tennyson's sonnets or the scarcely less glowing eulogies of Mr. Gladstone thirty years ago. The spirit of change has at last touched the Black Mountain, which had so long been the stronghold of unaltered traditions. The last Plantagenet was reigning in England when a handful of Christian Serbs first set up, on the wild rocks

of their natural citadel, the standard of faith and freedom, which their descendants have ever since defended against overwhelming odds, with scarcely a decade's peace, down to our own days. But by the Treaty of Berlin, that last great landmark for good and evil in Balkan history, the independence of the little State—Montenegro is even now not quite so large as Yorkshire, and her population is about the same as that of Leicester—was recognized "by the Sublime Porte and by all such of the high contracting parties as had not already admitted it," and since that time "the swarm of Islam" has no longer surged against the "rough rock throne of freedom." Peace came where for centuries there had been no peace, and settled boundaries, elaborated by commissions, took the place of that debatable territory which had been equally the cause and the result of border raids. The Montenegrin had no longer to fight for the bare rocks of the Black Mountain, and, more than that, the fertile level country around it became his recognized and rightful property. In old days, when the miserable patches of soil, some of them only a few feet square, where the peasant raised his scanty crop between the stones, had yielded an unusually poor return, it had always been possible to retrieve a bad harvest by a raid into the more fruitful plains belonging to Turkish neighbors. But now the mountaineer must himself become an agriculturist, and industry

must take the place of daring and valor. It may be doubted whether the change was altogether welcome. The raising of potatoes and maize and tobacco, or of goats and cattle, must lack variety for a nation of born fighters, when it is unrelieved, year after year, by any call to arms against the Turk, or even by the excitement of a blood feud with a neighboring village.

As soon as the frontiers and status of Montenegro were established, Prince Nicholas set himself to obtain for his people the usual benefits of a civilized State. Provision has been made for elementary and secondary education; there are a few hospitals and many churches now in the country; a daily post comes to Cetinje, and there is telegraphic communication between all the chief places. Good driving roads connect Cetinje with the Austrian port of Cattaro and the Montenegrin port of Antivari, and with the towns of Podgoritza, Danilograd, and Nikshitch, and other roads, which will open up the forests of Eastern Montenegro, are in the process of making. The imports of Montenegro, which in 1905 amounted to about £194,000, then exceeded her exports—cattle, smoked mutton, potatoes and tobacco—by about £120,000. Her total revenue is about £124,000. There is—there has always been—absolute security for the traveller by day or by night. "*Mais se n'est pas la mon merite,*" the Prince said to me, speaking of this fact, "*ni le merite de mon gouvernement; c'est inne du peuple meme.* We should never dare to make laws for the protection of strangers, for to do so would insult my people. Never in all the history of Montenegro has there been a case when a stranger, who has come among us in kindness, has been insulted or injured."

In publication of the Civil Code in 1888 was a landmark in the history of Montenegrin progress. Certain laws had, it is true, been written down in 1796, during the reign of the Vladika St. Peter, and Danilo the First had, in 1855, produced the Code which bears

his name. This collection of laws was incomplete and almost haphazard, but it is interesting because of the light it throws on the life and character of the people. Theft, cowardice and immorality—these are the vices that seem blackest to the Montenegrin; the thief must be beaten with many stripes, or even put to death; the woman who stole from her husband three times might be divorced; the coward was to be girt with a woman's apron and driven from the country by women with their spindles; the punishment for immorality was death, in the woman's case by stoning.

Prince Nicholas knew his country too well to think of importing a ready-made and totally inappropriate civil code from abroad; and the Code of 1888 is a crystallization, as it were, of the customs of the people, changing and adding as little as possible, though at the same time bringing these customs into harmony with sound general principles. The work was ably carried out by Professor Bogisic; the most learned, probably, of Southern Slavs, whose services were lent to the Prince for the purpose by the Czar Alexander the Second. It was the first time a trained legal mind had been brought to bear on the subject of Montenegrin law, and the task involved many years' close study of the unwritten customs of the country; but the Code, which is framed in simple language—for at that time Montenegro could boast of no trained lawyers to administer it—has been found to work admirably. The sections most interesting to an outsider relate to two institutions, which, though not peculiar to Montenegro, found, formerly, a very complete development there; that is, the Kutchas and the Pleme, the house community and the clan.

The house community, or Zadruga, is, or was, common to all the Southern Slavs, but it is unknown in Russia; it finds a counterpart in the village communities of Rajpootana, and Professor Bogisic, who is the chief author-

ity on these subjects, has recently traced a like institution among the Kabyles of North Africa. Roughly speaking, the idea of the Kutcha is that the members of one family, it may be to the third and fourth generation, hold all their property in common; the proceeds of their labor, except under special circumstances, go into the general stock; any male member who wishes to leave the community, or even if he is expelled from it, must have his equal share given him. The Zadruga is not by any means the patriarchal institution it was once supposed to be; it is rather an example of a pure democracy; the Stareshina or Headman is elected, and may be deposed by the community; his sphere of action is strictly limited, and he can do little without the advice of the other members; while his share in the general stock is no larger than theirs. The position of woman in a Zadruga is curious; her larger claims are denied; but, as compensation apparently, she is granted certain small privileges. Where only daughters are left in a family they may inherit their father's property; but where there are sons, the daughters inherit nothing; on the other hand, brothers are bound to find husbands for their sisters, and to provide them with a portion. A girl in a Zadruga has a right to such jewelry, linen, clothes and presents as may come to her; whereas males may claim absolutely nothing as their own, without the express sanction of the other members of the community. The woman's special property remains her own after marriage, and her right to dispose of it, even without her husband's consent, is carefully safeguarded.

The treatment of women in general in Montenegro has always shown the same contradictions. The father was wont to apologize for a daughter's birth: "Pardon me, pardon me, it is a daughter;" the husband to pass his wife on the road without sign of recognition; but the law compelled the priest, three days before her marriage,

to ask the woman if she was satisfied with her bridegroom. The honor of women has always been sacred in Montenegro, and it is not her least glory that the Turkish women and children who came to her as refugees always found safety and kindness in the Black Mountain, and the women who shared—as what Montenegrin women did not?—in the hardships of war are honored in song and story; while it was for the sake of a woman that, in 1516, the last Prince of the Orloviitch Dynasty gave over the charge of his dominions to Bishop Babylas, the first of the long line of prince bishops, and for the sake of a woman that three hundred and fifty years later the ruler of Montenegro abandoned his spiritual functions.

The Pleme or Clan has played an important part in Montenegrin history; it consists of a collection of families claiming descent from a common ancestor, who own certain lands in common, and who are bound to afford each other mutual help and protection, and to take vengeance on another clan which may have injured one of their number. Each clan formed a separate community, ruled by its own voivod, though, when the country was threatened by a common danger, the clans dropped their blood feuds for the moment to take arms under the leadership of the Vladika against the Turk. Until the time of Peter the Second (1830-1851) no Vladika was powerful enough to actually collect a tax from the clans, though more than one tax had been nominally imposed; and it was Peter the Second also who devised an expedient to check the blood feuds. Criminals were condemned to be shot by a number of men who were chosen from various clans, and who fired at the same time, no one of whom could, therefore, be marked out for vengeance by the criminal's family, and the creation of a bodyguard, chosen in the same way, served the same end. Severe sentences of banishment on unduly powerful members of clans

and the institution of the Kapitans or local magistrates—many of whom are now well-educated and capable men—have done much to break their power.

But the clan feeling still exists. The frontier troubles, which come as regularly as the harvest or the tax collector, are often due to the vengeance taken by Montenegrins on Turks or Albanians who have murdered a clansman living in Old Serbia or Albania. Last summer the disturbances were perpetual, and threatened to become serious; but it was difficult to learn what was really taking place. At Pripollie, one of the three Austrian garrisons in that strange anomaly, the sandjak of Novibazar, a few hours from the scene of the troubles, Austrian officers said cynically: "All that we know is, that the Turkish troops went out with new shoes and came back a few weeks later barefoot." The Turks on their side asserted that the Montenegrins had encouraged their relations in Old Serbia to refuse to pay their taxes, that troops had to be called out to collect them, and that the Christian villagers, most unnecessarily, the Turks said, became alarmed and fled across the frontier into Montenegro. In any case, pourparlers ensued, the peasants were induced to return to their villages, and were promptly massacred by the Turkish troops. Here was material enough for private vengeance, for Montenegro, under her present prudent government, does not now charge headlong into war as she was once wont to do.

A curious light was, however, thrown on the still unchanged conditions of life by the following incident. Three boys were returning to their homes in Montenegro from Uskrub, in Macedonia, where they had just finished their studies with great success at the Serbian gymnasium. They were near the frontier when some Albanians fell on them, killing one child, while the others barely escaped with their lives, wounded and robbed, to tell the story. "It is a sad thing," said a charming and intelligent Montenegrin official, "for

the poor boy who was killed was very promising, and his parents had spent all they had to give him a good education. But the worst of it is, he belonged to a very large family; now, if it had been a small family, we could easily have put them all in prison, till the thing had blown over a little, but we cannot manage to put a large clan in prison, and we are afraid they will be over the border, taking vengeance and involving us in yet more difficulties with Turkey." Imprisonment of the bereaved relations would have been a curious form of consolation at the hands of the paternal government, and I was glad, I admit, that the clan, because it was a large one, was to have its chance—the only chance that existed—of bringing the murderers to justice.

Not the least remarkable change that Prince Nicholas has effected is in the military organization of his country. Formerly, the army had consisted of the "whole nation under arms," and their arms had been, characteristically enough, only the weapons they had taken from their Turkish prisoners or from the slain on the field; courage and practical experience and the natural advantages of their position had taken the place of regular training and modern equipment. But in Prince Mirko's recent wars with the Turks, although they had always been successful, the Montenegrins had suffered heavily, and it was clear that if they hoped to hold their own against the improvement in equipment and discipline which had taken place in the Turkish army since the Crimea, they too must move with the times, and, above all, furnish themselves with artillery. The great difficulty was want of money; the experiment of a standing army of any size had for this reason to be abandoned, and there are now only three permanent battalions and a pioneer company stationed at different places; but the whole country is divided into military districts, and it is estimated that a force of 36,000 men could be put in the field at a few hours' no-

tice, while by the purchase or gift of rifles and heavy guns from foreign countries Montenegro has greatly strengthened her position. She has now her own arsenal and cartridge factory, and her officers are trained in foreign academies. It is interesting to know that the officers who were trained at the Bulgarian Military School at Sofia are considered second to none in general proficiency. The fact that France, Italy, Russia and Servia have at frequent times by gifts of money or weapons contributed to the development of the army need cause no shame to the Montenegrin. This help was but a return for services and sacrifices in the past.

Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and through her Italy at large, undoubtedly owed her safety not a little to the bulwark formed by Montenegro against the Turkish advance, and she had always requited her ally with characteristic ingratitude. Peter the Great was the first of many Czars who did not scorn to ask the help of the little State to deliver Christendom from the Turks; and from the time of Kossovo onward Montenegro has always been an asylum for all the Serbs who fled to her from their Turkish conquerors, and a rising in the Herzegovina or in Servia has rarely failed to create a sympathetic movement on the part of the Montenegrins. It is less easy to understand the acceptance of an equipment for a squadron of cavalry from the Sultan, for the Turks certainly owed no debt of gratitude to the neighbors who had always been a thorn in the flesh to them.

The girdle of forts which faces Montenegro all along her Austrian frontier has recently moved her to imitate on a small scale the example of these menacing preparations. Austro-Hungary, like other Continental Powers, is haunted by dread of spies and fear of the camera, and the Montenegrin Government, not to be behind her neighbors, issued orders lately forbidding strangers, rightly enough, to pho-

tograph fortifications. Two French priests were surprised, not long ago, to find themselves arrested on the charge of having photographed some gendarmes in a country town, where there was no trace of a fortification. They had not realized that it is men and not masonry that make the fortresses of Montenegro.

A year ago the Prince startled his subjects by presenting them with a Constitution. The motives that prompted this unsought gift were possibly various. The heir-apparent, Prince Danilo, would probably be more acceptable to the people as a constitutional than an autocratic ruler; the Prince may have wished to lighten his own burdens, and responsible ministers are a convenient institution to refer to when the representatives of foreign Powers urge conflicting courses on a perplexed sovereign.

Moreover, Servia, Bulgaria, and now Russia herself, each Slavonic State, had her Constitution; Montenegro, the forerunner, the standard-bearer of Slavonic freedom, must not lag behind.

The great Servian idea—the union, that is, of all Servian peoples—lurks at the back of the mind of all good Serbs, and he would be a poor Servian Prince indeed who did not remember that the Empire of the Servian Czar Dushan once stretched from the Danube to the Gulf of Corinth, and from the Adriatic almost to Adrianople.

It is true that the Empire did not retain its widest extent for more than a decade, and that Bulgarian Czars had earlier ruled over almost the same territory. Historical claims to empire are mutually destructive, and if admitted would work strange havoc with the map of Europe. But the great Servian idea is a factor which must be reckoned with in Balkan politics, for the Slavs are an imaginative race, and Czar Dushan and his empire are real entities to every little Servian goatherd in these lands.

Montenegro has, at least, an equal claim with Danubian Servia to the

most glorious traditions of the Serbs; she was occupied by Servian settlers at the same time as Servia herself; she formed part of the great Servian Confederation of the seventh century, and from the twelfth century, of the Servian Empire, and when that Empire fell at Kossovo, she became a refuge for the aristocracy of Danubian Servia, who could not endure the Turkish yoke. A certain rivalry has always existed between the rulers of Servia and Montenegro as representatives of the great Servian idea, especially as regards the Servians under alien rule in Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Old Servia; but it was Prince Nicholas's uncle and predecessor, Danilo the Second, who, with characteristic Montenegrin chivalry, said to Milosh of Servia: "Prince, go forward, and I also will go forward. Whenever our ways meet, trust me to be the first to hail you as Czar of the Serbs."

How far the Montenegrins appreciated the gift of a Constitution it is difficult to say. The Slav peasant is inclined at first to resent being asked to think for himself—I except the Bulgarian, who is ready and able enough to do so—even to the extent of choosing representatives to think for him. "I think thou for us, and we will act on thy words," expresses his attitude to a ruler he believes in; if he is consulted, he becomes suspicious and critical; it must be that his ruler does not himself know what to do. The Montenegrin, who has great natural intelligence, is, nevertheless, quite willing to acquiesce in the Gospodar's decisions, but why should his neighbor, who is no wiser than himself, have a voice in the government of the country? At first it seemed that matters would not be greatly changed from the times when the Vladika, having called together the heads of the clans to consult them as to making terms with the enemy, prefaced their deliberations with the warning: "Him that advises compliance I shall instantly excommunicate."

"Under the new Constitution the members of the Supreme Council are appointed by the Prince, and in the Skupschtina, though there are sixty-six elected deputies, the high church dignitaries, and generals and ministers of State, who have seats in it, seemed likely to influence the proceedings of the assembly not a little, but the Skupschtina of this winter has proved restive, and its attacks on the Government have actually resulted in a change of ministers. If the Skupschtina can devise a way to lighten taxation, which is now terribly heavy on the peasant, it will not have existed in vain.

But in spite of the Constitution and the Skupschtina, it will be long before the peasant can realize that the Government does not begin and end with the Gospodar. And small wonder, for the Gospodars for fifty years have borne the burden and the heat of the day for him; it was the Gospodar whose victories doubled the territory of the Black Mountain, and it is he, with his distinguished minister, the Voivod Bozo Petrovitch, who has steered the ship through these thirty years of peace, the first Montenegro has ever known. "Que voulez-vous?" said the Prince to me, speaking of the material progress of his country. "Pendant cinq siècles nous avons fait la guerre; we have had no time to think of other things; it is only now that we have begun to build schools and to make roads." Next to the Emperor of Austria, Prince Nicholas has reigned longer than any sovereign in Europe. His fine face, with its dark poet's eyes, shows something of the stress of his life, but there is vigor and power and intelligence in every line of it. There is no more imposing figure or interesting personality in all the Balkans than Prince Nicholas, who is at once a statesman, a general and a poet.

Nothing can be more characteristic than the approach to Montenegro up the windings of the beautiful Bocche di Cattaro from the Adriatic. The

great bare mountain, which rises sheer above the little town of Cattaro, seems to bar the way to all comers, and after nearly four hours' ascent by long zig-zags the travelers finds himself still apparently a stone's throw above the houses, which lie nearly 4,000 feet beneath him. A humble sign-post marks the boundary between Austrian territory and Montenegro, and the road leads on through a characteristic landscape; bare walls of precipice bound each horizon, and on every side are stones in sheets, in piles, in ridges, in cataracts, that seem to offer endless defiance to the peasant who would wring his living out of them.

Niegush, a village lying high in a circle of bare hills, is about half-way on the eight or ten hours' drive between Cattaro and Cetinje. It is distinguished for the least exacting of custom-houses and as the cradle of the Petrovitch family, which for more than two hundred years has given Montenegro her rulers, all of whom have been men of mark. For the rest Niegush is, like all Karst villages, barely distinguishable from the surrounding stones; when the Montenegrin builds himself a habitation, it is, with its thick walls, stone roof, and small loopholes of windows, more like a block-house than an ordinary dwelling-place, and there is, of course, no soil to spare for the cultivation of flowers. But a traveller takes his impressions largely from personal considerations, and it was at Niegush that I made my first Montenegrin friend. In Montenegro one does not wait for introductions; it is enough that you are a stranger, and every Montenegrin feels himself your host. The Kapitan of Niegush, tall, fair, blue-eyed and beautiful in his national dress, is well placed at the outposts of the principality, for the stranger, to whom the Kapitan points out with patriotic pride the charms of Niegush, its pure air and water, its schools and churches, and the great height of Lorchen towering above it, will begin to feel at once the

strange fascination which every scene in the Black Mountain exercises.

Cetinje, the capital, lies among encircling white mountains in a high narrow plateau that is bitterly cold in winter. The town itself—it numbers 4,000 inhabitants—consists of little more than a single street, chiefly of one-storied houses. The royal palaces, some of the legations, and the hotel are almost the only buildings that recall the mansions of a European capital. The relative size of the legations suggests the degree of influence exercised by different Powers in Montenegro.

Russia has always been her special protector, and Austria, her powerful neighbor, has always loomed large in Montenegrin politics, as the palaces of their respective Ministers proclaim; but it is significant of the present change in the aspect of things that the Italian legation, which is now rising from its foundations, will dominate not only the rival embassies but the whole town of Cetinje. The railway—the first Montenegro has ever seen—which before two years are over will connect the port of Antivari with Vir Bazar on the Lake of Scutari, the steamers that will ply between Vir Bazar and Scutari, the development of the harbor at Antivari, and the tobacco monopoly are all Italian enterprises. Scutari is at present the end of all things as far as travel and commerce are concerned, but she may in the future prove a point de depart for Albania in more senses than one. Italy has more ware to put on the Albanian market than Montenegro, and an Austrian advance to Mitrovitza or beyond might be the excuse or the signal for an Italian "penetration" into the mysterious fastnesses of Albania.

Montenegro is too small and too poor a State to stand alone, and Italy, whose queen was a Montenegrin princess, is thus bound to her by family ties, as well as by those of political sympathy. If the policy of Montenegro must be directed from without, it is surely well

that this direction should come from the State, under whose sympathetic influence South Slavonic art and culture attained at Ragusa their highest expression.

The most notable buildings in Cetinje are, of course, the monastery where the Vladikas are buried, and the tower, which was once kept garnished with trophies of Turks' heads; but the single street, wide and spotlessly clean, is a perpetual joy to the traveller, for the picturesque population of Cetinje seems to have unlimited time to wander up and down it. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of the men; a long white or pale-green coat—the cloth, alas! is made in Vienna—hanging very full below a colored sash, the receptacle of the weapons without which no Montenegrin would feel able to face the world, a red waistcoat with heavy gold embroidery, full blue knickerbockers, high-topped boots, or white gaiters, and a red cap, on which the Prince's initials are worked. The women, who have not time to put on their best dresses as often as the men, wear a long sleeveless coat, generally of pale apple-green, over a chemise, round the neck and down the front of which runs a narrow band of colored embroidery; the patterns, which have been handed down for generations, are often charming. There is sometimes gold embroidery at the corners of the coat, and sometimes a velvet waistcoat is worn under it. The skirt has a tendency to become European in form. The hair is braided and worn round the head in a simple coronal, which is infinitely becoming to the straight classical features of a beautiful Serb.

Not the least interest of the Cetinje street is that the Prince may often be seen there, driving himself in a low pony carriage, a couple of peasants, perhaps, walking by his side, eager to tell the Gospodar some trouble or to get his advice; or the Princess, a beautiful old lady, with the profile of a fine cameo, the highest type of her beautiful

race. And where else but in Cetinje would you see the Prime Minister sitting before the door of the Foreign Office in the cool of the evening, or the Minister of War, fully armed and ready apparently at any moment to direct the movements of troops in person?

I chanced to be in Cetinje on the name-day of the saint who presided at the conversion of the Princess Hériltière, and I think it would be difficult to find a handsomer collection of men than the procession of notables—state-ly voivods and ministers, kapitans and dashing officers—who went from the church to the palace to congratulate the Princess. The Montenegrin walks as though he had only just come back from a victorious engagement with the Turks, and the swing of light green coats and glitter of embroideries produce a brilliant effect. "In Montenegro every one is a gentleman," a peasant woman in the Herzegovina once said to me: she herself was a ragged princess with bare feet and an acre of stony hillside to call her own, but with the grand air and the beauty that so often distinguish these mountain races.

The heights which encircle Cetinje drop toward the south by steep gorges to the plain of Scutari, and so form the bastions of the citadel of the true Black Mountain. The road to Podgoritzá passes the village of Rieka, picturesquely overhanging the river, down which a little steamer makes its way through beds of water lilies to the lake. Above Rieka once stood the fortress of Obod, near which Ivan the Black is supposed, like Frederick Barbarossa, to lie asleep till his people's need awakes him. It was at Obod, too, that only seven years after Caxton had printed his first book, the Servian ruler of the Zeta, as this district was called, put up his printing press, which he afterward carried with him into the mountains, when the Turks drove him out of the plains.

Podgoritzá is a straggling town, inhabited chiefly by Albanians and Turks, who camp rather than settle,

and seldom think it worth while to repair the dilapidations time makes in their dwellings. A mile or two behind Podgoritz, under the hills, is the site of the ancient city of Dioclea, the reputed birthplace of the Emperor Diocletian, the early capital of the Zeta and the cradle of the Nemanja family, Serbia's greatest czars. I reached Dioclea about sunset, the only bearable hour of a breathless August day. The bare mountains of Kolashin and Albania and the dim plain toward the lake were softened into dreamy outlines, and the splendid sky suddenly brought color and richness into the landscape of monotonous whites and grays. By the single span bridge over the river, near which Dioclea was built, there is an old Turkish fortress, a brown massive almost windowless place, with rounded walls. Beyond the river, the vague fields are strewn with fallen columns, carved stones and outlines of many foundations. A low flight of broad marble steps and a long paved walk lead up to what was once the palace entrance; the walls are still standing up to the level of the window sills, but within ivy and tangled undergrowth have taken possession. All was entirely silent, entirely deserted. It was from Dioclea that St. Sava—that gentle mystical figure, peacemaker in family feuds and national quarrels, founder of the Servian Church—set out on his pious journey to the East seven hundred years ago, to bring back holy relics for the churches he had built in his native land.

When I left Dioclea the moon had risen and the river lay like a yellow streak beneath the black arch of the bridge; the memories and influences of the distant past seemed to cling undisturbed about the ruined city in the peaceful fields under the mountains of this wild borderland.

The road from Podgoritz to Nikshitch follows the valley of the Zeta, which here and there widens into a fertile plain, some six miles across. It passes the towns of Spuj and Danilo-

grad, the latter a bazar center of some importance, and climbs the long mountain side that faces the Monastery of Ostrog, the Lourdes of the Eastern Church, to which pilgrims of many faiths and many lands come for relief of their ills. The upper monastery consists of a series of caves in the side of precipitous cliffs, approached by steps in the rock. This upper monastery has been the scene of Homeric conflicts, such as abound in Montenegrin history. It was here, in 1862, that Prince Mirko, father of the present Prince, and one of the finest of his race, with a handful of companions, for nineteen days defied a whole Turkish army, finally effecting a safe retreat through the midst of them; and a hundred years before thirty Montenegrins held the caves successfully for months against 30,000 Turks, their marksmen picking off all who ventured near. Ten times has the lower monastery been burned, but only once for a short time did the Turks occupy the upper monastery.

I chanced to make my pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Vasil, when the body of the saint had just been uncovered for the devout kisses of a peasant family, who had brought a white-faced baby for his aid. Below in the guest room I saw a sick Albanian Bey, a Mussulman, who was staying here a second time in the hope of a cure at the hands of the saint. My driver, a boy belonging to the wild gipsy race, which in the East is alternatively Christian and Mohammedan, although it is received and recognized by neither confession, told me that his brother had been brought to Ostrog bound with ropes, a raving lunatic, and had left it a few hours later cured and sane. At the monastery entrance we passed a woman spinning by the roadside. To my surprise my driver overwhelmed her with a torrent of bad language. "Don't you know," he said to me in explanation, "that it is very bad luck to pass or meet any one working by the roadside? Every one knows they

have no right to sit and work there. But now I have cursed her well," as he certainly had, "and it won't do you any harm." I had already had painful experience of the truth of another Balkan superstition—namely, that it is unlucky to meet a pope on the road, though popes of course must sometimes travel. A meeting with a pope in the morning had undoubtedly coincided with an arrest on two occasions, once with a carriage accident and another time with a waterspout.

Nikshitch, the second town in Montenegro, was taken from the Turks by Prince Nicholas, after four months' siege, in his victorious campaign of 1876, and the Powers, with unwonted generosity toward the State they had so often made use of and then neglected, allowed Montenegro to retain the strip of fertile country her arms had won. Will they ever give back to her the coast line which Nature destined for her, and of which the selfishness of a Great Power has deprived her?

Nikshitch, where the Prince has built a new palace and a simple stately church overlooking the plain, would in many ways be a better site for a capital than Cetinje; a railway along the valley of the Zeta, which would follow the example of that strange, half-underground river, and tunnel through the mountains that divide the plateau of Nikshitch from the valley of Bielopavlitich, might some day connect it with Vir Bazar and the sea. But the historical claims of Cetinje are too powerful to be overlooked, and the Great Powers, which have invested large sums of money in building their legations at Cetinje, are not likely to consent to a change of capital.

From Nikshitch I rode to the frontier through the long windings of the Duga Pass, the Thermopylae of Montenegro, through which the Turks so many times advanced to attack the Black Mountain, and through which the Prince led his people on the celebrated march across the Herzegovina. One of the guides, whom the Prince in his

kindness had sent with me, a blue-eyed stalwart of the old best type, Krsto by name, had been with the army and remembered many details of the fighting. "But you must have been very young then?" I said. "Oh, no, not very young, I was thirteen or fourteen, and there were many boys with us much younger. We took hundreds of Turkish prisoners," he went on, "and they all expected that we should cut off their heads, but the Gospodar is very merciful, and he would not let us do it, but he gave the Turks money, and sent them away to their own country. And where there was most fighting, there the Gospodar would go, and his tent was in the midst of us."

Midway in the pass was Krsto's home, and there in a little booth, which his sons had raised and covered with ferns, we feasted on sour milk and coffee and honey. It was a twelve hours' ride to the frontier, and darkness came on before we reached it. The single room of the khan where we halted did not attract me, and I told my servant to arrange my traveling bed somewhere in the open. An hour later, after a vague meal, when I found my way in the darkness across the hillside to the white patch formed by my mosquito net, which my servant regarded as the nearest equivalent to a tent, I noticed that the immediate surroundings were unusually stony, even for Montenegro. "This place seems very like a cemetery," I said doubtfully to the old guardsman. "Well, yes, it is a cemetery," he admitted apologetically, "but we put you here because we thought you would be less disturbed. You see, none of the villagers will come here because of the ghosts." "But what am I to do with the ghosts?" I asked, with some concern. "Oh," he said, "they are only the ghosts of the Turks we killed here forty years ago, and really I think they must have all gone away by this time." The place was Krstatz, where seven hundred men, it is said, fell in 1876, five Turks for every Montenegrin. But the poor

ghosts were still and silent that night, though a thunderstorm played over the hills, and a bitter wind took possession of the pass and blew my mosquito net far away among the tombstones.

The lonely hut of a border kapitan, on a little hill of its own midway across the pass, marks the boundary here between Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and from this point the Prince's guards turned back; their crimson uniforms, as they rode away up the stony track, made the only touch of color in the sombre scene.

The future of Montenegro must be a matter of some concern to those who feel admiration for her past and sympathy with her present. She has always inspired an interest out of all proportion to her size and importance, and the sentiment of Europe—if such a thing exists—would surely be against any idea of her partition or absorption by other Powers. It is rather in her internal condition that the danger lies. The Montenegrin lost his occupation when he ceased to fight the Turk, and it is a dangerous thing to take away the *raison d'être* of a man's life and to give him nothing in return. But

Montenegro has not the capital to start commercial enterprises or even to develop her harbors, and her past has hardly been a training in the arts of peace. It is not fair to blame the Montenegrin government if these thirty years of peace have been marked by no more startling progress. To expect great developments is to ask figs of thistles or, literally, that stones may be made bread. The lightening of taxation and the spread of agricultural science would do much to stem the tide of emigration and to improve the general condition of the country, and, above all, the Montenegrin will have to learn that he cannot rest only on the laurels of the past, and that there is a dignity in labor and no shame. It is well if the national character, with its passionate love of freedom, its devotion to the bare rocks of the Black Mountain and its fine simplicity, has not deteriorated in these years of inaction. Let us at least remember that Montenegro, by the example of her matchless courage, has done more for Europe than Europe has done or can ever do for Montenegro.

THE WINDOW.

By AGNES S. FALCONER.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Some may have their solitudes
Of spacious glades in leafy woods,
Or sunlit meadows stretching far,
Where with green grass white blossoms war;
Or high-walled gardens, rose beset,
Where never wakes a wind of fret,
But morn to even, all day long,
Bird after bird maintains the song.
Mine own soul finds, whate'er befall,
A cloister chamber white and small,
Musicless and picture bare,
But open to the salt sea air.

There my lone soul sits all day,
Neither discontent nor gay,
Looking from the casement high
Across gray seas, beneath gray sky.
What hath she hope to see afar?
Perchance a sail, perchance a star.
She knows not what her vigil means;
Evermore she looks and leans.
Through some mystic sense she knows
Whatever fails, whatever goes,
This window, o'er the sad, gray sea,
Opens toward Eternity.

The Joint in the Harness.

By "OLE-LUK-OIE."

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

"A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him."—(The Book of Job.)

"Railways are the arteries of modern armies. Vitality decreases when they are blocked, and terminates when they are permanently severed."—"Imperial Strategy." 1906.)

I.



ISS—click—Bang."

The monster pile sank perceptibly as the monkey descended with a thud, and the ooze at its foot quivered in ripples of protest which expanded into circles of silver where they caught the electric light. A gout of oil shooting out on to the mud formed a blot of nacreous color, which, slowly fading as it spread, became lost in the film of scum. The steam piledriver rained vicious blows with almost the precision of a Nasmyth hammer, its armored hose steampipe kicking convulsively in the air in a grotesque dance to the measure.

A young man sat in his shirt sleeves smoking, watch in hand. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow—the engineer officer on duty. Every now and again he made a note in a pocketbook as he took the time, for he was timing progress. Slow work it seemed to him, this advance by inches, as each blow produced small visible result in the tenacious silt; but if slow it was sure and not entirely mechanical, for every stroke with its hiss-click-bang seemed to him to say in a tone of cheerful confidence, "so-much-done," "so-much-DONE." It was the piledriver that regulated the progress.

The honest fellow who was apathetically jerking at the string of the steam regulator did not seem to be moved by any such thoughts. A sleek man, he puffed contentedly at his pipe, quite oblivious to the beautiful iridescence of the condensed steam and lubricating oil which showered over him from the exhaust at each stroke. His companion in this shower bath sat on the edge of the coal bunker, fumbling, after the fashion of his kind, with a piece of dirty waste. His gaze wandered from the wabbling needle of the pressure dial to the water dancing up and down in the gauge glass in the dim light of the oil lamp. He occasionally rose and opened the furnace door to throw in a shovelful of coal, thus casting a warm red glow over the glistening objects at railhead. For this spot was "Rail-head," which was to be hastily pushed across the river on this temporary pile bridge at low level, pending the slower repair of the high-level girder bridge—broken by the enemy.

The pile-driving machine was carried on a caterpillar-like truck of many wheels, some of which were clamped to the rails of the bridge. At its rear end was the boiler; in front, supported by long arms, which overhung the end of the bridge by some distance, was the gaunt framework and guide, almost

hugging the pile which the monkey above was maltreating. The end of the bridge had reached a point about the center of the river, where the water shoaled on to a sandy mud flat; but from below the many wheeled truck, back to the near bank of the river, the dark stream was swirling against the piles, a man's height underneath. So swift was the current, it was not good to gaze for long down between the sleepers at the oily water streaking past with a chuckle, from the moonlight into the shadow of the bridge and out into the light again.

Behind the pile driver, by the loaded trucks, waited a group of men. They were for the time all quite idle, pending the arrival of their turn with its allotted task. Some were lying asleep, some were leaning against trucks smoking, or sitting on the rails, head in hand, elbows on knees; others were squatting on the timbers playing a mysterious game of cards by the light of a naked candle, which burned steadily without a shade, so still was the air.

In their dirty suits of dungaree, it was not possible to say exactly what these men were. To a soldier, however, the fact that these were soldiers was hinted at by the action of some. One was drumming with two bolts on a fish-plate, keeping time to the lilt of a rollicking rag-time air which a second was softly playing on a mouth organ. Whatever their race—for music halls have made ragtime music international—it was more like a soldier than an ordinary workman to produce a mouth organ to keep things going in the small hours of the morning. Their talk settled the point: they were soldiers—sappers to be exact.

Their task would soon come, when at the last stroke of the monkey a new pile would have to be hauled into position, or, if a pile-pier were completed, the heavy baulks be placed and the sleepers and rails spiked down. Then the cumbrous, caterpillar truck would be slowly pushed forward over the

creaking timbers of the newly finished span to a fresh position, where its paeon of brute force would start again. Behind these men, along the pile-bridge, stretched a line of trucks loaded with baulks, rails and sleepers; and alongside, down stream, floated fresh piles, swaying to and fro in the stream as they waited to be towed out in their turn. In the half gloom they seemed like captive saurians, as the flood foamed against the blunt snouts and their wet edges gleamed.

There was bustle, there was haste, but there was also method on this low-level bridge. For long periods comparative calm reigned, with no sound but the hiss of steam, the rush of the water, the roar of the high-pressure flare lights, the distant clang of the riveters' hammers on high, and the refrain of the pile driver, monotonous on the night air as the tom-tom obligato of a Persian nautch song. But when the whistles shrilled, this peace, such as it was, changed to turmoil, as sheaves squealed in the blocks, men grunted as they hove on the falls of tackles, and bolts and spikes were hammered home. The insistent keynote of the scene was work—strenuous, unresting work.

The river was wide. Even allowing for the deceptive moonlight, it seemed a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. A burnished strip in the bright light of a full moon, it was dotted here and there with eyots that stood out dark. It flowed between steep banks at the bottom of an amphitheatre—a complete circle of hills, save for the gaps through which ran the river and the railway which had crossed it. Away on the far side, starting from a point on the dry sand, in prolongation of the pile bridge, and swinging in a double curve up the steep bank, were a number of lights—smoking naphtha lamps. Below, in the bed of the river, groups of men were digging out boulders, the metallic click of their crowbars sounding faintly across the water. Ant-like strings of workers were carrying the

loosened stones to a causeway which was growing up in alignment with the bridge. Higher up, following the curve of lights, and silhouetted against clouds of illumined dust, a swarm of toilers were excavating the cutting which was to take the steep deviation loop from the level of the pile bridge up to the main line.

But after all, neither this bridge nor its approaches—though at present the center of pressure and activity—was the feature of the scene; for right up, 60 feet above, loomed the broken high-level bridge. With its huge girders and titantic piers, it dwarfed its lowly neighbor and dominated the scene, its grandeur accentuated by the chasm of the break in its center.

In this gap stood three unharmed piers, like sentries, gaunt, black and shining. A fourth—the damaged pier—was surrounded by a cluster of staging and tall derrick masts, dripping ropes and tackle, and was completed on top by a funnel mouth, the undersides of which stood out darkly against the arc light above. In the centers of three of the broken spaces were large timber stages, each in a different state of completion, but all alike in that they twinkled with lights and swarmed with men, some climbing, some in slings, but all hammering, boring, or sawing like demons.

Between the piers lay the broken girders, moved to one side, half in half out of the water—a network of iron through which the muddy river foamed. Above the derricks and the tangle of cordage—carried on timber frames at intervals along the girders—two steel cables gleamed in the moonlight.

Every few minutes, with the bleat of a motor horn, a dark body, upon which glowed a red lamp, silently glided out upon them from one end of the bridge to a point above the broken pier. It stopped, a trap opened, and a glistening cascade of concrete poured with a rattle into the maw of the funnel and so down into the hollow iron pier. Then the dark body slid back to its lair at the

bridge end as silently as it had come out. Beyond, under the big girders, could be seen a floating bridge which stretched from bank to bank.

The spectacle of the colossal bridge reaching out majestically from each dim bank, with this gaping wound in its center, was pathetic. The blank ends stood up opposite each other, dumb but reproachful witnesses of the havoc below.

From a little distance it was quite a fairy scene. The great harvest moon shone down, flooding the whole landscape with peaceful light. Above the high-level bridge the blinking arc lamps shed their violet rays, thrown downward by the shades, so that they formed shimmering cones with edges clear defined against the night beyond. In contrast the under side of the bridge seemed cut of black velvet, and the dark shadows danced on the water.

The riveters' fires along the girders glowed red, the flare lights on the low-level bridge shone yellow, and golden was the glare on the dust clouds on the far bank. The crudity of the colors in places seemed softened by the spirals of escaping steam, winding aloft in the calm night air, and the whole gamut of illumination was reproduced in the drawn-out quivering reflections which reached across the glistening waters to the sluggish pools near the shore.

It was not a safe place to walk about, for there were loose planks, greasy spots, bights of ropes and other traps for the unwary. Things were continually falling. Sometimes a red-hot rivet would drop from above with a flop and a hiss into the river. Occasionally a warning shout of "stand clear!" would ring out, followed by a crash, and perhaps a couple of men would slowly bear away something on a stretcher to the shore. But no one else stopped; there was no sympathetic gathering; the work continued without a pause.

Now and again from a hilltop to the north the darkness was pierced by a succession of flashes—flash, flash,

flash. Flash, flash, flash, came the reply from somewhere to the south, and then—a long medley of dots and dashes between the two points. No use to try and read the messages, even for one knowing the code, for these were in cipher. If there were still any doubt as to the nature of the tollers this would settle the matter, for no civil works could require signalling posts on the hills around.

* * * * *

The great moon grew more mellow as she sank. A mist rose from the waters, creeping up till it lay a solid white mass over the river, halfway up the giant piers: a damp mist suggestive of malaria—not one to spend a night in; but no workers left the bridge.

The moon faded blood-red into the haze. The air turned colder as the night wore on. Another day dawned, at first grey and sad, then rosy and golden. But, heedless of the glory of the changing heavens, the workers toiled on, and, though muffled, there could be heard rising from the moist white blanket the song of the pile-driver.

* * * * *

The mist curled off the water in thin wisps in the warmth of the rising sun; the lights went out and the scene of the night's toil stood revealed. The day exposed all the squalor, grime and discomfort—the muddy swirling water, the weary bedraggled men, the burnt-out lamps, dripping timbers and rusty iron work. Even those iridescent blots which had seemed so beautiful in the light of the moon, or in the glare of electricity, showed up for what they were—foul pools of viscid oil or tar. The glamour of the night had indeed gone, but not the need for work, and still the tollers strove, for they were working for their comrades of the army ahead—perishing for want of food and in danger owing to the lack of munitions of war.

II.

It was again night.

Throughout the livelong day the

work had proceeded as shift relieved shift.

It was not till some time after the mist had risen that the same young engineer, once again on night duty, left the work. Closing his note-book, he picked his way, stepping carefully from sleeper to sleeper, lantern in hand, along the low-level bridge, which had grown in length and by now passed the little mud flat. He buttoned his jacket as he went, for, no longer at work, he felt the damp chill of the mist, which was dripping from his hair and mustache. A thick-set man, his squatness was exaggerated by his bulging pockets filled with note books, while from one of his breeches pockets protruded a footrule.

As he passed under the glare at the end of the bridge it could be seen that he was smiling. Of a sanguine temperament, he was cheered by the progress of his work at a time when others were depressed. Stumbling on abstractedly over the lighted area into the comparative gloom on the dry mud beyond, he had proceeded scarcely a hundred yards and just climbed above fog level when a hoarse voice addressed him from the shadow of a bush, where a man was sitting smoking. It was that of the Railway Traffic Officer.

"Well, my Captain of Plumbers, how goes it? Aren't you across yet?"

"Hullo, Shunter-in-chief, is that you? What are you doing down here, away from your beloved yard? What is your grumble now? Come, talk with me a while and learn something."

"Oh, I'm taking half an hour off, watching your pretty illumination and looking for you in this deadly mist. Things above are quite hopeless. Sit down and smoke."

"No, I'm too cold. You come and stroll, or dance with me all in the moonlight, you old truck-fancier." With that he executed a pas seul, scuffling about in what he called a "cellar flap."

The other got up and joined him, but not in the dance. A taller and older

man, he was hollow-chested and thin. It was light enough to see that he wore uniform, and had a serious expression. He coughed violently.

"I say, it's just as well you don't have to work in that mist; you would soon cease to trouble us. With that cough, I can forgive you for hogging it in the lap of luxury up above, so snug among your trucks. Walk as far as the pontoons?"

With that the "plumber" took a frayed cigar out of his pocket, examined it ruefully and lit it, and the two strolled off toward the invisible pontoon bridge.

"You seem very cheerful, young man, and not as if you had just spent half a shift in that fog. Have you struck a spouting well of liquid gold with that beastly noise machine of yours, or have you discovered a ford fit for railway traffic? What is it? I don't see much to dance about."

The "shunter" was not of a sanguine temperament, and was a much-worried man. Moreover, as time went on he had not the satisfaction of seeing visible progress made. On the contrary, every hour made his position more hopeless and more complicated.

"That's just it; we should make the most of all our little gifts, and smile at anything we can, just now. Old man, she's a beauty. That little steam pile-driver is going to save the situation—to save the third army. Just listen to her now, snorting and butting so cheerily down there. It's music."

He continued, "I've now timed sixteen more beastly piles and four spans being put in, and it will take us, at the present rate, earthquake excepted, just fifty-one hours from midnight, say forty-eight from now, till the rails are fished up and the first train runs across. Let's see; this is Monday morning. That is, by 3 o'clock the morning after next—Wednesday. I told my chief 6 o'clock, yesterday, and as the commandant has wired that all over the continent, I shall let it stay at that, which will give me a margin of three

hours for 'unforeseen contingencies'; not that it is necessary, 'cos there ain't going to be any. I've foreseen all. The men want no driving, they are still working like devils. I tell you, 'Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our motto; but I wonder how long they can stand the strain. Some are already used up. Eight hours on and eight hours off is pretty stiff, you know, and the mist knocks out all the chesty ones. But it's the knowledge of what their pals are suffering that keeps them going. Well, I think the third army should see the first train reach them, say, at noon on Wednesday; followed, I suppose, by a solid stream of 'em. However, my job is done when the first train gets across."

"Oh, I'll shove trains enough across when the time comes, but they won't be the trains they want first. Before I prepare for this great event, tell me, Are you sure? Have you taken every factor into your calculations—made allowance for everything?"

"Yes, old croaker, everything. I've foreseen every single thing within the wildest dreams of probability. The deviation approach on this side is already done, and is working. The earth-work on the other side 'll be done in twelve hours and the rails laid in twelve more, so all that will be done before my show. If only we could have put in trestles instead of piles, we should have been across this cursed river by now. I am sorry for the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated fool who reported that this river could be trestled. He will be the cause, if the army gets scuppered; but he'll probably arrange to be killed, I should think. Anyway, taking the pile-bridging as the slowest part, it is the ruling factor, and fixes the time, and I tell you it is moving—"Mit Hast, ohne Rast' is our——"

"Oh, damn your motto; if you say it again, or talk of Sturm und Drang, I'll hit you. How about accidents—floods?"

"All right, all right; slowly, softly,

cathee monkey. There's not the remotest chance of any accident. I have crowds of timber, piles and stuff all ready. The driver ain't a sensitive plant exactly, and the boiler is new and working at low pressure. As to floods, the glass is high, and they can give us forty-eight hours' warning of any storm away up in the hills yonder, and it's got to be a big flood to rise over my bridge—and that will be finished in fifty-one—I mean, forey-eight hours. Besides, even if we do have a flood, so long as we are able to rush across all the wagons you have in your yard—and engines—before it arrives, it won't much matter. That little lot will be enough to keep the army shooting and eating for some days, and by then the high-level bridge will be repaired enough to run over—then so much for the enemy's great demolition!"

"How about the enemy interfering?"

"This place simply stinks of men now since we got the extra infantry and guns—you know perfectly well. They would need a much larger force than they can spare to attack it. The line ahead has been cut several times already, but any footling damage they can do is made good as soon as done; they can't touch us here, though, and this is the spot." He sighed, as he continued: "What a time those poor devils at the front must have had! We've not been sitting on plush settees eating oysters exactly—have we?—but we've always got our 'vittles reg'lar.' Now, you tell. I've been so busy down below, I heard nothing."

"I only know that they have further reduced rations, how much reduced I can't say, as the chief keeps a good deal of the worst news to himself—I mean, what would cause despondency, and would not be of use to us to know. They've fired almost their last round of gun ammunition; they have had a lot of more sickness in the last two days, and they are now dying like flies. It's touch and go whether they can last. It's awful."

"I suppose you're working your head off."

"Pretty well. I do nothing but send and answer wires, receive traffic, and see stray idiots who want to go to the 'Front.' The yard's so crowded with trucks we can't move. I have now 453, including forty-five of ammunition; we have already added ten extra sidings, and shall have many more down by the time you're through with the bridge. And what annoys me is, that though I wire till I am blue to stop all trains, the fools keep on automatically cramming up more. They say that the little bridge away back at ninety-four is weak, and they're rushing everything over they can, in case it breaks. That's your doing. That comes of you scamping your work."

"Couldn't help it; had to get through. It has already carried more trucks than you can deal with, so I don't see what you are grouching about. After we've done here I can see to it again."

"You'd think they might know at the front what a state we are in here; place stiff with trucks chock-a-block. Well, the supply officer comes to me with all the fool-telegrams he gets, asking for individual pet trucks to be sent up with first train. Single trucks to be sorted out from this mess, mind you! Why, I shan't be able to let them have even whole trains in order of urgency. I must just let them have what comes—I can't shunt. They would have had five trains of forage first, if I hadn't been able to off-load it."

"You'll be hanged if you don't send up trucks in the exact order they're wanted. That's what you're for, to sort out and arrange trucks, nothing else. When their stomachs are full again at the front, and their tails are up, they will remember, and some one on the staff will say: 'Where is that incompetent officer who sent up truck 45672 loaded with Gruyere, instead of 45627 loaded with Double Glo'ster? Haul him out! Try him! Shoot him! Waster!—doesn't know his job.' They

won't believe you were crowded, my boy, not they. Oh, yes, whatever happens you'll be hanged all right."

With that he whistled offensively.

"Daresay. Can't help it. Can't off-load and reload trucks with no room. As you are here, I wish you would come up and see after numbers eleven and twelve sidings. There is some hitch, and they are not shoving on as they should. That's one reason why I was looking out for you. I'm expecting two more trains before morning. The main line will be solid with trains and cold engines soon—a lot are cool already—the brutes have emptied the boilers to make their coffee."

"Right-o. Cheer up. I'll come up on my way, though it's 'against professional etiquette,' as the 'doc' would say. It's not my job."

"By the way, we caught a brute in plain clothes about two hours ago up near the forage. He had a lot of fuzees, and dropped a can of kerosene. We tried him on the spot, and——"

"Yes, we heard it, and wondered what the shooting was about."

"Just imagine, if the forage had been set on fire. How are you against that sort of thing down here?"

"Outpost system excellent——"

"I know, but I mean single spies. One man with a dynamite cartridge would upset all your nice estimate, my boy. Have you allowed for that possibility?"

"That's all right," chuckled the other. "The place is so well organized and guarded that not a man could get near the bridge, or dynamo, or engines, without being seen. It's all lit up near the shore ends, and, where required, like a billiard table. They can't get near it, unless they have trained birds or rats to carry dynamite on their tails—eh, what?"

The idea tickled them, and both laughed as they arrived at the deserted pontoon bridge—all strained into a curve by the current. A guard at the end, and sundry cable watchers seated cross-legged like images of Buddha on

the decks of the pontoons, were the only signs of life.

"Pretty dreary for those poor devils in the mist," said the engineer. "Why is there no traffic now?"

"No transport. We've sent up all we have and can get. That big capture took a lot; crowds of animals have died and motors broken down. Anyway, road transport is no good to deal with the bulk we have to handle. No one expected such delay here, thanks to that infernal fool. The railway is the only thing possible—railway and trucks." Trucks were his obsession.

Turning back toward the pile bridge, they went down into the mist, where an engine was standing on the low level; and, with much panting from the little locomotive and shrieking of wheels against the guard rails, they were soon speeding out of the mist up the steep grade and sharp curves of the newly laid deviation approach.

As they moved along their nostrils were greeted with a succession of odors, ranging from the stench of river mud, through that of dead animals and refuse puts, up to that of tarpaulins and forage, as they got in the "yard." The quiet moon seemed to have drawn up and distilled from the earth all its scents, which hung heavy in the still air. From the top of the bank the white tents of the sleeping troops in the different camps could be seen, for by this time many men as well as trucks had collected at this congested spot, and there was quite a small army composed of "details," detachments and individuals seeking their regiments—the flotsam and jetsam of the communications.

This yard, that seemed to weigh on the shunter's mind so much, was a maze of loaded trucks, nothing but rolling stock. He must indeed have been a fancier, that railway traffic officer, for his collection was large and varied. Here were covered trucks, open trucks, box trucks, short trucks, bogle trucks, black trucks, brown trucks, grey trucks—all full of supplies

for the army ahead. This mass had overflowed the original fan of sidings, and fresh ones had been laid everywhere, inside the yard, outside the yard, even down the streets of the little village—everywhere where the ground was fairly level. At one corner stood huge mountains of forage, some not even covered. At frequent intervals in the lanes between the lines of rail strode sentries. Above spluttered electric lights, whose beams were reflected from the shining tarpaulins, and in places there were lamps under the wagons to illumine the dark corners where a man might lurk. On high the red and green lights of the signals twinkled derisively as they waited for the traffic which did not come. The station itself was a roofless ruin.

The engineer proceeded toward a cloud of dust lit up by flare lights which showed the position of the work on the new sidings, leaving the shunter in his element. After very few minutes he picked his way over to the office of the commandant, to report to his own chief, who was with the latter. The commandant was busy, even at this hour, for he had just got a chance of a talk on the wire to his distressed senior, the commander-in-chief of the third army. As the plumber entered he heard—

"Yes, we shall be through without fail at six on Wednesday morning, and you will have your first train in the afternoon.—What?—Yes.—What?—No, that's the very best we can do. Afternoon of Wednesday.—Yes—yes.—Till then.—Of course—I know.—Yes.—We are—hustling all we know—" The speaker looked up—

"Hullo. You've not come to tell me that you will have to put off the time of getting through, again?"—he snarled in his anxiety. "You've heard what I told the chief? Is that still right?"

"Quite right, sir; same time—six on Wednesday morning." was the reply.

"I'll tell him again—'Hullo—hullo—' Nonsense—eh, what?—line cut again? Damn these brutes, they cut

the line every two minutes. This is the first talk I've had with the chief for thirty-six hours. However, I told him the main thing luckily. I wish they had their wireless!"

For five minutes the "plumber" conferred with his own chief, who was in charge of all the bridging operations, and was then dismissed. "I'm glad all is going so well—you'd better be getting back—good night."

"Poor old commandant," he thought, as he strode on his way back to the bridge in the gloom, for the moon was just setting, "no wonder he is a bit ratty with this responsibility and strain." Just then he almost ran into the shunter, who was gazing up in the sky toward the west.

"Did you see that?" the latter shouted.

"No—what?"

"I saw something pass overhead—a sort of blur in the luminous sky toward the west, and I heard something, too—a soft noise like a motor."

They both looked up. There was nothing in the serene sky but the after-glow of the moon.

"A bird—vulture—bat—goose—mon-goose?" suggested the other.

"It was much too big for a bird."

"Look here, my man, get to bed and rest; you're jumpy from worry and want of sleep. Go to bed—your trucks can't run away."

"Perhaps you're right, I am chock-full of quinine. I'll turn in. Good night." He turned in, but not to sleep, for the intermittent screeches of a circular saw some distance away seemed to him the cries of a Banshee—an omen of evil.

The plumber went on his way whistling—he was of a sunny nature, and at last the end seemed in sight. As he neared the low-level bridge, the sound of the pile-driver greeted his ears again—that cheering sound of progress. Little did he guess that it was her swan song she was singing down there in the mist.

III.

The bridge, slowly creeping forward behind its noisy head, was not the only spot where progress had been made that day. The same sun that dissipated the clinging mist from the river and revealed the bridgers at work, lit up another scene of toil in a village some thirty-five miles away—of toil less imposing, but no less important in its results. The little deserted village, the "Hornet's nest," was the lair of one section of the raiders. Nestling on one side of a low hill, hidden by others slightly higher all round, the spot was well chosen for its purpose. On each side of the principal street straggled houses, once white but now roofless and blackened. From a cow-byre at one end there issued the sound of hammering, and now and then the hum of a motor engine, driven for short bursts at high speed, rose to a whine. Tar-paulins clumsily stretched on charred rafters and weighted with stones formed the roof of the shed. Never a savory spot, an odor as of a motor garage now hung about the place, its pungency unpleasantly intensified by the smell of some extinguished acetylene lanterns, for here also they had been working through the night. Men kept passing in and out of the shed—they were erecting machinery out in the yard.

In a room of the village inn, still the best house in the place, four officers had just finished a hasty meal and were pushing back their ammunition box seats from the packing case table. One of this group was noticeable: very pale—he carried his arm in a sling and had been eating clumsily with his left hand. Another was almost as conspicuous: a wiry man, with a freckled face and red hair, he wore a hybrid naval uniform. Upon his yachting cap shone a metal badge representing some insect. The third, the commandant of the section of raiders, was big and bull-necked, and the sly expression in his protuberant eyes made him look like a cunning frog—if such a thing

can be imagined. All these were youngish men, but the fourth was the youngest. He had nothing to distinguish him but his pink cheeks and a bread-and-butter face; he was attached to the nautical man only, and did not wear his uniform.

"We can't spread this map in here," said the senior, in a guttural voice, lighting his pipe; "let's go into the next room, or, better, into the taproom, where there's a bar." Following him, they separated on each side of the long counter, the pewter top of which was thick with dust, pieces of plaster and broken glass. It was a moment's work to sweep this off to add to the wreckage already inches deep on the floor. The little run, where some buxom "patronne" or "Miss" had formerly reigned, was more than ankle-deep in broken glass and crockery; the shelves behind were bare of their former array of bottles. Behind the shelves, the sharp edges of the slivers of a dusty mirror, radiating outward for one or two points, caught the light in a prismatic sparkle, and gave the one touch of brightness to the brutal squalor of the room. Even the smell of dust and plaster had not altogether exorcised the established reek of stale tobacco smoke and spilt liquor which still hung about.

"Anyway, I am greatly relieved that you have come," said the last speaker. "I heard you were on your way, but many expected things do not arrive these days, and I was not too hopeful. And though I must confess that I am even now a bit skeptical about your box of tricks, I am only too keen to try. Have you unpacked your—what do you call them—squadron, fleet, covey, swarm?"

"Yes, sir," somewhat stiffly answered the man in the nautical suit. "They've all been unpacked, and my men are rigging them up in a shed we found. I have twelve—the Gadfly, Wasp, Bee, Mosquito, Tsetse, Ichneum——"

"Steady, steady—I haven't time to listen to the whole entomological dic-

tionary. How many will be ready for this evening—for business, I mean?"

"All—I hope."

"Are your anarchists, engineers, chauffeurs, or skippers prepared to proceed on individual forlorn hopes? Mind you, those who do not blow themselves up, or get smashed by a fall, or taken prisoner, will almost certainly get shot as spies, and it's odds that 'good-bye' at starting will be good-bye for ever."

"We quite realize all that, sir, and we'll take our chance. 'Tis a forlorn hope in a way; but the prizes are large. Why, just think, given a chance——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I see you are a cran—I mean, an enthusiast, and quite rightly. Well, I'm going to give you a bellyful of chances!" The other smiled.

"Now, listen. As you are a new-comer, I'll put you in touch with the position in a few words. Never mind if I tell you something you know already, don't interrupt—listen. See square D 14? That's where their third army is, some seventy thousand strong. They're in a good position, at a strategic point, and are holding some villages, the names don't matter. They've been there five days. Our western force, which is not strong enough to attack, has been hanging on to and harassing them; we cannot make a grand attack, yet we hope to scatter their army and bag much of it. It has marched a long way, fought a lot, and lost nearly all its transport, and—this is the point—it must be starving, quite played out and very short of ammunition, and it has only got one line of rail communication, which is cut! The railway's back along here—see?" The other nodded.

"Of course we cut this line when we retired. In fact, I believe, though I'm not entirely in the confidence of the 'Generalissimo,' that he wished the enemy to advance here. Naturally they have been doing their best to reopen communication, and, being splendid engineers, have done a lot; but so

far they have not succeeded, for no trains have gone up, and only a small wagon convoy or two—a mere trifle. The country all round for miles is a desert as far as supplies go, we saw to that, and they must be in a very bad way. We know from spies that they have been for days on reduced rations and have many sick, and their guns are not so busy as they were.

"My duty, like that of the other raiding parties, for the last five days has been to prevent communication being re-established on the railway. We've cut the line and telegraph—their wireless is not working, for we captured all their gear—till we are sick. The bridges are very strongly guarded, and all the petty damage we can do is repaired almost at once, for unluckily it is a double line, and they repair one pair of rails from the other. Altogether, our efforts are futile. Now, I don't believe in your new machines flying about vaguely and killing a few wretched men here and there by a bomb, and I think the chief must agree, as he has sent you here. I believe in attacking some sore spot, and going back to it again and again.

"The one place where they are vulnerable is at the big broken bridge—here, one hundred and thirty odd miles from the army. They've working like devils to repair the break, or rather to cross the river by a temporary bridge first, and they are doing it much too quick. They may be through in a day or two, and if so—their army is saved; but if we can delay the repair for three or four days even, I think it is lost! They know all this, and they've made a Port Arthur of the bridge-head, and got a large garrison there. We've tried in vain to get near it, but the whole place is surrounded by outposts, barbed wire and all that, and they have lit up the bridge till it looks like a gin palace.

"My engineer officer, who blew up the bridge originally, spent some hours the night before last watching them from a hill, and, thanks to their light-

ing, saw a lot. He had three men carrying dynamite with him: one blew himself up, two were captured and he himself was wounded in the arm. Nothing that walks can get near the bridge. But that's the place to attack—that's their sore spot, and here you are—O Beelzebub, Prince of Flies, with your horde! Your duty will be, so long as a single insect remains, to fly to that spot every night and bite or settle or sting, or do what you will to delay the work. Remember, if the bridge is delayed for three days, I expect the third army will fall into our mouths like a ripe plum. No food, no ammunition, no horses, they cannot retreat far. Now you have the position."

"Yes, quite; but as to the details——"

"My sapper here—I presume you know each other, being in the same corps—has a large-scale plan of the place, and knows every inch of it. He will arrange all details with you. He has the very latest information. I'll leave you two."

"Very good, sir."

"Hold on; there is one thing more, and then you will have all my ideas. The aerial attack will be made to-night. Now, how about the news of this reaching the other forces of the enemy?"

"Oh, that seems simple," interposed the youth. "I suppose you'll have every wire cut, and kept cut, so that not a whisper——"

"Not so fast, young fellow. I see you are not yet a psychologist, and do not appreciate the moral factor in war," he answered, quite pleased at catching the youngster. "The attack takes place to-night and, whether it succeeds or not, it will certainly cause consternation and alarm at the bridge. I want that consternation and alarm to be transmitted to the starving army. I want the news of the blasting of their hopes, or even of the mysterious attack, exaggerated by fancy and ignorance of its exact nature, to be the last message they receive. Therefore, from daylight till ten to-morrow morning, their wires will not be interfered with;

but after that they will be cut, and kept cut, without chance of repair, and we'll stop all messengers, so that after this there will be mysterious silence.

"That will give time for the news to rankle, for rumors to breed, and for the doomed army to exercise its power of imagination: the silence will assist. To men in their position a word of discouragement is worth an army corps to us. Afterward, if any machines are left unexpended, we might further assist their hunger-bred fantasies by flying over them and dropping a bomb or two, or even by flying over them and showing a light. That's all, now. I'll leave you to arrange details. You come along and show what your box of tricks is like."

With that he went out, followed by the youngest officer, who stopped, put his head in at the door, and said, in a whisper of deep admiration, "Perfect devil, ain't he?"

Then followed a long confabulation between the two engineers over the large-scale plan of the bridge, which showed the information gained the previous evening.

"How many, and what size bombs do you carry?" said the man with the wounded arm.

"One each; eight pounds of stuff."

"Well, that's not much good unless you get a detonation alongside some vital spot. It won't do the structure of either bridge itself much harm. Can you drop accurately?"

"If the night is as calm as it is now, we shall be able to drop three bombs out of four on to a patch a little bigger than this room. If the wind rises it is more difficult, because we have to turn up wind to hover, and the balancing is not so easy. You see we have to hover anyway to aim, and that's the difficulty. That's what the secret gear and auxiliary-lifting propeller are for—the thing you called the little 'whing-whang,' I mean."

"Quite. Now I know what sort of thing you can do, and this, I think, is the scheme. You see, their rate of

work must absolutely depend on their pile-driver; if that is destroyed they will have to drive by hand, which will take—oh—five or six times as long. Therefore, that's the sorest point in the sore spot. They're working night and day, partly by the aid of their electric light; if that's destroyed it will hamper them, but will not make them take even twice as long, because they have enough flares to carry on the low-level bridge. That's the second sorest point. Agree?" "Beelzebub" nodded. "As they're so deuced near finishing, we must try and make a dead cert. of stopping them to-night, as, once their bridge is done, we cannot really damage it with these little bombs. Therefore, I think, you should sail out with all your fleet, and do your devil-moost to-night."

"Yes; that's sound. I quite agree."

"Take on the pile-driver first, and if you get that, or burst the boiler, switch off on to the dynamo house. That will be a much easier target. It's bigger; and if you get only one bomb to burst inside, even without hitting anything, it will probably wreck the show, for one splinter in the moving parts of the engine or dynamo, revolving at high speed, will cause the whole thing to fly to bits. Two fair shots should do the trick. Can you count on two bull's-eyes out of twelve shots?"

"I think so, if there is no wind. Can't we set anything alight? I'm stocking a splendid line in incendiary bombs, pretty things of petrol and celluloid, that look like capsules?"

"Nothing. I don't know where their ammunition is, though they must have tons there. Hold on—yes, I saw some mountains of stuff, just here; mark it on the map, will you? That is probably forage. After you have done all you can, and expended all your explosive, sail along and drop a few capsules on to these mounds and over the yard. You may set something alight with any luck. By the way, can you signal to each other?"

"Yes—we carry colored lights and

little lamps in our tails. How about finding our way?"

"I was thinking of that. When you get over the hills about eight miles away from the bridge, you can see the glare of it in the sky, and you can steer straight for it. To assist you before you can see this glare, we'll send out a dozen men who will have lights on poles, shaded so as to shine upward. Will that do?"

"Excellent. And about a place for landing, in case any of us come back—that's the great difficulty. Have you a pond near here?"

"Yes, about half a mile away. I'll take you to it later."

"That will do. You must put lamps to mark the pond, in case it is still dark when we get back, and, if it is deep, have a man with a raft of sorts to haul us out."

"Right."

"Beelzebub" went out to coach his men in the details and finish off the flies. As the other sat still musing, he thought of the feelings of those whose work was going to be so suddenly destroyed, and he had a fellow-feeling of sympathy for them.

* * * * *

As the day passed the number of curious-looking erections drawn up behind the cow-shed increased. Each was supported by a sort of dwarf bicycle and tied down. They were skeletons, with great flat awnings of membranous material and queer shape stretched taut on light frames stayed with wire. In their spidery appearance they had a remote semblance to reaping machines. This semblance was borne out by the gaudy fancy of the artist who had painted them, for he had run amuck with his vermilion and blue in a manner usually confined to agricultural machines or toy locomotives. All the metal was painted, and there was no such bright brass or burnished steel about the machinery as might have been expected. Each carried a small silk national flag at one end, and had its name painted on.

"Good heavens! what gingerbread-looking things!" had been the somewhat uncomplimentary remark of the officer commanding raiders, when he first saw them rigged up.

"Shades of Icarus, Lillenthal, Pilcher and all others! What d'you expect?" retorted the pseudo-naval man, somewhat nettled. "D'you want traction-engines or the winged bulls of Assurbani-pal?"

It took the foxy one at least five minutes to smooth matters over, and he had to suffer a long technical lecture before he succeeded.

An hour and a half before the moon went down, the first fly made a start down the sloping road. She was the "flagship," manned by the "admiral." He was seated in his machine, held up by four men.

"All aboard?" he said. "All clear, you?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Cast off."

With that the assistants gave the machine a running shove forward, the skipper pedalled, the motor snorted, and the propeller began to revolve. Faster, faster spun the blades as the clumsy machine gained way, until the propeller was nothing but a halo, and its loud hum almost drowned the throbbing of the motor. The Thing buzzed down the street like a cockchafer, and, when clear of the houses, it soared away steadily into the moonlight, shedding its wheels like the skin of a chrysalis. This was repeated successfully eleven times, but when the last machine, manned by the pink-cheeked second officer, should have left its wheels and soared away into the night, there was a flash, and a violent detonation shook the houses. Fragments rattled back among those watching two hundred yards away.

"There go the bravest men I've ever met," remarked the chief of raiders. As he reached the hole blown in the road, he added—"poor young fellow!" and his voice was even a little more guttural than usual.

IV.

It was near four in the morning, and "all was well" when the "plumber," reaching his post on the bridge once again, made himself snug on a plank resting upon two sacks of fish-bolts. The pile-driver still insulted the ear with its din, the steam and the flare-lights still roared, and the water lapped against the timbers, while the mouth organ whined a hymn-tune a short distance away.

A sudden hiss, and—"plop" into the river, not a pile's length away, fell something; all but simultaneously, with the muffled report of an explosion under water, a column of spray shot up, and falling backward revealed a heaving blister of mud, just visible through the mist. The men playing dropped their cards and sat up, the whine of the mouth organ froze in the middle of a bar, but the pile-driver continued its blows, for the fat man still mechanically jerked the string, though his eyes were all but starting out of his head. Silent, stupefied surprise held all. The mud fountain had barely subsided, when—a second hiss and splash close alongside the bridge, and another subaqueous explosion, followed with its geyser of mud and water, which, falling on the bridge, would have washed the dazed fat man away but for the string to which he clung. At last the pile-driver stopped.

Barely had the soused soldiers got their breath after this douche, when they were shaken by a racking detonation some thirty yards back along the bridge, accompanied by the sound of rending timber. The air hummed with fragments, while all near the end of the doomed bridge lay prostrated by the blast of this shock.

To add to the horror, the wrought-iron reservoir of the flare-light was shattered; the blazing oil poured out over the timbers into the water and spread in a flaming film, momentarily lighting up the inferno before it was swept down-stream. The cries of the mangled filled the air.

After a minute's respite, a faint crash sounded overhead, succeeded by a burst of yellow light, and two flaming masses fell, spinning in a sickening spiral, plumb on to the girder-bridge above, where their flight ended in a double detonation against the iron. Again the sound of flying metal filled the air. This sudden cataclysm was too much. Men born of women could stand no more; discipline was lost, and a general wall rose up. Those who had for day and night toiled like slaves dropped their tools, their work, and fled off the bridges towards shore.

A bouquet of dazzling red stars flamed out on high with a soft liquid report, and slowly floated to earth. In the crimson glow the panic-stricken fugitives paused in terror. What was coming next? There was not much time to doubt, for a succession of flashes and detonations round the corrugated-iron dynamo-shed showed where the attack was falling. These ended in one report with a metallic ring, for which there was no flash, and the electric light went out as a grinding crash sounded from the shed. A second shower of red stars slowly sank to earth. Then, with many little explosions, fires sprang up in the "yard" away by the station. Most of them soon burned out without doing damage, but the stacks of forage had been touched and burst into a blaze. As the dense clouds of smoke and long tongues of flame mounted up, from overhead, a shower of magnesium stars were wafted gently downwards, lighting the whole landscape as they fell. The work of destruction ceased. In the intense light, the flying machines, as they circled round, were visible to all those above the mist.

Rifle-shots rang out, close by at first, then growing into a general fusillade, which became fainter in the distance, like an irregular *feu-de-jolie*, towards the farthest outpost line, marking the course of the angels of destruction, still

to be seen in the light of the conflagration. This wild shooting was not quite without result, for a mass of fire was seen to fall—curving towards one of the hills in the north.

As the flames of the burning forage roared higher, and the clouds of sparks and lurid smoke rose in huge volume to the sky—now of the grey hue preceding dawn—the roar and crackle of the flames drowned all other sounds.

* * * * *

The half-dressed figure of the presumptive railway traffic officer might have been seen later against the glowing embers, gazing helpless at the scene—the realization of his fears. He was no longer thinking of his yard, of his poor friend the "plumber," or even of the horrors all around him. He was dreaming of the fate of an army, and of the ultimate results of its destruction.

V.

A solitary man stood by a hedge. In his hand was a charred pole, on top of which a light, screened from below, was burning feebly. Close by a hobbled horse cropped the scant grass. No other sound broke the stillness of the night as the man gazed steadily upwards. The moon had sunk and the stars were growing pale in the grey of false dawn, when the horse threw up his head and snorted. The man gave no sign.

A moment afterwards he heard a faint rustle in the sky as of flying geese. Ghostly in the mysterious light a shape loomed up and swept past overhead on a long slant. Eight times this happened in quick succession. To the weary eyes of the watcher the shapes seemed to be travelling in long swoops—now up, now down—and slower than when they had passed him on their outward journey.

For the others that he had seen go out he waited—waited till the hills to the east stood out purple against the blushing sky—but waited in vain.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

VI.

WRECK OF THE RAFT AND RESCUE OF SABINE.

WHEN I awoke the raft was moving at a good rate. We had passed through the channel and were out in an open lake. It was fearfully hot and oppressive, and big ominous clouds, heavily charged with electricity, occasionally veiled the sun. I looked around for the boy. He was swimming in rear of the raft and pushing it along with his valid arm. He smiled at me and pointed northward toward some rocky and cavernous hills.

"Is it there?" I asked.

He nodded affirmatively and placed his hand upon his breast, a sign which in our language signified Sabine. I invited him to come on the raft and rest, but he refused; so, picking up the scull, I resumed my paddling. I was bathed in perspiration. Though there was not much wind, the lake began to get very rough and choppy. On the right the sombre mass of the forest was enveloped in gathering gloom, and from a kind of desert whirlwinds of sand came through a pass in the hills and filled the air. I felt myself imbued with a strange spirit of emulation, of rivalry against the elements. I worked the paddle steadily and powerfully, the boy pushed with all his strength and under our combined efforts the raft sped swiftly toward the shore.

We were little more than a hundred yards from it when the tempest broke

upon us. It lashed the lake instantly into gigantic waves that reared and tumbled furiously over each other. A tremendous downpour of hail shut the surrounding landscape from sight, and the big stones stung my face and hands like slashes with a whip and almost stunned me. Then a waterspout lifted me, sucked me under the lake and whirled me to the surface again, where, bewildered though I was, I was able to catch hold of and cling to one of the logs of the little raft, which threatened to break up as each wave struck it. The boy had disappeared, and I conjectured that he had sought refuge several feet below the surface and was keeping watch upon me. This proved to be the case. The tail end of the waterspout having caught the raft, the latter went to pieces, and I was hurled into the lake, but was immediately seized by my young friend and borne safely ashore.

At the first clap of thunder that rumbled sullenly in the distance, stifled in the heavy clouds, the boy manifested great alarm. His terror increased when the lightning shot its forked javelins over the lake and tore great vivid rents in the darkened heavens. The thunder that followed, crashing and roaring incessantly, seemed to paralyze him, and I signed to him to take shelter in the lake. He needed no second bidding, and vanished into the boiling waves.

The rain fell in torrents and ran from my clothing like a tarn down a mountain side. I divested myself of

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE DOLENTIC MAGAZINE.

my coat and waistcoat and leaving them to serve as a landmark set out to explore the environs. I could not see five yards before me, when the lightning was not playing, which, however, was only at rare intervals, for the air was filled with electricity. Twice the shock of the discharge threw me down and each time I picked myself up with a cynical rictus. I had reached the lowest depth of adversity and misfortune and experienced the sombre voluptuousness of the utterly desperate. I braved the tempest and its threats, its infernal tumult and cutting hail with the spirit of a fanatical Hindoo or of a holy martyr of the primitive Church.

Through the deluge and the vapors that rose from the wet and overheated soil I could just see the caverns, and made toward them. I had hardly advanced fifty paces when a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the scene, and I dropped to the ground, not from the electric shock this time, but because I had seen Sabine. She was seated on a big stone at the entrance to one of the caverns, and watching the storm. She had not seen me.

I determined to act with the greatest prudence, for the dark Men of the Waters, I argued, must certainly be in the cavern. Then suddenly it occurred to me that, like my boy companion, Sabine's abductors, in fear of the thunder, might have taken to the lake. The more I reflected upon it the more was I convinced that I was right. But if this were the case, how was it that Sabine made no attempt to escape? On a closer scrutiny the reason was plainly apparent: She was bound hand and foot.

Wild with joy I remained for a moment breathless, and then rushed toward her. She recognized me instantly, and struggling to her feet fell swooning into my arms. I quickly cut her bonds, and when she revived, which she soon did under my caresses we fled away through the storm.

Everything in the universe appeared

good to us now. The lightning flashing and the thunder cracking overhead no longer held any terrors for us: it was the artillery of heaven firing a salvo of victory and jubilation. Sabine, her sweet face streaming with rain, clung to me, and her blue eyes smiled lovingly into mine. Delicious with happiness, melting with tenderness, I pressed her to my heart, and amid a peal of thunder that made the earth tremble our lips met in the ecstasy of a long-awaited kiss. Then, her little hand clasped in mine, we ran to where I had left my coat.

The boy came out of the lake as we reached the place. Sabine, who had at first taken him to be one of our allies, was so frightened when she saw that he was black that I had considerable difficulty in reassuring her. There was no time to lose. The only obstacle to our flight was the boy's fear of the thunder, but as he managed to overcome it sufficiently to accompany us, I was thankful that the storm continued, for I knew that while it lasted, there was no danger of Sabine being missed and, consequently, of our being pursued.

When the child caught hold of my hand to lead us he at once became calmer, and I felt instinctively that his trouble was more physical than moral. He was shaken by veritable undulations of electricity which abated at the contact with me. We walked along in silence for half an hour and then, to my astonishment, he conducted us toward a dark and spacious grotto.

"Where are you taking us?" I demanded.

The boy's look appealed to Sabine to speak.

"Did you, then, not come here through a grotto?" asked the girl, turning to me.

"No," I replied. "We came by a sort of river."

"I was brought through a series of immense subterranean passages," she explained.

"Do you think we ought to risk it?

"I don't like the idea of it myself," I said.

Then, addressing the boy, I signed to him that we desired to take some other route. He made me understand that it was impossible, that the grotto was our only road to safety. He wore an air of assurance that showed that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and I concluded that the best thing to do was to trust ourselves to him.

Sabine clinched the argument by the very pertinent remark that any risk, however great, was preferable to that of being recaptured. So, clasping hands again, we entered the darkness.

VII.

THROUGH THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

In the grotto the thunder rumbled away in endless echoes. It was in itself an awesome thing to grope our way through the vast and dark passages, but the flashes of lightning that illumined them kept us in perpetual fear of an impending cataclysm. And the danger was by no means imaginary. Once the mountain, struck, I presume, externally, trembled to its base, and after the last echo of the roar that followed the flash had died away we heard with a terror that almost paralyzed us the fall of a mass of rock so near that a fragment struck my shoulder.

I clasped Sabine's hand tightly, and we pressed forward in the silence and obscurity, our hearts beating high with mingled anxiety and hope. Our guide walked on as though perfectly familiar with the way, and I concluded that there was only one passage with no lateral branches, but in this I was mistaken for we presently came to a place where several other tunnels converged. At the end of one (which we did not take) was a silvery orifice.

"I wonder how he is able to find his way among so many different roads?" I remarked to Sabine.

"I cannot say," she replied. "The same thing struck me when they were

bringing me through these endless passages. These Men of the Waters seem to be endowed with the same faculty as carrier pigeons."

"Yes, dear, their science of movement, the long distances they are able to go under water may in course of time have developed this faculty."

"I believe, too," she added, "that they see better than we do in the dark."

After two hours' further progress the grotto became wider. In the distance a bronze-like reflection indicated the presence of water. It became larger, greenish and vacillating. Then we found ourselves in the dim, uncertain vertical light that suffuses the entrance to caverns. We were in a spacious, lofty cave, the roof of which we could hardly discern. The water extended deep and wide along a gallery on the right through which the daylight streamed. Several large birds rose noisily as we approached, and we saw them for some time hovering in the tunnel. Sabine and I stood motionless in the light, feeling as though we had just awakened from a horrible nightmare. The child looked pleased at our relief and motioned to us to repose ourselves, and we gladly acquiesced while he vanished under water.

"Sabine," I said, as she nestled in my arms, "we shall love each other the more for sharing such prodigious perils and adventures. Our love will preserve the trace of so many terrible emotions. As long as life lasts, we shall never forget our flight through these majestic subterranean galleries."

VIII.

THE INTERIOR LAKES AND THEIR HOSPITABLE DENIZENS.

After following a narrow path we entered an obscure passage that must have bridged water, for we caught the vague glimmer of it through a crevice in the rocky floor. We tramped on for a couple of hours a good deal more light-heartedly than in the morning, notwithstanding that the darkness was,

if anything, deeper, the atmosphere damper and the passage narrower. 'At length we issued into a valley and daylight. The storm was abating, and glimpses of blue sky could be seen through the mass of fleecy clouds.

The valley was a part of the grotto, the roof of which had caved in during some great upheaval. The sides were bare and almost perpendicular for about ten feet, then creeping plants and brushwood covered them in luxuriant profusion. Below were piled immense jagged masses of the rock that had fallen in and which the elements had carved into rough fantastic shapes of monsters.

Skirting these we crossed the valley and descended into the bowels of the earth again, only to issue after a twenty-minutes' tramp, into another valley. For two hours we went on alternately passing through dark galleries, marvelous caverns and verdant valleys. Finally we came to the end of the galleries on the bank of a gigantic basin, into which a river emptied itself by a waterfall 250 feet wide and 60 feet high.

Then the boy shouted gleefully and motioning us to follow him rushed on ahead. This we did as fast as we could, and on rounding a cape of high rocks found ourselves close upon a number of human habitations similar to those of the Men of the Waters. At the cries raised by some women, a crowd of people emerged from the water and came running toward us.

They were of the same type as the boy. Their hair was long and fine, and their extremities thicker than those of the Men of the Waters. Their greater resemblance to us, however, demonstrated a backwardness in evolution, an inferiority to the former, and accounted for their relegation to the subterranean lakes and rivers. My first hypothesis that they were the latest arrivals in the country was disproved by ulterior researches. They more probably were among the first peoples who found their way here a

few centuries after the Men-Wading-Birds, and the latter defended their marshes with sufficient energy to compel the newcomers to take to the interior valleys, where the depths of the lakes rendered them amphibious. It is equally probable that the dark Men of the Waters are but a detached branch, become perfected for an aquatic existence of the races inhabiting the valleys, and that the light Men of the Waters, on the other hand, came straight from the plains and adapted themselves to their new condition of life out of pure imitation. Intermarriage between the different species of these aquatic peoples is very rare, and if traces of fusion between the dark and light elements are occasionally to be found, there is no reason to suppose that either has ever contracted a union with the Men-Wading-Birds, the latter being regarded as an inferior race, fallen into the melancholy of the outcast and hopeless, and rapidly becoming extinct.

No longer worried in regard to Sabine, I gave myself up to enthusiasm over my marvelous discoveries. I promised myself a long sojourn among these aquatic populations in the hope of solving the mystery surrounding them, from the historical, ethnological and other scientific points of view. I was saddened, however, by the thought that other expeditions would follow ours, that peradventure colonies of terrestrial men would ferociously destroy the admirable work of centuries and annihilate the various species of amphibious man. I derived some consolation, though, from the thought that it would be next to impossible for the invaders to cross the swamps where we came so near perishing; that it would be many years before the scanty surrounding populations would dream of confronting the perils of emigration and that a century hence the Men of the Waters might be organized sufficiently to be able to defend their territory against all aggressors. Finally, these regions, though admirable and

perfectly salubrious, were, nevertheless, essentially lacustrine and, therefore, little accessible to terrestrial man.

We received a most hospitable welcome. In accordance with the custom of these peoples, after we had been served with a delicious repast a grand aquatic fete was held in our honor. They displayed remarkable agility and great resistance to asphyxiation, though in a lesser degree than their flat-eyed rivals. After our fatiguing experiences it was good to rest and refresh ourselves. Sabine was worn out and slumbered on my shoulder. Twilight descended upon the valley, everything breathed peace and tranquillity and I resolved to pass the night among our cordial hosts.

IX.

A NIGHT OF ANGUISH.

Sabine was installed in a cabin and I, closing the door and placing my couch against it, lay thankfully down, while the boy curled up outside under a covering of plaited rushes. Through a crack in the door I could see that several men of the village were mounting guard, and confident that all was well I fell asleep.

We must have been sleeping for about five hours, when I was awakened by a tumult outside. I peeped through the crack. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Around a brazier that was burning briskly a score of old men squatted. With them were several young men, who from their flat eyes, barbed, weedlike hair and dusky color I saw were our adversaries. Moreover, the dark athlete immediately attracted my attention. My breast was bursting with jealous rage, and I could hardly refrain from rushing out and measuring myself against him. I reflected, however, that Sabine might be made the prize of the contest by the tribe, and resolved to act with diplomatic prudence and only to resort to violence in the last extremity.

The gathering around the brazier was obviously a council of the elders of the hospitable tribe, and the tumult

was caused by the young strangers who were trying to intimidate them. Suddenly the young braves burst through the circle and rushed toward our cabin, but over a hundred Men of the Valleys appeared as by magic and drove them back. The braves then attempted to resume the conference, but the most imposing of the old men, who appeared to be the president, scattered the flaming brands with a kick and spoke long and loud and angrily in the light of the moon. Then our cabin was surrounded by the whole population of the village, and the braves withdrew and camped on the bank of the lake.

Sabine slumbered peacefully through it all. I went to her couch and bent over her. The moonbeams played upon her hair that encircled her head like a halo of gold and her lips were parted in a happy smile. Invoking a blessing upon her, I lightly kissed her pure brow and returned to my post at the door.

The dark men by the lake seemed to be waiting for the day to break. Uneasy at their presence there I opened the door. The multitude gazed at me in mute consternation. My gentle little friend was weeping. I called to him and he came, but could not make me understand what caused the consternation of the crowd, nor why he was weeping. All that I could gather was that we must not quit the cabin, and that the dark men were awaiting reinforcements.

What was to be done? Would the proud old men, who had refused to surrender us just now, give way when the reinforcements arrived? Why were the dark athlete and his companions allowed to remain there unmolested? Gloomily I kept watch. The sleep of my beloved reminded me of the last sleep of a prisoner condemned to be executed in the morning. I realized with bitterness how utterly helpless I was, that any attempt at escape would be useless and might end in disaster.

I was engrossed in my dismal reverie when Sabine awoke. She read my trouble in my face.

"Robert, you are suffering. Are you ill?" she exclaimed.

I explained the situation to her, and she peered through the door at our enemies.

"So you think, Robert, they will give us up?" she said.

"In all probability," I answered.

Like a frightened gazelle Sabine threw herself into my arms and I pressed her to my heart fiercely, passionately in an access of love, pride and pain. I knew that she would die rather than fall into the hands of her abductor again.

I was still folding her in my arms, when there was a noise from the crowd outside, and we went to the door. The first faint streak of nascent dawn was struggling for supremacy with the pale light of the waning moon. Facing the old men was a form which we speedily recognized as that of our friend, the light Man of the Waters, who had saved up from the bog.

Opening the door, amid the sympathetic murmurs of the crowd, and elated with a new-found hope we joined him. He greeted us with demonstrations of joy and affection. All, save the group by the lake, were visibly touched at our gratitude and his kindness, and they became positively enthusiastic when, taking the little dark boy in my arms, I presented him to my aquatic brother.

X.

ARRIVAL OF THE LIGHT MEN OF THE WATERS.

We awaited daylight in company with the old men, the boy and our benefactor. The sun was just rising above the hill tops when a great wave came sweeping up the river and hundreds of swimmers tumbled over the waterfall into the lake. Sabine shrieked and clung to me, but I could see from the smiles of our friend that there was no cause for alarm.

The swimmers issued from the water, and I saw that there were light as well as dark men among them. On the shore they formed into two divisions,

according to color. At the same time the Council of the Men of the Valleys assembled upon a neighboring knoll, which was solemnly surrounded by the whole tribe. Then the dark athlete and three old men of his race placed themselves in front of and a little to the left of the Council, while our rescuer and three old men of his people stationed themselves on the right.

The events of the night and the reason the consternation of the multitude and grief of the boy had been changed to enthusiasm and rejoicing were now clear to me, and Sabine shared my belief when I made it known to her. It was certain that before the opportune arrival of the light Men of the Waters the Council of the Tribe, now acting as judges, had, in view of their weakness and fear of their powerful rivals, decided to hand us over to the tender mercies of the dark athlete.

We watched the proceedings with an anxiety easier to be imagined than described. Not only did the judges receive the reclamations favorably, but the dark Men of the Waters, probably weary of the war, approved what he was saying, and in face of the overwhelming odds against him the dark athlete sulkily withdrew and all his companions quitted him. We were given into the care of our dear friends, the light Men of the Waters, amid the most touching demonstration of sympathy and satisfaction from the population of the valley.

The boy remained with us, caressed by Sabine, our friend and myself. He was suffering somewhat from his shoulder and his eyes, burning feverishly, gazed at us with the deepest affection. Owing to the pain in his shoulder, the lad was unable to take part in the general rejoicing, which took the form of marvelous aquatic performances by the three peoples.

Our rescuer was the first to dive in the lake. Sabine and I both sought to distinguish him among the others, but were unable to do so and he did not issue again, though nearly all the swimmers emerged, one after the other,

to salute us. We soon forgot all about him, however. We were so happy in our love, so confident of a bright and glorious future. We thought only of finding Devreuse and the other members of the expedition and returning to Europe.

Two hours passed in this way, and we were still watching the sports, when I was suddenly thrown to the ground with great violence and Sabine was seized and carried off like a leaf caught up by a cyclone. When I scrambled to my feet the athlete with Sabine in his arms was speeding toward the river as fast as his legs would carry him, along a narrow path on the cliffs that circled our side of the lake and sheered almost perpendicularly to the water.

The boy was running after him, and screaming loudly. Once the man turned savagely upon him and ordered him to go back, but the lad kept after him. I started in mad pursuit, and when he saw me, and that the whole lake was in an uproar he stopped a moment, and his flat eyes blazed with jealous hate and fury.

Above the path a cornice projected, access to which could only be had by climbing a shaky, undermined mass of rock. The athlete's purpose, it was evident, was to reach this cornice, but, hampered by his beautiful burden, he was overtaken by the boy, and I was close behind.

He snarled something at the child, who responded with intrepid anger. Then, quicker than it takes to recount the crime, the man grasped the little fellow with one hand and hurled him against the rock below, smashing his skull. Insane with grief and wrath, I bounded toward my formidable adversary, followed by the howling, vengeful crowd, but the murderer, clambering to the cornice, placed Sabine upon it and, exerting all his strength, displaced the shaky rock which fell with a crash, cutting off all immediate means of following him. We were unable to reach the cornice even by clambering upon each other's shoulders, and I wore the flesh from

my fingers in my vain efforts to scale the rocky wall.

Clever marksmen though they were in the water, none of my friends would venture to hurl a harpoon at the fugitive for fear of killing Sabine. Meanwhile he sped upward toward the dark gallery by the river. I knew that if he reached it I should never see my darling alive again, for I had read his terrible purpose in his eyes.

He was disappearing into the yawning grotto, and I was struggling furiously in the hands of a dozen men who were trying to prevent me from hurling myself over the cliff, when there was a shout from the other side of the lake and the sharp crack of a rifle rang out, followed almost simultaneously by another report.

The dark athlete dropped his precious burden, reeled backward, and his body turned over and over as it fell on to the rocks below. On the other side of the lake, their smoking rifles in their hands, stood Jean Louis Devreuse and Lachal, after myself the best shot of the expedition. With them was my aquatic brother.

* * * * *

We returned to the lake inhabited by our friends, the light Men of the Waters, and enjoyed their cordial hospitality for more than a month. We did not see anything further of the dark Men of the Waters or the Men of the Valleys. Devreuse told me all about the role played by our rescuer in the events I have narrated. Sabine and I could not forget the tragic death of our gentle little friend, and always shall grieve for him.

The expedition, commanded by Jean Louis Devreuse, returned to Paris early in April last with documents from which an important and valuable work will be compiled. In May Sabine and I were married and we are superlatively happy; but in the soft, dreamy twilight our thoughts often wander with a vague regret to the wonderful land where we passed through so many stupendous adventures.

[THE END.]

The Psychological Investigator.

By BERTRAND W. BABCOCK.

THE Psychological Investigator had walked in the fields about his Bronx home that he might ascertain the color sensations of his wife as she stood wide-eyed, with face uplifted to the sun, while he, sheltered under her red parasol, listened safely to her interested recital.

"The solar stimulus has produced an excitation resulting in an ocular purple which may be listed brilliant very," she said in a tone of scarcely less fervor than his own, for at times even she was led to share his views.

"Yes—yes," came from the tense Investigator, who gave no realizing glance to the coquettish picture made by the girl who in her face and attire blended harmoniously that part of the solar spectrum's range lacking in violet and wild rose about them.

"Yes—yes," he continued, his personality slipping into the mental costume of his classroom, "and may I ask the subject if there is at the same time any accompanying sensations of pain, acute or mild?"

For a moment the young woman, in a conscientious endeavor at self-analysis, did not respond. In that moment the bull—a student of color, too—had brought to his apperceptive phase the gleam of the Investigator's parasol. Swiftly he charged toward the two.

The Investigator climbed a tree, warned thereto by the bellowing rush, while his wife got the sun out of her eyes in time to laugh at him. And

laugh she might, since the object of color excitation did not disturb her. On the contrary, he stood with head strangely tilted, inspecting with bovine curiosity the tree's slender stem.

"The animal responds readily to a red reaction," said the Investigator, in a degree of excitement, as science triumphed over fear.

"I have known that from my youth upward—or backward," the woman laughed up to him.

Balancing himself by his body's swing, the Investigator ran his fingers through his hair while his feet described alternate arcs of the pendulum.

"I have an idea," he began to exclaim, "the bull reacts the red——"

Apparently the bull had simultaneously an idea, for lowering his horns he rammed his head several times against the tree's base.

"Take care," warned the girl.

The Investigator was white. Trembling he wound his thin legs about his former seat, while his arms grasped a bough above.

"I am safe, quite safe," he said in quavering tones. Then, gathering courage as the assaults on the base of his refuge ceased, "My idea is splendid—if color excites an animal it must have its effect upon men—upon the mob in the street—on the ground." He glanced fearfully at the bull.

The girl saw his perplexity.

"Do you wish me to drive off the bull?" she asked in a mockery lost upon him.

"Do so, my—er—dear," he answered incisively.

Carelessly the girl caught up the closed parasol, which had lain neglected at a little distance from the tree. Lazily she swung it open. A soft breeze caught it gently from her lax fingers to carry it down the slope beyond. With a puzzled bellow the *bete-noir* of the Investigator panted off after in bulldog style.

"Now you may descend," said the resourceful one.

The glance of the Psychological Investigator followed the bull.

"When he is at a safe distance," he said; "but now as to my idea. If red excites a bull, there must be a corresponding reaction upon the mob. My next research shall concern itself with the effect of color on mob mass. I shall descend to the level of the populations of the street and there experiment."

"You may descend to the level of the ground now," said his wife.

"You are quite certain that the bull is at a distance?"

"Entirely. Look for yourself."

Satisfied with the results of a careful sweeping of the horizon through a glass which had swung at his side, the Investigator consented to a lingering descent.

They went home to dinner—and a discussion of the color reaction between a large bull and a small red silk parasol.

* * *

The Psychological Investigator walked down Broadway. About his small frame—extending even to his yellow beard—was a rigidity symbolic of determined purpose. Under his arm and beneath his coat he carried a number of tightly furled flags, each of some single color—white, black, yellow or green.

"I shall ascertain the effect of the different colors, hues, shades and tints in varying localities," he reflected; "for instance, this one of white, which in many languages and literature stands for peace."

Insensibly—subconsciously, he would have said—he had left the diagonal thoroughfare and had passed along a side street westward toward the river. A shadow, unperceived by the Psychological Investigator, had lowered from the tenements on either side, to settle finally upon the sidewalks. The people he met were black. Without noting this fact the Psychological Investigator unrolled his white flag, as he walked to the roadway's center. Here he circled the symbol of peace about his head several times.

For a moment none in Hell's Kitchen noted this unusual phenomenon.

"The color is negative—the result, therefore, negative," hastily concluded the Investigator.

Then a voice grated down from the fourth-story window.

"Ah doesn't know what that white man's doing with that white flag," it ventured.

A graduate of a Southern institution of colored learning replied from the pavement:

"He's casting aspersions upon the ultimate aims of a race."

For the benefit of the less learned the remark was translated into the simple patois of the Kitchen: "He's coaxin' de razor."

From the roofs of the neighborhood chimneys began to fall—a brick at a time. On the sidewalks atoms became molecules, then masses animated with one directioned motion whose focal goal was the trembling white flag still fluttering in the hands of the Investigator.

As the Investigator's "mob" surged toward him he felt a thrill of scientific exaltation.

"I have disproved the old theory. White stands for war," he noted mentally.

A gilded cane swept war's white symbol to the pavement. As the psychic element of unrest closed about the Investigator, three policemen beat it back with the dulled vibration of good ash. In the midst of this mob action

the Investigator fled, having suffered the loss of his hat, gloves and white flag.

Across how many blocks he charted a zigzag course he could not at any later period determine. But up one street and down another he went, until sense of locality and fear of pursuit alike were lost. He was breathing heavily now. Also he was thirsty. An orange purchased at a stand he carried, occasionally sucking its juice.

"Let us try the effect of—say—yellow," he mused, refreshed by his orange.

A large woman in a narrow doorway watched his preparation of a yellow flag with humorous penetration. When, like its white predecessor, the yellow oblong flashed its psychic message through the air, she ran with a curious sidling gait, made necessary by the confined passage, toward the rear tenement.

"Mrs. Moinihin, Mrs. Moriority, Mrs. Brennan! Cum quick! It's me, Mrs. O'Flarerty. There's a bloody Orangeman outside an' he's afther insoultin' the whole neighborhood," she shrieked.

Mrs. Moinihin, Mrs. Moriority and Mrs. Brennan answered patriotism's tocsin. Also came Mr. Moinihin and Mr. Brennan, who chanced to be at home "lookin' for worruk."

Before the Investigator could note his sensations he was surrounded,

beaten, thrown to the asphalt, while high over his head Mrs. O'Flarerty hurled her poorest and then her best kitchen chairs down into the seething caldron of racial prejudice.

"Kill him! Knock his head off," she chanted. "Sure, it 'twas the dummed orange made me first suspect him."

When the legions began to withdraw at a distant sharp whistle and the pounding of clubs on asphalt, the Investigator, as one in a nightmare, found a whirling foothold upon matter—asphalt. Still as one in a dream of titantic, struggling, creative, Wagnerian forces he fought off parting kicks. Around the corner into the next street he staggered. Still as an automaton he whirled and tossed convulsively his remaining flags, to hurl them away. He clung at last to a single flag—green. This he moved in the figures of an irregular geometry, until he lay down to rest near the gutter.

Chapped and calloused hands carried him into "The Harp" halfway down the block.

"His ways is strange," said a voice off in the sounding distance that enveloped the Investigator's being, "but his heart's all green!"

Dazedly, wonderingly the Investigator opened one swollen eye.

"Green," said he—then repeating—"Green—it is the color—of profound—peace."

"Sure," said a mighty chorus.



Uniformity in Divorce.

By FRANK H. RICHMOND.

THE senior form of assault that has current interest upon the form in which the founders of the nation established a federal government of powers suitable to the ends they had in view, reserving to the several States all governmental powers and functions not granted and not implied by reasonably intimate relation with the objects specified in the preamble as distinguished from those expressly granted, is the agitation in favor of a national divorce law, operating in all the States. Those who have stood ready to urge the enactment by Congress of such a statute have been held in check by the fear that, even under the most latitudinarian interpretation of the general welfare clause in the Federal constitution, the enactment of such a measure would lie beyond the constitutional powers now possessed by Congress. The subject has, therefore, advanced to that proposition to so amend the constitution as to enable Congress to legislate for the uniform dissolution of wedlock through the Union (including the Territories and the Caribbean and Oriental possessions), which was inducted in the late encyclical to the American people directed to Congress from the White House.

A more practical form of forwarding the same purpose has been pursued by those who assembled in convention last year, without credentials other than their common interest in a reform which they deemed important, and

agreed upon the terms of a uniform divorce statute to be pressed to enactment in the several States separately. Such a course was followed successfully by the enactment in nearly all the States of a uniform negotiable instruments law, which removed confusion in a branch of the law closely related to interstate business, if not interstate commerce. It was not, however legislation that affected, reflected or touched upon any standard or basic belief in the realm of sentiment, of morals, or of religion on the part of any considerable body of citizens in any State adopting it.

For a uniform divorce law to reach the goal of enactment by a considerable part of the States grave difficulties and obstacles must be overcome, primarily inertia; for first of all is the question whether the proposal bears on its face sufficient of intrinsic merit to win attention; next, the opposition on either side of those whose moral or ethical views, whether they be strict or liberal, must suffer compromise, if the proposal be adopted. There would remain at the end grave doubt whether the agitators would accomplish their main purpose of suppressing the ease with which the guilty party may escape by remarriage from one of the penalties of breaking a marriage vow. It is quite true that under a national or, perhaps, under a severally adopted uniform divorce law the defendant might not remarry in the Union. There are, however, respectable precedents

for the suggestion that Great Britain and her dependencies would still remain open, together with the islands of the sea. Other portions of the earth would have to be left out of the account because of the firmly grounded doctrine of the civilians, which, if adopted and applied in our marriage legislation, would remove the odor of scandal from interstate marriages, that the law and civil status and private rights and liability of his origin attend him who flits from dominion to dominion and bind him as to matters purely personal in whatever domain he be temporarily sojourning.

Perhaps, then, the game may not be worth the necessary consumption of candle power, if we are to judge by the results that will be obtained.

As to difficulties in the way, it seems to be conceded that the heavens will fall before the States, with high standards as to the dissolution of marriage, abate one jot or tittle of their strictness. In New York, for example, social and religious circles would be stirred to depths of protest and promising political careers would end in oblivion sooner than laxity of divorce be written into our procedure code.

On the other hand, the newer, broader States of the far West will be slow to abandon that legal facility in readjusting family forming to circumstances which has for years faithfully reflected their economic and social exigencies and the former scarcity of women west and south and north of Kansas City, which partly explains why the dwellers mean "back East" when they refer to "God's country."

Persuading men to a departure from their fixed standards crosses that independence and individualism, whether it be of persons or of localities or geographical and political groups of persons and places, which the artists and story writers glorify as "local color." The growing spirit of nationalism is no doubt killing such of the independence and individualism which makes local coloring, as the massing of

swarms of population in urban centers has left undisturbed. When nationalism leads only to such convenience as comes from the standardization of machinery in the domain of mechanical engineering, for example, it is apt to move unchecked. It is likely also to sweep, when unopposed, in such wise as to bring the loss of something more than local color, as, for instance, the loss to the sum total of our national jurisprudence and wealth of learning due to those who kicked aside in at least one insular possession a legal system older than King Alfred, enriched by uninterrupted application and study of sages from the ages that antedate the Christian era and put in place thereof statutes of the Western States, too unenlightened to realize the loss they inflicted upon the American people. That, however, was a fortuitous exercise of wanton power without responsibility to any electorate, and would have failed had it been dependent upon a local electorate.

Strong, therefore, as the spirit of nationalism may be, local prejudice will, at least in the farming and grazing and mining States, prove a strong obstacle to the adoption of standardized legislation, unless the measure offered be a demonstrated remedy for a crying social or economic evil, and the agitators for uniformity in divorce law have fallen short of establishing that their remedy is adequate for the growing lightness in which the duties of the marriage relation are held by American men and women.

Much of the agitation upon the subject has been fomented by the words, spoken and written, of the clergy and by the regret of high-minded jurists for the scandals and tragedies caused by collusion or by ignorance as to the diverse application of the full faith and credit clause of the constitution to the varying divorce statutes of the several States. It may, peradventure, be predicted that the legal arguments for reform would vanish with instilling into the minds of people the knowledge that

the highest court of the land has held that a divorce decree, like any other judgment, is not entitled to full faith and credit everywhere unless rendered at the matrimonial domicile or after service of process upon the defendant within the State in which the court granting the decree sat, or after submission to the jurisdiction of the court on the part of the defendant, by formal appearance, if absent from that State. By removing to a State one does not confer on its court jurisdiction over a spouse never domiciled there. It almost causes surprise to know that in the latest case it was sustained in its severe simplicity by a vote of five to four. The minority held that a decree rendered by a State court on process served, not personally, but by a method sanctioned by the law of that State, is entitled to faith and credit throughout the Union, in so far as it affected the personal status and relief from a former marriage and power to remarry of a party personally before that court. The minority view would, under the faith and credit clause, have given the State courts a jurisdiction over absent parties not contemplated by the makers of the constitution, and as pointed out by the majority undermined the sovereign control by the several States, each in its own sphere and according to its policy, over the marriage relation. It ignored the marital domicile as an element of jurisdiction.

Another legal argument for reform would be dissipated were members of the bar to inculcate and cultivate so refined a scorn by the bench for deceit and chicanery that collusion, either as to residence or as to cause of action, would not be met half way with blind complacency to a weak and trumped-up record. There is no danger of confusion as to legitimacy of children and succession of property imminent to-day that could not be obviated by intelligent counsel and a conscientious bench, and the danger to the ignorant and careless would exist to a degree almost equal

under a standardized divorce law. Such cases as that of the lady divorced in New York at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and remarried in Connecticut by sundown of the same day would not be remedied by standardization; which would merely move the goal from the Connecticut State line to the Canada boundary.

The difficulty with the attitude of the clergy is both practical and philosophical. They forget that the duty of the legislator is not to put his code of morals or of ethics on the statute book but to provide for the general welfare of the community, and insure the practice of justice and equality in the relations of its members. Civilly speaking, marriage is a contract, not a sacrament. It is a civil contract, for the breach of which courts neither award damages nor decree specific performance as between the parties. Performance in the letter and the spirit of the duties of the marriage relation involves matters so delicate that they lie beyond the clumsy reach of any judicial writ or process yet devised. The interest of the commonwealth is in the protection of actual and potential mothers, the rearing of children and the integrity of the social unit of the organized community, the family. Public welfare requires that performance of the duty to support wife and children be specifically decreed, and the function thus conferred by public policy, utility and necessity upon the courts is exercised with a sternness that recognizes no mitigating circumstance. Conduct by a potential mother which threatens even potentially the integrity of a family is punished by dissolution of her family and forfeiture of her rights and privileges therein. Fairness and sentiment for equality between the sexes makes male infidelity of equal effect before the law, and when the legal system in one of our Latin dependencies was rounded out by an enactment stating causes of divorce, Congress found occasion to give the Spanish jurists who made no provision for

male digressions from conjugal fidelity an object lesson in Anglo-Saxon chivalry. That same consideration for the woman, which in the last century freed her property from the dominion of her husband, has put it also in her power absolutely in nearly all the States and to a limited degree in others to break her union to a wife-beater, or a drunkard or to one who has failed in the basic duty of support. The majority of the States find nothing contrary to public policy in dissolving a marriage that has failed of its purpose, from the public and the individual points of view for a time sufficiently long to raise the presumption of impossibility of reunion through the wilful abandonment by one party of the other.

It is inevitable that at this phase of the subject there should enter for consideration the balance between the necessary interest of the State in the stability of marriage and of families and the injustice to individuals coming from the prolongation to an extent, justified by no real public end or actual benefit, of a status of misery. No one who has resided in a Latin country requires to be persuaded by statistics that impossibility of divorce does not make universally for a morally elevated community and against social degradation of a percentage of its women. Virtue surrenders the more readily to a union beyond the pale of matrimony, when a civilly or religiously sanctioned union is civilly and legally impossible. Difficulty in contracting marriage does not tend to lower the rate of illegitimate births. It is not to the interest of the State to render marriage inordinately difficult, and thus contravene that provision of nature against race extinction which has made the base of matrimony the strongest of the human instincts and one often pervertible to debasement from its very superfluity of endowment. Were it otherwise, evasion of marriage itself would be commoner even than evasion of the duties of matrimony. On the other hand, public

policy does not require that the failure of one marriage be irretrievable through incapacity in case of dissolution to contract another, although a limit must be put upon caprice, selfishness and the absence of moral sensitiveness of individuals. The decision of the parties directly interested in justifying or indulging repudiation of duties may not override the general judgment expressed in each particular case through the judicial medium.

These are the practical common sense economic bounds of marriage viewed as a civic institution, and even thus narrowly viewed, the civic courts fall short of dispensing more than a clumsy justice in dealing with the subject. Even upon the subject of decreeing support, the courts sanction results that are absurd when tested in the light of common sense notions of justice. A woman may have entered matrimony with the resolve to perform such of its duties as suited her pleasure, and she may actually have repudiated all of them, and, nevertheless, succeed in obtaining the only specific performance the courts award, in the form of a decree for support. Your overworked judge will in effect tell the victimized husband that courts were not instituted for the washing of family linen, and that he should have known better than to marry such a woman. The courts have sanctioned the indelicacy of deriving maintenance from two men at the same time, and so authoritative a text writer as Bishop found a logical basis for such an anomaly in the theory that continuance of the support from the first husband is justly due a woman to compensate her for her depreciation in the matrimonial market through failure of her first venture. Reading a recent instance of abuse of the law one halts between pity for the foreign-born widower who married a second time to get a caretaker for his four orphaned children, and loathing for the woman who, repudiating her status as a step-mother, enforced her claim for support

growing out of an arrangement she had repudiated and cast the husband into jail, while his children went hungry.

The writer had opportunities to observe in Porto Rico the effect of bestowing upon that island the benefits of civil divorce for infidelity, or abandonment or cruelty or "insults," which is perhaps as substantial as any of the American improvements resulting from a change to a sovereignty ruled by the common law from one where the Roman civil law prevailed. The result was interesting in that it produced a general delivery from the pains of marriages that had failed to the relief of numbers of couples. In administering the new remedy Latin lawyers found difficulty in differentiating between judgments by consent or by confession in divorce cases and in ordinary litigation to the extent of protecting the public from connivance and collusion. When decrees were refused by the trial court for weakness of evidence, the Supreme Court pronounced the flimsiest scintilla of evidence strong enough. A lifelong resident of the island was enabled through a divorce to marry his housekeeper because an attorney, who produced neither client nor retainer from the wife alleged in a bill of divorce that he had abandoned his wife who was absent in Spain. A mother of a nursing child had a dispute with the father, trivial but sufficiently serious to found a divorce upon for cruelty. The sane influence of the church counteracted judicial inexperience and crudity in dealing with new law, and so a mother of a month-old infant was separated, divorced, remarried and reunited all within a month.

In a case in which the writer wrote the judgment for the trial court, a husband confessed unblushingly to atrocious marital misconduct of many varieties and looked cheerful while bosom friends corroborated the confession, but his native colleagues would not concur in the language of a decree which was practically a license to assume and violate new vows until it

had been so pruned and softened that it would almost have served the man as a testimonial to his character.

Returning from these actual instances of the working of a lax divorce law to the main phases of the subject, it is to be observed that civil courts can neither make women dutiful nor check and adequately punish the married libertine who in wantonness betrays his wife and children. In the matter of that breach of the marital duty to the State which has been lately called race suicide, although the writer has heard professors of economy delicately veil with the term "prudence" that line of marital conduct which feels itself justified by the thought that quality and not quantity of offspring is what the cut-throat competition of modern life demands from those who are not sheltered behind the accumulated wealth of some hoarding ancestor, no presidential bull or papal brief can materially supplement the deterring influence of long-enacted sections of the Penal Code.

In truth the modern marriage by its blending of romantic love, and matters of taste or sentiment, and its insistence upon congeniality of pursuits and objects of life, and those tastes, beliefs and sentiments that make up the warp and woof of life, has outgrown the supervision of it as a civil institution by lawyers and judges who apply to it under their conception of it as a civil contract the crude remedies of either the common or the civil law. People have come to recognize this legal or judicial inadequacy. Recently in the West a divorce petition contained six lines which were so spaced as to cover the entire page, in order that, so the pleader explained, the court might "read between the lines." A recent reviewer of Milton's theory of divorce puts it more elegantly as follows:

"There is an important distinction drawn by Aristotle between those evils which it is the business of the law to remedy and those which, in Milton's phrase, 'are too far within the soul to be cured by constraint of law and are left

only to be wrought on by conscience and persuasion.' The question of divorce clearly belongs both by the law of God and by the law of nations to this latter class, and it is only by papal encroachments that the courts of justice have been authorized to 'toss about and divulge the secret reason of disaffection between man and wife,' which is 'a thing most improperly answerable to any such kind of trial,' where the most private details of a man's life are disclosed to a gaping public, and every little wrong is 'aggravated in open court by hired masters of tongue-fence.' "

It well may be that this inadequacy of the secular tribunals gave, while the world was still barbarian, their first foothold to the clergy in the regulation of marriage and in the dealing with marital offenses, for the good of the offenders' souls. None may deny that it is the influence of the Christian religion that, first making marriage monogamic, has raised the position of the married woman from that of a child-bearing chattel and superior house servant. The Founder of the faith, aiming a blow at a particular evil of his age and race, condemned the Jewish custom of dismissing a wife from service *nolens volens* by a bill of divorcement written at the husband's pleasure, and forbade the putting of wives away save for the one cause. It would seem to require a turn for literalness of a peculiarly unintelligent stamp to extend this teaching to every phase of marriage dissolution—the putting away of a husband by his wife, for instance.

The priests, nevertheless, taught and enforced the indissolubility of the marriage tie and the one scriptural ground of dissolution was of rare application in an age when men went sword girded and risked their lives, as much in going about the theft of another man's wife as in the storming of his fortress, or the stealing of his cattle. Had not the so-called growth in enlightenment of the ages raised the woman's choice in the matter from nothing to the position of dominant factor, home-wrecking would still be an amusement that for danger would rank with burglary, in-

stead of being a sort of society game of ping-pong.

From the spiritual admonitions of the priest and confessor ecclesiastical control of marriage grew to the disciplinary jurisdiction of the diocesan courts, and the ordinary at the head of each court owned for his superior the Head of the Church on earth. In the ages when the conflicting forces of society were working out their adjustment and it was often uncertain whether the abbot or the count of the shire could muster more bowmen under his banner, there is small wonder that a civil jurisdiction derived not from the political organization of the state was so long recognized. Ingenuity and adaptability to changing needs of society found means to mitigate the rigor of the ecclesiastical tenet of the indissolubility of the marriage tie. To be sure, a marriage might not be dissolved. But suppose that for some refined metaphysical subtlety, that would escape the ordinary lay mind, it had never existed, because never validly entered into? The balked desires of Henry VIII. when the casuistry of the canonists found no means of gratifying him gave a political impetus to the forces of rationalizing Protestant thought that divided the English race from the Roman religious world, and Protestants, in abandoning to Rome the sacramental theory of marriage, inflicted upon their Christianized and half-Christianized portion of the world a loss, the recovery from which will require ages, of a force making for the moral elevation of mankind.

That force for elevation does not lie entirely in the direction of teaching marriage to be indissoluble or that the party to a divorce, whether guilty or conscience clear, may not legally remarry—at least, may not remarry with the church's blessing. Some argue on the subject that those who remarry will be confronted with two spouses in the next world, as though limitations and attributes of the human flesh and senses are not to disappear in the here-

after. Those who advance this argument do not use it, however, in support of the formal ecclesiastical prohibition of the dual marriage of widows and widowers. The modern world is secular and not clergy-ruled, and the notion of denying civil remarriage to the divorced, whether guilty or innocent, is a piece of sacerdotal Bourbonism that finds few followers. But to put the ban of the churches on such marriages and withhold Christian fellowship and the sacraments of the church from the parties thereto is well within the functions of the clergy. The effect of such a rule of religious discipline is incalculable among a people who, though only a small part of them be actually or even nominally Christians in the religious sense, nevertheless follow the lead of the church in matters of social standing and prestige. The ripples of wholesome influence will extend far and away from that internal leaven of sternness in proximity to which some few devoted followers will suffer earthly unhappiness for their obedience.

The proper field for the clergy is, therefore, not in legislative halls, urging divorce reform, but in the study,

the chapel and the confessional, laboring for the restoration to the consciences of men and women of the medieval solemnity of the marriage relation; preaching anew what has been forgotten in modern life, that marriage means mutual duties of so grave a character that disaster will follow if it be entered upon lightly and without instruction and under conditions of unequal yoking; above all, that it may not be repudiated, when once entered, in any phase, without loss of honor and sacrifice of standing. Few divorces, if any, follow ordinary prudence and religious care in the selection of a spouse, but most do come from light-headedness and absence of religious instruction. There is magic in the word marriage and in the formal civil wedlock. Were it not so, many modern alliances would merit a less honorable appellation. The sooner the clergy set about teaching the world the difference in spirit and results between the Christian marriage and the usual civil union as lightly dissolved as it is easily blundered into, the more quickly will the tide of laxness and looseness as to family forming and dissolving be met and turned back.



The Editor's Miscellany.

UNITED STATES government figures show that in the ten years which ended with June 30, 1904, the number of square-rigged sailing vessels flying the American flag diminished almost one-half. Further, not one square-rigged vessel was built in this country in two consecutive years. And the Commissioner of Navigation makes his comment in this wise: "The construction of square-rigged vessels has probably not entirely ceased in the United States, but the future output will not equal the loss through wreck, abandonment and cutting down into barges." There is a sentimental loss in the passing of the clipper, which once carried the Stars and Stripes into nearly every port of the globe. In the rising economic value of the schooner and the steam vessel lies the doom of the old square-rigger, the handsomest and the bravest craft that sailed the seven seas. The day may come when models of square-riggers will be found in museums as a record of a bygone day. But that day should not be suffered to appear before the epic of the clipper and of the red-blooded men who sailed her has been sung. The last clipper will deserve a comfortable berth in a quiet harbor where the decay of her barnacled keel may be attended with grace and dignity and respect, such as are the due of her skipper in the silvery, shrinking years of his age, an "outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

* * *

There is a fascination in what may yet be termed the legend of the square-rigger, and that fascination lies in the

power of feats of struggle and conquest to command the imagination of men. Utility makes no appeal that may be compared with the note of greatness which marks a display of high courage. A "mollycoddle" may be a comfortable person, but he would never be suspected of qualities that inspire great effort. It is fair to assume that no "mollycoddle" would relish a personal share of Lieut. Peary's approach to the North Pole across the ice from the good ship Roosevelt. And human nature does not change much with the centuries. The Spanish cavaliers of the sixteenth century and their sovereigns were alike in their admiration of deeds that would make a "mollycoddle" shudder. Charles the Fifth allowed the family of Diego Ordaz to assume a burning mountain on their escutcheon to commemorate the courage of that soldier of Cortes who led nine companions beyond the lava beds and the treacherous ice to the snowy crown of Popocatepetl, "the hill that smokes," when their Indian guides had fled dismayed by the subterranean sounds of the volcano.

* * *

A story that combines the masterful attraction of the mountains and the dramatic interest of an unusual complication of men and women is "Running Water" (the Century Company) by A. E. W. Mason. The majesty, the beauty and the danger of the Alps dominate the reader without swerving the interest in the plot, which shifts its scene to England and back to Switzerland. "To Michel Revaillood" (Capt. Chayne's old guide) "the whole vast range was spread out as on a raised map, buttress and peak, and dome of

snow from the Aiguille d'Argentiere in the east to the summit of Mont Blanc in the west. In his thoughts he turned from mountain to mountain and found each one, majestic and beautiful, dear as a living friend, and hallowed with recollections. He remembered days when they had called, and not in vain, for courage and endurance, days of blinding snowstorms and bitter winds which had caught him half way up some ice-glazed precipice of rock or on some long steep ice slope crusted dangerously with thin snow into which the axe must cut deep hour after hour, however frozen the fingers or tired the limbs. He recalled the thrill of joy with which, after many vain attempts, he, the first of men, had stepped on to the small topmost pinnacle of this or that new peak. He recalled the days of travel, the long glacier walks on the high level from Chamonix to Zermatt, and from Zermatt again to the Oberland; the still clear mornings and the pink flush upon some high white cone which told that somewhere the sun had risen; and the unknown ridges where expected difficulties suddenly vanished at the climber's approach, and others where an easy scramble suddenly turned into the most difficult of climbs."

In the evening of his life Michel told Shayne: "Take care, monsieur. You are lonely to-night—very lonely. Then take good care that your old age is not one lonely night like this repeated and repeated through many years! Take good care that when you in your turn come to the end and say good-bye, too!"—he waved his hand toward the mountains—"you have some one to share your memories. See, monsieur!" and very wistfully he began to plead, "I go home to-night, I go out of Chamonix, I cross a field or two, I come to Les Praz-Conduits and my cottage. I push open the door. It is all dark within. I light my own lamp and I sit there a little by myself. Take an old man's wisdom, monsieur! When it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in

the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories."

The wistful womanliness of Sylvia, the moral rescue of Wallie Hine and the mystery of Gabriel Strood add powerful elements to the interest of the story. But the Alpine note dominates.

* * *

It is a question what is mediocre and what is commonplace. No doubt many of the great characters in the fiction that persists, despite neglect or the popularity of temporary vogue, are seemingly commonplace to most observers when found in life. The surer judgment and sometimes the intuition of the artist detect the soul of quality beneath the surface of mediocrity. Too often the commonplace is supposed to be the ordinary, the complaisant, the not over-aspiring, the stolid and serious. But that which is really dull so as to pall on the observer is poverty of quality. A great popularity of the moment greeted a novel of last season, which dealt with a circle of metropolitan society that captivates the imagination of many persons, poor in the possession of creature comforts and ignorant of the extent of the truth that clothes do not make the man. As a satire with a healthy moral, this story with all its artificiality would have made a lasting appeal, had the writer chosen characters possessed of enough human value to be representative of their fellows. Persons poverty-stricken in human nature hardly command long attention, and in a story characters meet the same standard of value. With wide advertising and a subject of which people like to read, a writer may get a hearing that is often as lucrative as it is momentary, but to make a contribution of value to literature the writer must first grasp the basic truths of the relations of men and then must tell his story about characters worthy of acquaintance, whether for their strength or their charm or their folly or their wrongdoing.

Chile con Carne.

IT may be said, with some justice, that Longfellow wrote too much; it is an almost incurable habit in what, for want of a better word, we call the "professional" poet. He wrote many weak lines, but he wrote also many poems that wing straight home—delicate, fragrant, bird-like in poise and beauty. It is very easy to criticize Longfellow, but in honor and justice let us admit joyfully that he left some imperishable verse. He was, in a way, essentially the poet of youth, not the youth of morbid musings, but of vigorous and joyous physical life. Even his melancholy is more tender than profound. It was with him

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain.

Shall we call him the greatest of the minor poets?—From T. P.'s Weekly.

* * *

The personality of every man is that in him which takes all events that happen to him or come within the range of his knowledge, all ideas he entertains or has entertained, all experiences he has or shall have, and binds all these past and present, near and remote, similar and diverse, into one continuous whole which he calls his life.—The Rev. Carl S. Patton in the Hibbert Journal.

* * *

Mrs. Keene—Have the other ladies arrived?

Maid—Yes'm, you're the last one.

Mrs. Keene—Well, announce me so

that they can get through talking about me before I go in.

—From Idler.

* * *

On the 5th of February, 1807, died Gen. Pasquale de Paoli, at his house in Edgware Road. To this generation he is best known as the central figure of Boswell's "Account of Corsica"—a book which may still be read with pleasure. In Boswell's "Johnson," too, we have a glimpse of this brave and accomplished soldier. Born in exile—his father had been driven from Corsica to Naples—Paoli returned to the island to fling himself into the heroic struggle of his country against the Genoese. He was appointed to the chief command, and might, indeed, have achieved the independence of Corsica had not the enemy secured the aid of France and sold the island to that nation. For a year he held out against the French army, but was at last overcome. He escaped to England, was cordially received by many distinguished people, and was given a civil list pension of £1,200 a year.

Dr. Johnson was introduced to Paoli by Boswell, and the pair got on very well together. "They met," says Boswell, "with a manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities, and of the abilities of each other. The General spoke Italian, and Dr. Johnson English, understanding each other fairly well. At that meeting compliments ran high on both sides: "From what I have read of your works, sir," said the General, "and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long

held you in great veneration." Then they fell to speaking of languages, when the doctor observed, "Sir you talk of language as if you had never done anything else but study it, instead of governing a nation." To which the General returned that this was too great a compliment. Upon which Johnson heightened it by saying, "I should have thought so, sir, if I had not heard you talk." The same evening Johnson said to Boswell, over the inevitable tea, "Gen. Paoli has the loftiest port of any man he had ever seen." Lord Auchinlech, Boswell's father, on the other hand, referred to Paoli as "the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican." This, however, may have been inspired by his son's folly in appearing at a Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon with the words "Corsica Boswell" in large letters on his hat.

Paoli was a generous host; for some time, indeed, Boswell lived in his house. In one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson said "he loved to dine" with the General. "There was a variety of dishes much to his taste," writes Boswell, "of all of which he seemed to me to eat so much that I was afraid he might be hurt by it." Boswell whispered his fear to Paoli, who replied, "Alas! see how ill he looks; he can live but a short time. Would you refuse any slight gratifications to a man under sentence of death?" Paoli was buried in London, but in 1889 his remains were removed to the island of his affection.—From T. P.'s Weekly.

* * *

There is no distinction in being a man, but there is considerable distinction in being an omnibus driver. Not to be labeled is to be a failure. A man does not feel safe without a label on which are written his name and address and destination; he is afraid of finding himself in the lost property office of the world.—From the Saturday Review.

* * *

What Shakespeare thought was that men and women were all actors, and

that the whole world was a stage, and in so saying he was not making a cynical disparagement of the stage world.

Shakespeare knew that, whether on the stage or off, they were actors, and he knew that he realized life by dramatizing on the stage what was being done in the world by every one in a more or less loose way.

The ordinary individual thought that dramatic art was a falsehood, but it was really an attempt to show life.—George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

No man ever had a better right to the title of Nonconformist than Mr. C. F. Aked, who is shortly going to New York to be the preacher of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, where worships John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Aked (it is his own choice, for he has said that he has no use for "the papal prefix 'reverend'") conforms to no man and to nothing whatever except his own idea of what is right. Hard hitter and straight talker, he has built up for his Liverpool church a national reputation. From that pulpit time and time again he has bluntly and fearlessly condemned whatever was wrong. He is not an abstract, but a human preacher; he fought stoutly in Liverpool for purity, for temperance, for the sweeping away of the slums. In his view, social reform makes the most part of religion. Battalions of critics have dipped into the inkpot because he has accepted the call to what has been mis-called "Rockefeller church" and a millionaire congregation. Critics do not trouble Mr. Aked in the least. In answer to a question, he replied that he "had not anything to say about millionaires worth saying. "Once Mr. Aked, enjoying the play in a Liverpool theatre, met one of his own deacons, who affected to be very much surprised. "What are you doing here?" said the deacon. "I'm here to see a play," returned the preacher. "I suppose you came to blacklead the kitchen grate?" —From the London Rapid.

In the Market Place.

PANICS on the stock exchanges either arise from within or they are forced by outside conditions. In other words, either they result from the technical conditions created by the stock market speculators themselves, and, therefore, affect only those immediately interested in the course of prices; or they reflect merely conditions obtaining elsewhere than within the narrow boundaries which inclose Wall street and Lombard street. The Flower panic which followed the death of Gov. Flower, the panic which attended the Northern Pacific corner, the so-called Lawson panic a few years ago, and a score of lesser stock market collapses may properly be classed among the first category. The panic of 1873, the collapse of 1893 and a few others may be said to have been caused by conditions prevailing outside of the Stock Exchange circle. Whether the panic which prevailed on the stock exchanges of all the important financial centers on March the 13th and 14th of this year belongs in the first or second class is not yet clear. The extraordinary collapse in values which occurred on those days presented so many other unusual features as almost to place the event in a class by itself.

* * *

Perhaps the fact that the panic was not accompanied by any failures has been enlarged upon too much in the daily press. Its only significance lies in the indication which it gives that there were enough strong institutions to carry over the weaker and smaller houses. In this effort the strong in-

stitutions were aided by the overnight recovery in the market. But that at one time on Thursday many houses, and perhaps public depositories, were insolvent there is no reason to doubt. The fact that these insolvents were temporarily saved means nothing. Sometimes efforts to extricate insolvent firms are successful, but more often, especially in a falling market, they result only in enlarging the losses to others. There is but one contingency which could avoid such failures and that is that a permanent recovery should take place in the stock market.

* * *

That expectation can only be entertained, however, on the theory that the recent collapse was due entirely to causes arising within the walls of the Stock Exchanges themselves. It is by no means clear that this theory is correct. In fact, everything points to the conclusion that outside conditions played more than a minor part in bringing about the severe contraction in stock market values. There had been very little overspeculation by the general public. The absence of this element in stock speculation had been a matter for comment for months and had, indeed, been counted a pillar of strength in support of the market's high level. Such speculation as was carried on was entirely in the hands of a few rich men and coteries, who, it appears, certainly misjudged the general conditions and who were finally forced to lighten their burden by the pressure of those very general conditions which they had refused to recognize. The deciding force which

brought about the climax in the fall of prices was sudden fright caused by an act which was intended originally to have just the opposite effect. There is little doubt that J. P. Morgan sailed for Europe after his interview with President Roosevelt, fully convinced that he had taken the step which would prevent further demoralization of the market. But Mr. Morgan has an unfortunate habit of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. In 1903 his "undigested securities" interview which was intended to reassure investors had just the opposite effect. His pilgrimage to the mountain was construed as a sign that large interests were badly frightened, and those, who were still holding large quantities of depreciated stocks, argued that if Morgan was scared they had good reason to be scared also.

* * *

If, therefore, the sudden taking fright of many rich speculators caused the final collapse, the cause of that sudden fright was the real cause of the panic. It will not be denied that the cause of this fright had gradually acquired cumulative force and that its origin lay in the policies of the President. That these policies were merely the outcome of years of abuse of power and of the confidence of the people by financial leaders is also true. The whirlwind which was reaped last month was sowed years ago by the trustees of insurance companies, the directors of railroad companies and the heads of many kinds of fiduciary, public and semi-public corporations, who, in the language of a politician, were "working for their own pockets all the time." The storm which broke a few weeks ago had been brewing ever since the insurance expose first began to attract, then to startle and finally to rouse the people to wrath and action. The laws, which have recently been placed on the statute books and about which financiers are complaining so loudly, would never have been enacted, had it not been for the revelations of the last two or three years. The panic of March

the 13th and 14th of 1907 will be remembered as a panic of morals.

* * *

Its effect upon the country at large remains to be seen. That the low prices reached by many stocks attracted investment buying such as heretofore had not been seen in Wall street for years is certain. Investors, in spite of their lack of confidence in the financial leaders, evidently argued that the prices offered in the stock market more than discounted any villainy that might have been perpetrated by greed. But that a moderate rise in values will again eliminate the investment buying of securities is also certain. The future course of prices will, therefore, it seems, depend largely upon these forces, the influence of which may generally be measured accurately enough.

* * *

For the immediate future the crops will, to a large extent, be depended upon to sustain values. Winter wheat has so far been favorable, and with good crops the adverse factors may be overcome. The influences which work against values at this time are largely of a monetary kind. The strain on credits has been severe and there is little sign of any falling off in the demand for money. In spite of the enormous liquidation of the last few months in the security markets of all the important financial centers in this country and in Europe, money still loans at exceedingly high interest rates. This means that the demand for accommodations by the business interests is still large. In other words, there is as yet no sign of that overproduction and slackening of demand which generally precedes a business depression. Business men do not enlarge their facilities, unless they feel reasonably sure that the demand is such as to warrant a heavier production. But business men, like other workers with their brains, are imaginative and are likely to make mistakes. Only the future can tell whether the present prevailing judgment among the manufacturers and merchants is warranted

or whether an unforeseen falling off in the demand will not bring disaster to their enterprises. In this connection it is important to note the expression recently published by an authority on commercial conditions to the effect that the necessary consequence of the legislation in control of corporate enterprise would mean a reduction in enterprise, therefore a reduction in the demand for labor and therefore lower wages for the laboring classes. Such a lowering of the scale of wages could, of course, have only one effect upon the consumption of manufactured and food products. That the heavy losses sustained by many of the wealthy class in the recent stock market slump will cause a reduction in their expenditures for luxuries appears also a reasonable expectation. There is, therefore, likely to be a reduction in the demand for certain articles of food and manufacture, which may be sufficient to affect adversely the enterprises that are now seeking to enlarge their facilities. In the opinion of the writer this is, therefore, not a time for expansion of liabilities but rather a time for accumulation of assets, in order to be secure against any possible business reaction. Such cautious harvesting of resources does not necessarily mean retrenchment, but rather suggests the advisability of contentment with present profits and returns upon investments.

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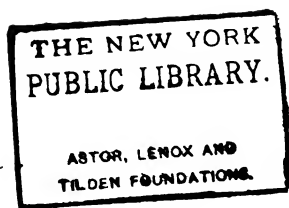
The strained relations between the money markets in Europe and those in the United States continue. Again this country is in a position to draw upon London for gold, but fear of retaliatory measures by the Bank of England has so far deterred international bankers from exercising that power. The Bank of England rate has now been at 5 per cent. for a period of time seldom approximated heretofore, and a return to the still higher rate of 6 per cent., which prevailed for a few weeks toward the end of December, would be as much dreaded in New York as in London. Paris, in the mean time, is sitting at

the doors of its gold vaults unwilling to sell any part of the precious metal held by it. This condition makes the strain upon the monetary situation all the more unbearable. New York financiers still indulge themselves with the hope that the Aldrich currency law which was enacted by the late Congress will help to lessen the strain in Wall street as well as in the country at large. The new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cortelyou, has already taken advantage of the bill and has come to the relief of the money market, but these artificial measures result only in temporary amelioration. The issue of United States bonds in 1893 would have resulted in bankrupting the United States Treasury, had not the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law been repealed. In the meantime the prophecy of Jacob H. Schiff that this country would see a panic beside which previous panics would look like child's play has only partially been fulfilled.

* * *

To step aside a moment and endeavor to get a perspective of the transportation problem, the tendencies marking its evolution and the effect upon the minds of the American people, as investors, as shippers, as travelers, as guardians of their public and business morals, and as voters, of the new publicity as to the methods of the railway financiers and operators is an essential preliminary to a sane conception. There is no question that the revelations attending the Harriman investigation have made the doctrine of ultimate government ownership appear less fantastic to the normal American individualist of sound morals. In this connection the recent demonstration of the fallibility of stock market valuations may also have its bearing in refutation of the theory, often advanced by opponents of Mr. Bryan's ideas on this subject, that any purchase by the government of railroad or other properties at anything but boom valuations was necessarily in the nature of confiscation.

EDWARD STUART.





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John Tyler and His Presidency.*

By His Son, LYON G. TYLER, LL.D.

THE first Virginia President, George Washington, had just completed the first year of his Presidential office, when a boy was born in Charles City County, near the banks of the James River in Virginia, who was destined to be the last of the illustrious line of Presidents furnished by the mother of States and statesmen. The name of the boy was John Tyler, the fourth in direct line in his family, who had borne that name. His father was a man of much consequence in the politics of his State, when to be a leader in Virginia was to be a national character. During the American Revolution John Tyler, Sr., was Speaker of the House of Delegates, and afterwards, Judge of the State Supreme Court, Governor of the Commonwealth, and finally Judge of the District Court of the United States. In the long period during which he gave his services to the public, he was brought in contact with all the eminent men of Virginia. He was especially the personal friend of Thomas Jefferson, of Patrick Henry and of

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James Madison, and with John Marshall, the chief justice of the United States, presided in the Federal Circuit Court for Virginia.

The judge's acquaintance with Jefferson began in 1764, in Williamsburg, Virginia, then the capital of the Colony. Tyler was a student at William and Mary College, and Jefferson was studying law under the celebrated George Wythe at the same time. His acquaintance with the second, Patrick Henry, began the next year, when with Jefferson he stood in the lobby of the House of Burgesses and listened to Patrick Henry's speech on the Stamp Act. Young Tyler was carried away with admiration for Mr. Henry, and became so bitter an opponent of the British government that his father often predicted "he would be hanged as a rebel." Afterward he saw a great deal of Mr. Henry in the Virginia conventions and Legislature, and exchanged letters and visits with him. On the occasion of the christening of Tyler's eldest son, Wat Henry Tyler, Mr. Henry was a guest, and was curious to know why that name was selected. He was answered by Judge Tyler that it was done in honor of the "two greatest rebels in English history, Wat Tyler and Patrick Henry." When Mr. Wirt wrote his life of Patrick Henry, he was greatly assisted by Judge Tyler in the preparation of the work. In repeating to Mr. Wirt his recollections of the great commoner, he mingled his own fiery eloquence with the bare outlines of Henry's speeches on the Stamp Act and the war, as remembered by him. So that the speeches ascribed to Patrick Henry are as much Tyler's as they are Henry's.

Judge Tyler's acquaintance with Mr. Madison began in the Legislature in 1780, and they were connected very closely in the measures which laid the foundations of the Federal government. They served together on the committee to whom the question about revenue and commerce was referred, but it was Mr. Tyler's good luck to force through the Legislature in January, 1786, a measure for a convention of all the States to be called at Annapolis for amending the Articles of Confederation. As every school boy knows, the Annapolis convention led to the celebrated convention held the next year, 1787, at Philadelphia, which formed the present Federal constitution.

Judge Tyler was vice-president of the State convention called in 1788 to pass upon the work of the Federal convention, and, in the great contest between Madison and Henry over the question of adoption, sided with the latter. One of the strongest points which he made against the constitution was its authorizing the continuance of the slave trade which Virginia had abolished in 1778. "I want it to be handed down to posterity that I opposed this wicked clause," he said. This antagonism in the convention did not

create any hard feelings, and Madison, as President of the United States, many years later, showed his confidence in Judge Tyler by appointing him to the highest Federal office at his disposal—the judgeship of the United States District Court. Not only was it an important office, but there were particular reasons why the appointment was agreeable to Judge Tyler. At the time of the adoption of the Federal constitution, he was holding the position of Judge of the State Admiralty Court. This Court was absorbed by the new constitution into the District Court of the United States, but Washington, instead of appointing Judge Tyler to the position, appointed Judge Cyrus Griffin—a man of good family—a mild Federalist, and of upright intentions. “General Washington gave Judge Griffin my old office,” wrote Judge Tyler to Mr. Jefferson, “because I was not for the new Federal government without previous amendments. This kind of conduct began the strong distinction which has embittered the cup of life, and, in a great measure, produced a spirit of retaliation when the Republicans prevailed.”

After he had acted as Judge for over twenty years, Griffin fell sick and died; and Mr. Jefferson, then in retirement, broke through his resolve “never to embarrass President Madison with his solicitations,” and in 1810 wrote a letter urging him to appoint Judge Tyler to the vacancy. The following is an extract from Jefferson’s letter and is sufficiently eulogistic: “It will be difficult to find a character of firmness enough to preserve his independence on the same bench with Marshall. Tyler, I am certain, would do it. He is an able and well read lawyer, about 59 years of age. He was popular as a judge, and is remarkably so as a governor, for his incorruptible integrity, which no circumstances have ever been able to turn from its course. Indeed, I think there is scarcely a person in the state so solidly popular, or who would be so much approved of for that place. A milk and water character in that office would be seen as a calamity. Tyler, having been the former State judge of that court, too, and removed to make way for so wretched a fool as Griffin, has a kind of right to reclamation, with the advantage of repeated elections by the legislature, as admiralty judge, and Governor. But of all these things you will judge fairly between him and his competitors.” The appointment followed, and Judge Tyler resigned his office of governor which he then held, and once more went on the bench. He was brought, thereby, in direct relations with Chief Justice Marshall, who sat with him in the case of *Livingston versus Jefferson*—a case which excited much interest throughout the Union. The firmness on which Mr. Jefferson relied seems to have been manifested. The suit was improperly brought, and Judge Marshall proposed to adjourn the matter to the Supreme Court, but Judge Tyler pressed the propriety of

entering an opinion, and his colleague consented. Incidentally, came up the question of the relation to the Federal government of the common law, which Judge Marshall maintained was a part of the national jurisprudence and Judge Tyler as stoutly denied. This difference in opinion involved the much controverted question of the nature of the Union, and was finally decided, as far as such a question could be decided, in favor of Judge Tyler's contention; and it is an interesting fact that despite the centralization of power which has taken place since, the idea which he expressed is yet the accepted rule of construction—that no power can be assumed by the officers of the Federal government unless expressly granted by the constitution or statute made in pursuance thereof. It is yet admitted that the government of the United States is one of limited powers, and international in interpretation.

Judge Tyler has a claim to remembrance for two other important acts. He was one of the earliest judges to hold that the judges could set aside an act of the legislature, if it was not in accord with the Constitution. As Governor of Virginia, he secured the establishment in 1808 of the Literary Fund for the purposes of education.

Many stories are told illustrative of the character of Judge Tyler. He was very fond of young men, and aided them in every way possible by words of advice and encouragement. William Wirt was one of those who in his youth was indebted to him: "When I went to the bar I became engaged in a case in which my fee, dependent on success, was a large one. The lion in my way was Charles Copland. When the day arrived for the trial of the case the terror increased upon me, and so continued until I fell in with Judge Tyler, one of the judges of the court, who inquired as to my success at the bar. I replied that I had on that day a case coming on which would yield me a good fee, but that I was terrified in having to encounter Mr. Copland. 'Pooh, pooh,' said the judge, 'all nonsense; if the law is with you, the court will take care of the balance.' Thus encouraged, I entered on the argument and gained the cause."

Judge Tyler was conspicuous for his intense patriotism and hatred of the British. In 1784 Edmund Randolph explained that there were three parties in the Legislature: "Mr. Henry had one corps, R. H. Lee a second and the speaker (Tyler) a third, founded on a riveted opposition to our late enemies and everything that concerned them." After the Revolution he was a warm Republican, who fretted greatly under the British policy of impressing our Seamen. He welcomed the war of 1812, and decided the first prize case that came up for adjudication in that war. As he left the bench after giving the judgment of condemnation, he rubbed his hands and declared: "There, by

the Lord! they will find out that the war is not all on one side." Not long after, being called to Norfolk in inclement weather, he contracted pneumonia, from which, after a long illness, he died. During his sickness his oft expressed regret was "that he could not live long enough to see that proud English nation once more humbled by American arms." The General Assembly of Virginia passed highly laudatory resolutions on his career, named a county after him, and wore crape for a month—an expression of sorrow never vouchsafed to any of her citizens except the most distinguished. Judge Spencer Roane, of the State Supreme Court, who married a daughter of Patrick Henry, declared that "his mind was of the highest order and that his great soul was manifested in his contempt of dress, ornament and everything but principle." And Henry Clay, who, as a young student in Judge Wythe's office, was well acquainted with Judge Tyler, said in Congress many years later that "a purer patriot or more honest man never breathed the breath of life."

Such was the father of the future President, who was born at "Greenway," Charles City County, Virginia, on the 29th of March, in the year 1790. Naturally, his character and opinions in after life were much affected by his father's influence. His hero in politics, Thomas Jefferson, came to him as a kind of inheritance. Simple in his habits and dress, deeply imbued with the spirit of republicanism, and sincerely attached to the Federal character of the Union, Tyler aspired, like Jefferson, to no higher title than that of a Virginia gentleman, and gloried in the opinion that the Commonwealth was a free, independent and sovereign nation, united with others equally free in making the greatest Republic on earth. An amusing story is handed down of his first acquaintance with the veteran statesman. In 1809, while his father was governor, Mr. Jefferson, who had resided in retirement at Monticello since the inauguration of Mr. Madison, visited Richmond. He was received with great respect by the citizens and invited by the Governor to dinner. In the absence of his sister, John, then in his 20th year, a student in the office of Edmund Randolph, acted as major domo and had charge of the repast. The first course passed off without incident. Mr. Jefferson was eloquent in conversation, and John listened in rapturous silence to the great man, of whom he had heard his father so often speak. The dishes were taken away, and the gentlemen present sat awaiting the dessert. Suddenly a door opened and a negro servant appeared, bearing with both hands raised high above his head a smoking dish of plum pudding. Making a grand flourish the servant deposited it before Judge Tyler. Scarcely had he withdrawn before another attendant came in bearing another plum pudding, equally hot, which, at a

grave word from John, he placed before Mr. Jefferson. The Governor, who expected a little more variety, turned to his son, who sat surveying the puddings with tender interest, and remarked: "Two plum puddings, John! two plum puddings. Why, this is rather extraordinary!" "Yes, sir," said the enterprising major domo, "it is extraordinary, but" (and here he rose and bowed deferentially to Mr. Jefferson) "it is an extraordinary occasion."

Plum pudding was Mr. Tyler's favorite dessert, and he took this way to express his esteem of his father's guest. Indeed, he never lost his love for plum pudding or his esteem for Mr. Jefferson as long as he lived.

Before he was quite twenty-one, Mr. Tyler was elected to the House of Delegates of Virginia, and he thus began that long career of politics, during which he passed through all the important offices open by election to the citizens of his State, both in the State and Federal government. True to his states-rights views, he opposed in Congress the Missouri compromise, the bank, internal improvements by the Federal government and the tariff for protection.

The latter question came to a crisis in 1833. Mr. Clay was the champion of the protective tariff doctrine and Mr. Calhoun, who had been a tariff man like Mr. Clay, went to the opposite extreme of nullification. His State seconded him, and Andrew Jackson, then President, issued a proclamation, and Congress passed a bill entitled the Force bill, placing the army and navy at his disposal. South Carolina saw the storm and prepared for it, while thousands in the other Southern States stood on tiptoe ready to rush to her assistance. The theory of government favored by Mr. Tyler, then a Senator, though not endorsing nullification, put him in opposition to coercion, and his solitary vote was recorded against the Force bill. But his devotion to the Union was real, loyal and sincere, and he hastened to prove the fact by interesting himself in bringing the two chief actors in Congress together and thus averted the clash of arms, the ultimate consequences of which no one could foresee.

With Mr. Clay Mr. Tyler had never agreed politically, but he had always greatly admired him for his splendid powers of oratory and felt the wonderful magnetism of his impressive personality. They were intimates in spite of their opinions. In the conditions confronting the country, Mr. Tyler undertook the role of pacificator, and sought an interview with Mr. Clay. They discussed the situation, and Mr. Tyler prevailed upon Clay to offer a bill reducing the tariff rates. The next thing to do was to bring about a meeting between Clay and Calhoun, who were not on speaking terms. This was accomplished through the instrumentality of Mr. Tyler, who could approach

Calhoun as a Southern man, though they had never been intimate. The extremes met and agreed upon the details of the bill, which soon after passed Congress, thus averting civil war.

Mr. Tyler in his speech in Richmond, in 1860, at the unveiling of the statue of Henry Clay, recalled the enthusiasm which he felt that day when Mr. Clay rose in the Senate to announce "the great measure of peace and reconciliation." "I occupied a seat on the left; he a similar one on the right of the Senate chamber. We advanced to meet each other and grasped each other's hands midway the chamber."*

It is probable that Mr. Clay's motives were not altogether patriotic in proposing this "compromise tariff," as it was called. The facts seem to be that the manufacturing interest had not been able to save him from defeat in the late election (that of 1832), and to press protection to a conflict of arms would redound not to his, but to Gen. Jackson's glorification. The proclamation drove from the Democratic party most of the original Crawford men like Tyler, who believed in the states-rights character of the republic. So Clay had ideas of a new and more powerful union of factions in his own favor. Thus arose soon after the Whig party, composed of National Republicans formerly led by Clay, and of States Rights Democrats, who had left the Democratic party because it outhiered the National Republicans. "Were ever men so deceived as we have been," wrote Tyler, in 1833, "I mean those of the old Democratic school—in Jackson? His proclamation has swept away all the barriers of the constitution, and given us, in place of the Federal government, under which we fondly believed we were living, a consolidated military despotism."

Mr. Clay became very popular in the South, where he was regarded by Mr. Tyler and most of the leading men, for his course on the tariff, as the savior of his country. But in the same proportion as he grew in favor with the States Rights men he lost caste with the Northern wing of his party dominated by the manufacturers. The old issues between parties became necessarily "obsolete," and wherever the Whigs made an expression of opinion at all, they assumed a states-right role and pronounced against bank, tariff and internal improvements.

Nevertheless, the manufacturers and their friends, though they kept very silent before the public, were none the less secretly bent upon their designs, and by their intrigues in the Whig convention at Harrisburg, in 1839, they procured the defeat of Mr. Clay's nomination for the Presidency and

**Letters and Times of the Tylers*, I., 467.

the selection of Gen. Harrison. They attempted the same kind of intrigues against Mr. Tyler, whose name was mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency, but signally failed.*

Mr. Tyler loyally supported Mr. Clay in the Whig convention at Harrisburg, and repeatedly voted for him, but received, I am sorry to say, only the worst sort of treatment in return. Mr. Clay, disappointed in the results of his alliance with the States Rights Whigs of the South, immediately after the election turned his back upon his former professions, and reintroduced the old National Republican measures which he had declined in the late canvass.

Thus Mr. Tyler soon after found himself, as President, in a trying position, but was not to be driven into a sacrifice of his opinions. Without reference to personal consequences, he vetoed bank, tariff and internal improvement bills, and by doing so preserved his own consistency, rebuked the bad faith of the Whigs, and did the country a great service. Clay turned all of his newspapers upon him, and Mr. Tyler was unmercifully abused throughout the Union; and the friendship which had so long prevailed was dissolved forever.

Mr. Tyler had to conduct his administration without much aid from either of the great parties, yet before the conclusion of his term he thoroughly punished Mr. Clay for his defection and ugly behavior. In 1844 Clay received the coveted nomination from the Whigs, but Mr. Tyler sprung the Texas question upon him, and uniting his forces with the Democrats, achieved the election of James K. Polk.

Abuse and detraction were uncongenial weapons to Mr. Tyler, and, despite the unjust treatment which he had received at Mr. Clay's hands, we find him calling a halt upon his friends soon after the election of 1844. He writes: "My own opinion is that we had better now leave off abusing Mr. Clay altogether. He is dead and let him rest." Politically "dead" as a Presidential aspirant Mr. Clay certainly was, though he lived to play an important part in the compromise of 1850. In 1852, two years later, he died in the mortal sense, and the comments of Mr. Tyler have the ring of real regret: "Yes, my dear sir, Mr. Clay has paid the great debt which we are all sooner or later to be required to pay. He did me great wrong and caused thousands to entertain opinions of me which had no foundation in truth; but in doing so, he was madly ambitious, and while injuring me, he did more serious and lasting injury to himself and his fame. History is the impartial arbiter to

*Letters and Times of the Tylers, III., 204.

decide between us, and to its decision I fearlessly submit myself. My feelings of anger toward him are all buried in his grave. We were once intimate, and I had a warm attachment and admiration for him, but he broke the silver cord with a reckless hand, and his arm became too short to reach the golden fruit, for which he gave up friendship and everything."

Eight years later, on the invitation of a Whig committee, he spoke, as we have seen, with much of his old time enthusiasm for Mr. Clay, at the unveiling of a statue to his memory in Richmond. The country then stood on the brink of civil war, and Mr. Tyler warmed to the man who had aided him in 1833 in preserving the peace of the Union. He remembered the "grasp of hands in the Senate," in that far away day, and his heart overflowed with the memories of the occasion: "It is that grasp of the hand which has brought me here to-day. I felt that he (Clay) deserved a monument, and I am here to witness its inauguration; after occurrences have not restrained me from coming."

The most important part of Mr. Tyler's career is found, of course, in his administration of the Federal government. Believing thoroughly in the Federal character of the constitution, he was, nevertheless, a devoted friend to the Union, and considered that the best guarantee of national perpetuity lay, where Great Britain has learned to place it, not in cannon and bayonets, but in the interest and affection of the component parts.

The leading questions of domestic policy that arose were the bank bills, the exchequer system, which, though rejected by the Whigs, was pronounced by Webster next in importance to the constitution of the land, the tariff bill, Dorrr's rebellion in Rhode Island, the war with the Florida Indians, and the renovation of the civil service, formerly the seat of much corruption. Mr. Tyler was aided in the conduct of affairs by some of the ablest men of the nineteenth century, Daniel Webster, Abel P. Upshur and John C. Calhoun, but it is a mere matter of justice to say that the settlement of these measures was chiefly his work. By his vetoes of the bank bills, he saved the government funds from a private trust, and by his vetoes of the tariff bills with a distribution clause he kept the money of the government in the Treasury, which the Whigs designed to scatter among the States. He drafted with his own hand the exchequer bill, wrote the correspondence with the Rhode Island authorities, ended the tedious war with the Indians in Florida by imparting new and unwonted life to the military operations, asserted against Congress the sanctity of confidential communications in the possession of the Executive; and by the most rigid personal surveillance over every officer in the departments prevented any defalcation of any importance during his term.

"In all things respecting the public expenditures," writes Webster, "he (Mr. Tyler) was remarkably cautious, exact and particular," the result being that the annual expenditures of the government, which had continually increased from administration to administration, were reduced about one-fourth as compared with Van Buren's.*

And no less marked was his personality in this management of the foreign policy of the country. His negotiations resulted in securing peace by the settlement of questions of fifty years' standing and enormously advancing the authority and power of the Union.

When Mr. Tyler assumed the office of President on the death of President Harrison, his attention was at once arrested by the far-reaching diplomacy of Great Britain, which threatened to absorb the Western continent. Securely entrenched on our northern borders, she held the whole line from Maine to Oregon in dispute. Longing eyes were cast by her over that boundless, unsettled country stretching almost from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean and comprising Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, California, Oregon and Washington—a country for the most claimed by Mexico, but which scarcely ever held the emblems of her authority. Mexico herself was deeply in debt to British capitalists, and at an early day English agents were busy at work composing the difficulties of Texas with Mexico, in order to secure by commercial arrangements with both the sovereign protectorate of both. In 1842, the "opium war" gave England a footing in China facing California, and, while the British fleet scoured the Pacific Ocean ready to entrench the British authority on the Hawaiian Islands, or other convenient place of operations, the Hudson Bay Fur Company pushed men and settlements into Oregon, and incendiary agents of the abolition societies of Great Britain stirred up strife between North and South on the slavery question.

The situation was a grave one for the future of the United States, but the mind of the President grasped the length and breadth of the problem, and triumphantly overreached the shrewd diplomats of Great Britain. The first victory was achieved when the Senate ratified the celebrated treaty of Washington, known popularly as "the Ashburton treaty." Of this treaty Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, himself says, that "the negotiations proceeded from step to step and from day to day under the President's own immediate supervision." Mr. Tyler not only suggested to Webster the prin-

*See the figures as given by Tom Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury under Millard Fillmore.—*Letters and Times of the Tylers*, II., 374,378.

ciples on which the troublesome questions about the Caroline, the Creole, and the right of impressment were settled, but it was wholly due to him that Lord Ashburton did not break off the negotiations and go home. He conducted the correspondence in person with William H. Seward, the Governor of New York, concerning the case of McLeod, and revised and corrected in detail the papers submitted by Webster and Lord Ashburton. Finally, it was he that caused all the questions in controversy to be submitted to the Senate in a single treaty against the advice of Webster, who would have submitted them separately—a suggestion which if adopted would have certainly caused the rejection of one or more of the provisions, and left the countries still dangerously embroiled.*

The second victory was achieved when President Tyler checkmated the designs of the British upon the Hawaiian Islands. These islands were the stopping place of all our commerce in the Pacific Ocean, and were in danger, in their defenseless condition, of falling a prey to England or France. He sent a special message to Congress December 31, 1842, asserting the principles of the Monroe doctrine as to these islands, argued their right to be recognized as independent, and recommended an appropriation to maintain a consul there. The message was sent just in time, for on February 25, 1843, Lord George Paulet, commanding the British fleet in the Pacific, made his threatened descent and took possession of the islands in the name of his government. President Tyler directed Hugh S. Legare, then filling the office of Secretary of State, to address an emphatic protest to the British government, which was done, and the islands given up. The wisdom of his action was recognized by all his successors; the islands remained a ward of the nation until 1897, when Congress, by joint resolutions, annexed them to this country.

The third victory was achieved when President Tyler procured the passage through Congress of joint resolutions proposing terms of annexation to Texas, which were accepted by the Texas convention. This subject he took up at an early period in his administration; and as Webster, the Secretary of State, was opposed to direct annexation on the ground that it might provoke a war with Mexico, he tried to reach his end by negotiating a treaty, to which Mexico, the United States and Great Britain should be parties, and by which the pacification of Mexico with Texas and the annexation of California and Oregon to the United States might be had, in return for the line of the Columbia to Great Britain and for the release to Mexico of certain

**Letters and Times of the Tylers*, III., 205-206.

spoliation claims of the United States. When Webster resigned, and the danger of British intervention increased, he offered through Abel P. Upshur, the new Secretary of State, direct terms to Texas. The terms were accepted, but the Senate of the United States, controlled by Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren, rejected the treaty, which in securing all the public lands of Texas was very favorable to the United States. Then Mr. Tyler, against the advice of Mr. Upshur's successor, Mr. Calhoun, who thought it "an unpropitious time to carry through so important a measure," sent a message down to Congress in June, 1844, and asked the two Houses to exercise to the desired end the powers with which they were invested by the constitution to admit new States. He also announced himself a candidate for re-election in a letter which declared that "Texas is in no condition to delay."

The consequences were that the Democratic convention was compelled to drop Mr. Van Buren, to whom its members were committed, and to nominate James K. Polk for President, who, until a few days before the convention, had been a candidate for the Vice-Presidency only. Soon after this was effected, Mr. Tyler withdrew his name from the canvass, and, uniting his forces with the Democrats, accomplished the defeat of Mr. Clay and the election of Mr. Polk. At the session of Congress following joint resolutions proposing terms to Texas were introduced in Congress, and after much opposition from Mr. Benton and others, passed Congress, and two days before Mr. Polk came in Mr. Tyler had approved them and sent a messenger to inform Texas. The messenger arrived in Texas not a day too soon; for Mexico, under the influence of France and Great Britain, had already offered to recognize the independence of Texas, provided the latter would promise never to annex herself to any other country. Texas rejected the Mexican proposal, and accepted that of the United States; but it is not going very far to say that, in the absence of a counter proposition, the Mexican offer would have been accepted.

The contest for dominion between the United States and Great Britain was completed in favor of the former by the train of circumstances which led to the acquisition of New Mexico and California, and the adjustment of the Oregon boundary. These events had all had their immediate beginnings with Mr. Tyler's administration, as will now be shown. The territory between 54 degrees 40 minutes and 42 degrees was claimed by both the United States and Great Britain. In 1818 President Monroe carried on negotiations and made an offer of adjustment by the 49th parallel of north latitude and the free navigation of the Columbia River. The British Government rejected this proposal, and insisted on the line of 49 degrees due west until it cut the

northeasternmost branch of the Columbia, then down that river to its mouth. In 1827 President John Quincy Adams, who succeeded Monroe, renewed the negotiations, and made the same offer as his predecessor; but the English tenaciously adhered to the river boundary, conceding, however, a section lying in and about the Straits of Fuca from Cape Flattery to Hood's Inlet. After that, the matter was allowed to rest for many years under a treaty of joint occupancy which permitted the country to be "free and open" to the subjects of both powers. This was really to the interest of the United States, for our population was rolling with resistless power towards the shores of the Pacific, and the British occupation was never at any time more than that of a fur trading company. Till 1834 such was the character of the American occupation, but in that year a small settlement of Americans was made in the Willamette Valley; and on the petition of these settlers, in 1838, Dr. Lewis F. Lynn, of Missouri, introduced in the Senate a bill to organize Oregon as a Territory and to establish on the Columbia a fort and a custom house. But not much impression was made on Congress, and no action was taken beyond the sending, by Van Buren, of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, with a squadron, to explore the coast and rivers of Oregon.

The agitation was sufficient, however, to arouse the wish of the British Government to adjust the matter, and Lord Ashburton was furnished with instructions on the subject when he came on his special mission in 1842. But it was soon seen that it was inopportune to engage in this controversy while negotiations were still pending with England in regard to the northeastern boundary and the other dangerous questions involved in the treaty of Washington.

After this treaty was happily settled, President Tyler recurred to the Oregon question in connection with Texas and California. Wilkes had returned in 1842, and presented a full account of his explorations in Oregon, and from Dr. Elijah White, a Methodist missionary to the Oregon Indians, much information about that country was also derived.

To acquaint the country with further details regarding Oregon, President Tyler planned an expedition to the West and, against the protest of Col. Abert and all the higher officers of the engineering corps, placed John C. Fremont* in command and sent him off in June, 1842. He returned in September, 1842, and gave full information of the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and over this route large emigrations soon took their course.

Lord Ashburton had been empowered by his instructions to renew the

*The West Pointers resented Fremont's promotion. See *Letters and Times of the Tylers*: III., 178.

offer made to us in 1818 and 1827 of the Columbia River boundary, and President Tyler proposed to Daniel Webster, after the treaty for the north-eastern boundary was out of the way, to make it the basis of the new deal with England. He suggested the tripartite treaty, already referred to, between Mexico, England and the United States. England should have the boundary desired by her for Oregon on condition that Texas should be acknowledged as independent by Mexico, and California and New Mexico ceded to the United States. The proposition received informally the approval of both Webster and Lord Ashburton, and the President designed to send Webster to England to negotiate the treaty, but the attempt made by Mr. J. Q. Adams to amend the civil and diplomatic bill of the House by a clause making provision for the proposed mission was voted down.†

In making the proposition Mr. Tyler had no intention of sacrificing the original position of the government, but of improving upon it by getting a greater landed consideration; and the story told by Mr. Barrows, that the government was indifferent to Oregon and was only prevented from surrendering it to the British by the timely interference of Dr. Whitman, is totally without foundation. Mr. William I. Marshall shows that there is no evidence that Whitman ever exerted any influence on the government or ever saw the President or Webster.

President Tyler was not an extremist and deprecated measures which might lead to a war, and, believing that colonization was the best means of giving us the upper hand, encouraged Dr. Elijah White to lead out a caravan in May, 1842, and sent Fremont, as already stated, to procure better information of the passes of the Rocky Mountains. In 1841 there were only 150 Americans in Oregon, but in 1843 1,000 emigrants, and in 1844 1,500 more flowed into it. President Tyler states that he looked to a settlement exclusively by the 49th degree, and never would have agreed to any other except for a round sum in the shape of a landed consideration southward.

Upshur succeeded Webster as Secretary of State, and in a dispatch, dated October 9, 1843, to our Minister in London, stated that "he was authorized to tender the old offer of Monroe and any other terms of compromise, subject to the approval of the government, which in the progress of his discussions might appear to promise a satisfactory adjustment of this important question." In the Texas treaty, negotiated shortly after, the boundary with Mexico was "purposely" left open; and it was very convenient in

†Adams Memoirs, XI., 327, 329, 347.

healing the sore to satisfy at the same time the longing for California through the surrender of the most disputed and remote part of Oregon.

The British Government sent over Mr. Pakenham, but the rejection of the Texas treaty and the cry from the West for "all Oregon" rendered it impracticable to bring the idea of the ingenious tripartite treaty to the surface. Mr. Upshur was killed by the accidental bursting of a gun on board the man-of-war Princeton on February 28, 1844, and Mr. Calhoun, who succeeded him as Secretary of State, was for postponing the matter altogether; but Mr. Tyler would not listen to this, and the negotiations had gone some length when the administration closed and the question devolved upon Mr. Polk's administration.

President Polk, who succeeded, is described as "excessively plain," and equally devoid of "manner and tact in conversation." Whether this be so or not, his want of tact was certainly shown in his management of Mr. Tyler's unfinished measures. Just about the time that he came in there was a change of administration in Mexico, and the peace party with Gen. Herrera at the head came into power. Never was there a more favorable opportunity for a proposition along the lines of the tripartite treaty. Herrera made known his willingness to the government at Washington to settle peaceably by treaty all questions, including the cession of California and New Mexico; and Polk, pretending to avail himself of the opportunity, sent John Slidell to Mexico, who conducted himself with such poor tact as to bring about the downfall of Herrera and the restoration to power of the war party. As a result war ensued, and Polk acquired by force what a prudent statesman might have acquired in peace. Worst of all, he did not provide in his treaty, in 1847, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, for a provision extending, as the Texas Resolutions did, the line of 36 degrees 30 minutes through the newly acquired territory; and to his failure to do so are to be directly attributed all the convulsions which finally eventuated in the war between the States—1861-1865.

Nor was Mr. Polk's course in reference to Oregon more to be commended. He made an offer first of the line of 49 degrees, and when that was rejected by the British Minister he declared for the extreme American ground, "54 degrees 40 minutes or fight." For the moment the Union seemed girt with a wall of fire, as Mexico appeared only too willing to join with Great Britain in a common attack upon the United States. From this dangerous position Polk was rescued by the Senate, who advised him to accept the new offer of the British for 49 degrees and the free navigation of the Columbia River, which was Monroe's offer in 1818 and Tyler's offer in 1843.

After the close of his administration, Mr. Tyler retired to his plantation on James River, in Charles City County, Va., and here, surrounded by his family and slaves, he spent sixteen years in retirement. During this interval he regained in the South most of his old time popularity, and when the war between the sections of the Union was impending he stepped forward again, as in 1833, in his role as pacificator.

On the slavery question which now convulsed the Union, Mr. Tyler's views were those of a moderate slave owner. He admitted that slavery was a political evil, but thought that time was the proper means to remove it. He thought he saw a solution of the trouble in the deportation of the freedmen by the African Colonization Society and the drifting of the negro population Southward to an eventual absorption by the mixed races of the West Indies, Mexico and Central America. He was strongly opposed to the slave trade, and as Senator in 1835 he offered to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and as President put in the Treaty of Washington (1842) a provision for a squadron on the coast of Africa to execute our own laws against the traffic. He regarded the struggle over the territories, on the part of the South, a fight for a mere abstraction so far as any land was concerned; for, as he said in 1850, "Even if the climate and productions invited to settlement, the doubt of being outvoted in the formation of a constitution would keep the Southern man with his laborers where he is." Nevertheless, in common with many men in the South who had no slaves, he resented the claim put forward by the Republicans that slavery in the territories was a matter for Congress, controlled by a Northern majority, to regulate.

In 1861, as a dernier resort for peace he suggested a conference of delegates from the States in Washington. When this convention—called the Peace Convention, of which he was president—failed to agree upon any suitable compromise, he took position—where his life-long principles of States' rights naturally assigned him—on the side of his native State, Virginia; and, as a member of the Confederate Congress, he performed an important part in the early stages of the war. But before the war proceeded far he died in Richmond, January 18, 1862, and was buried with imposing ceremonies in Hollywood Cemetery.

Many testimonials regarding his talents and abilities from his contemporaries might be given, but these few must suffice. Jefferson Davis said that "as an orator he was the most felicitous he had ever known." Of his state papers Alexander H. Stephens said that "they compare favorably with those of any of his predecessors." Charles Dickens saw him in Washington,

during his Presidency, and spoke of his manners as "becoming his station as President singularly well." "His personal appearance," said Henry W. Hilliard, a distinguished member of Congress from North Carolina, "was very attractive, six feet in height, spare and active, his movements displayed a natural grace. He was one of the most fascinating men I had ever known, brilliant, eloquent, even more charming than Mr. Calhoun in conversation."

And Webster, who was associated with him in the conduct of the government, declared: "I shall not cease to remember his steady and really able co-operation in, as well as his official sanction of, my own poor labors in the Treaty of Washington."



Canada, England and the States.

By GOLDWIN SMITH.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

LESS than forty years ago there might be seen posted up in England a proclamation of the Privy Council in which the Province of Ontario was called "that town." After the passing of the Treaty of Washington, a speaker at a meeting in one of the most intelligent of English cities congratulated a Canadian on the passing of the treaty, saying that he "hoped, now the Alabama Question was settled, there would be nothing to divide England and Canada from each other." At that time educated people in England were still found believing that Canadians were red. Englishmen know far more about Canada now. The opening of the marvelous Northwest has done much to attract their attention. A British statesman, however, can still tell us that Great Britain has only one military frontier, that of Northern India.

That there is not a single annexationist in Canada Englishmen are constantly being told. It is true in this sense, that nobody either in Canada or the United States is now talking or thinking of that question. Nor does it seem likely that anybody either in Canada or in the United States will be talking or thinking about it for some years to come. No octogenarian has any practical interest in it. The idea that the people of the United States have any design against Canadian independence may be entirely dismissed. The present writer has for nearly forty years conversed with

Americans of all classes and parties without hearing anything of the kind or encountering any appearance of hostility to Canada. The Irish quarrel was embraced by American politicians for the sake of the Irish vote, the importance of which has of late greatly declined, so that little or nothing is heard of it in the mustering of forces for Presidential elections.

The great bond and symbol of peace, the neutrality of the lakes, secured by the exclusion of ships of war, has been faithfully observed on both sides. An alarm of American infraction was raised some years ago, but proved groundless. On that occasion some fervid Canadians proposed to introduce British gunboats into the Lakes. They were thinking only of the lower lakes, as of course was Wellington when he penned his dispatch. They forgot Lake Superior, where the Pacific Railway might be easily raided and the Dominion cut in two by an American flotilla issuing from Duluth.

In attempting a forecast, several things must be taken into account. One is the state of American institutions, which shows the truth of Bacon's saying that what man does not change for the better, Time, the great innovator, will be changing for the worse. In the United States Time has been concentrating power in the Senate, while the Senate, in which the smaller States have equal representation with the greatest, has become a conclave of special interests with no policy but

"stand-pat," and incapable of forming or pursuing any great design. Nor can we yet tell what effect the Panama Canal, if it succeeds, or extended relations with Mexico, may have in drawing the United States southward. The awakening of Japan, probably with China in her train, and her apparent tendency to get a footing on the Pacific Coast, are also to be considered in casting the horoscope of the future.

The movement at present on foot and apparently gaining strength is that of commercial reciprocity only, leaving the question of political relations untouched. Protectionism has never defined its area. The political area is defined by nationality. Nature has defined the commercial area as simply that of profitable exchange.

On the other hand, events march and natural forces show their power. The action of the great forces often is long suspended by that of secondary forces; but in the end the great forces prevail. It was so in the cases of Italy and Germany. Statesmen renowned for sagacity said, after the failures in each case, that union would never come. It came, with the hour of destiny and with the man. So to all appearances it will be in the case of this northern continent of America.

To know what Canada really is, the inquirer must use not the political but the physical map. The political map presents her as an unbroken expanse embracing half of the North American continent, including the North Pole; colored red in the Jubilee stamp, and more than equaling in extent all the rest of the British Empire. In reality the Dominion consists of four different sections of territory forming a broken line across the continent and separated from each other by wide spaces or great barriers of nature, while each of them is closely connected in every way with the country to the south. The railway which links them has to carry wide unpaying tracts as well as the liabilities of a subarctic climate. Apart from the present movement into the newly opened wheat fields of the

Northwest, there is little interchange of population. There would hardly be any commercial interchange were it not for the tariff. Ontario draws her coal from Pennsylvania, while Nova Scotia sends her coal to New England. An attempt by means of a protective tariff to force Ontario to buy her coal of Nova Scotia failed. It took a 35 per cent. tariff in the early days of the Northwest to force the poor settler in Manitoba to buy his reaping machine at a distant factory in Ontario when the works of Minneapolis were at hand. He sometimes bought at Minneapolis in spite of the duty. British Columbia, the Canadian province on the Pacific, is clasped between the adjacent State of the American Union and the American territory of Alaska.

There is already to a great extent practical fusion of the people of Canada with the people of the United States. There are 1,200,000 native Canadians on the south of the line. A Canadian boy thinks no more of going to New York or Chicago for a start in life than a Scotch or Yorkshire boy thinks of going to London, and the Canadian in the American market finds himself at a premium. Of French Canadians there are believed to be 150,000 in Massachusetts alone. There is a counter current of Americans into the Northwest. Churches interchange ministers. Associations and fraternities of all kinds span, some totally ignore, the line. The sporting worlds of the two countries are one. The summer resorts are in common. Canadians read the American magazines. American newspapers have a considerable circulation in Canada. American currency circulates everywhere but in government offices. New York is the Canadian Stock Exchange. American investments in Canada are rapidly increasing. Intermarriage is frequent; and as Canada, in deference to the Catholics, is without a divorce court, Canadians resort to the divorce courts of the United States. The writer attended the other day a great farmers' picnic, at which met the sections of a clan settled, one on the Canadian, the

other on the American side of the line. In fact, nothing separates the two portions of the English-speaking people on this continent but the political and fiscal lines. The spirit and largely the form of the political institutions is the same.

The relation of a dependency to the imperial country can hardly fail to cause friction when the dependencies are aspiring to be nations. Again and again the pen of the present writer has been taken up to defend the British Government against the charge of betraying the interest of the colonies in disputes with the United States and to show that British diplomacy has done all that was in its power, while it would have been absolutely out of the question to ask the people of England to go to war about a boundary question in North America. Considerable peril was faced in the cases of Maine and Oregon. Now Newfoundland is claiming diplomatic Home Rule to be enjoyed and enforced at the risk of Great Britain. There is a difficulty, which is daily showing itself, in combining with the character of a dependency that of a nation.

On the other hand, Canada is upbraided by Englishmen because she fails to contribute to British armaments. If Canada contributes to imperial armaments, will the empire undertake the defense of Canada's open frontier of 4,000 miles, and of her two sea frontiers, one of them facing the Japanese navy, the other all the navies of Europe? To settle an angry question, let any high military authority give a candid opinion as to the practicability of a combination of England with Canada for the purposes of military defense.

That British sentiment is not all powerful with Canadian politicians seems to be shown by their votes of sympathy with the Irish movement for Home Rule, the real tendency of which they could not fail to know. The first of those votes drew on them an imperial rebuke. The Legislature of Ontario under a leader afterward knighted

passed a vote of censure on Lord Salisbury for renewing the Crimes Act. The other day the Prime Minister of the Dominion, a member of the Imperial Privy Council, welcomed an Irish Nationalist of distinction fresh from the Fenian platform of New York, attended his meeting, moved a vote of thanks to him, and subscribed to his fund. It is true these demonstrations have been confined to the politicians who alone needed the Irish vote.

There has been nothing of the kind among people at large, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier must have evolved out of his own consciousness the assurance that "all true Canadians were in favor of Home Rule."

That there is such a thing as anti-American feeling in Canada is true. It resides chiefly in certain circles, especially those of the descendants of U. E. Loyalists or of the Tories of the Family Compact. Perhaps a certain sense of social superiority also is flattered by looking down upon the Yankee. We have had some efforts of late to stimulate this sentiment, but they were very limited in their range and very meagre in their fruits. Distinct from anti-Americanism, though akin to it and connected with imperialism, is the worship of the flag, which in the United States has reached an extravagant height and has its evangelists in Canada. It cannot be supposed that sentiments or fancies of this kind will in the end prevail over the manifest interests of the great body of the people on both sides of the line.

Of Imperial Federation it is hardly necessary to speak. It has been preached for a generation without presenting a plan. We have only been exhorted to "think imperially" and propagate the sentiment. What is the government of the Imperial Federation to be? How is it to be elected or appointed? What are to be its powers? What are to be the relations of the federal government with the British Crown and Foreign Office? What is to be done with India? The answer to all these questions is, "Think im-

perially." "Propagate the sentiment." Meantime His Majesty's Eastern subjects and allies are excluded as aliens or more than aliens from parts of His Majesty's dominions.

An attempt is now apparently on foot to bring about not Imperial Federation, but colonial subordination or conformity, by periodically conferring with the Prime Ministers of the several colonies in the Colonial Office at Westminster. We shall see whether this can be done without exciting colonial jealousy. It will be at all events a step backward toward dependence, not forward toward Imperial Federation, which is to be a union of kindred States on an equal footing.

You in England made much of the contingent. You paid for it yourselves, and if the facts could be known you would very likely find that military adventure was the predominant motive, and that of those who enlisted not a few were unsettled spirits such as in colonies are sure to abound. Sir John Macdonald stated as an ascertained fact that there had been 40,000 Canadian enlistments in the American army in the course of the War of Secession.

You have taken a serious step toward the dissolution of political connection in withdrawing as a military power from this continent. The Canadian Minister of Militia avows, in effect, that Canada is protected by the immunities of her own continent; in other words, by the Monroe Doctrine, which is upheld by the power of the United States. Unquestionably the United States would repel invasion of this continent, provided Canada were not drawn by Great Britain into a European war.

You are by this time disillusioned on the subject of the preferential tariff. You see that in matters of business the Canadian, though he loves you well, like other thrifty people in business obeys his head rather than his heart. You see that such Chamberlainism as existed in Canada was general sympathy with Protectionism and Imperialism, not by any means a disposition to

remit or lower duties on British goods. On your part, you have been long solicited in vain to remove the embargo on Canadian cattle.

You know on the other hand what Canada, like the colonies and dependencies generally, has cost you publicly in her defense, setting aside the private loss in the construction of Canada's early railways. But the greatest cost of all is the loss of your insular security. It is strange to see how the idea that you enjoy insular security seems still to haunt the British mind, when, in fact, owing to your scattered possessions, you are the most vulnerable of all nations. Here in Canada alone you have a military frontier open to attack, probably the longest military frontier in the world.

In building on Canadian sentiment it should be borne in mind that Canada has been and now more than ever is undergoing a loosening of the tie of race by foreign immigration. If we exclude the Catholic Irish, who are not British in sentiment, barely half the population is now British.

Political parting from the Mother Country will not be the parting of the heart. On the contrary, the bond of the heart, which, as things are, is in some danger, will be assured by it. At present we have seen that there is a good deal of friction between the Mother Country and the colony; the Mother Country calling on the colony for military and naval aid which the colony cannot give; the colony complaining that the Mother Country fails to assert its interests in dealings with foreign governments, gradually intrenching on the imperial prerogative, and seeking to combine the immunities of a dependency with the character and privileges of a nation. The hawser is being fretted all the time.

The feeling of British Canadians toward the Mother Country being what it is, the union of Canada with the United States, should it ever come, in place of a precarious, uneasy and barren supremacy, with an impracticable duty of military defense, would

give England a strong moral influence in the councils of the Western Continent.

There was not a little to be said in favor of a two-fold trial of democracy on this continent. A Canadian republic permanently independent of the United States might have been possible so long as anything like the unity of territorial basis apparently indispensable to the existence of national unity remained. But when the Dominion was stretched in widely-separated sections across the whole continent, the semblance of territorial unity ceased to exist.

From the Mother Country the colonies have derived in many ways an inestimable heritage. In one way they have derived a heritage not so clearly blessed. It is that of the party system of government prolonged when the principle of division is extinct.

While the consequences of the Revolution of 1837 were being worked out; while the Church was being disestablished, universities were being rid of tests, and those who had suffered by the rebellion were being compensated for their losses, there was still the basis of principle for party. Thenceforward party ceased to have a basis of principle and became faction. John, afterward Sir John, Macdonald, a young man with remarkable address in managing this kind, and little encumbered with fixed opinions, arose to perform for Canadian Toryism an operation something of the same sort as that which Peel had performed for Toryism in England, by disencumbering it of Eldonism and adapting it to a new era. For thirty years this man practically ruled Canada, corrupting others, but, so far as ever was known, free from corruption himself, and so long as he was allowed to govern freely, liking to govern well. His rival was George Brown, at once leader of the other party and master of the "Globe," then the dominant journal, whose personal use of his journal showed the evils of that conjunction. Durham had assumed that the French province yoked

with the English province would succumb to its stronger mate, and that the British element would completely prevail. The contrary was the result. The French province, perhaps from very consciousness of its weakness, preserved its solidity and became the pivot of all the cabal and intrigue which followed, and, at last issuing in a deadlock, forced the leaders of the factions to seek an escape in confederation. There has been much dispute about the man to whose memory the credit of confederation is due. It is due to the memory of deadlock.

The Constitution of the Dominion is modelled on the British, formally monarchical, really parliamentary. The Governor-General is constitutional, and scarcely has he or any one of his constitutional viceregents, the Lieutenant-Governors, ever been called upon to do a political act which might not have been done by a stamp. His part is social headship. It was played very quietly by Lord Lisgar, a shrewd old man of the world; more ostentatiously by his successors, especially by Dufferin, by whom the character of the office was greatly changed. Ottawa is now a miniature court, with social effects, close observers say, such as miniature courts are apt to produce. The craving for titles is great, forming no inconsiderable link in the chain which binds Ottawa to Windsor. From imperfect knowledge of Canada the selection of subjects for knighthood is sometimes strange. Democracy need not, nor is it desirable that it should, any more than monarchy, go bare, or discard such vestments of state as are really expressive, or such titles as, unlike obsolete titles of feudal chivalry, bespeak public respect and trust. But knighthood surely has had its day.

The House of Commons is elected with almost manhood suffrage, the Senate is nominated by the Prime Minister. Like the British Premier and unlike the American President, the Canadian Premier sits with his colleagues in Parliament and is depend-

ent for his tenure on its vote. The Houses are divided down the middle for the working of the party system, which is thus distinctly recognized. Nominations to the Senate are claimed by superannuated politicians of the party and, as nobody seems to doubt, by large subscribers to the party fund. In the British House of Lords some room has been found for representatives of great professions and for personal distinction. Not so in the Canadian Senate. By the party now in power when it was out of power the Senate was denounced in unmeasured terms as a useless and costly burden on the State, but power having changed hands, and death vacancies in the Senate having reversed the balance there, the voice of reform is hushed and the sessional salaries of Senators are increased.

Parliament is bilingual, English and French; but this is a formal compliment to the French and little more.

In its federal element, the provinces, the Canadian Constitution departs from the British model and approaches that of the United States, making the whole national with a federal structure. But the Canadian province, while it has special subjects of legislation assigned to it by the North American Act, has no State right. In deciding legal questions between the Dominion and any one of the provinces the part of the judicial committee of the United States is played by the British committee of Privy Council.

The sovereign power is still in the Parliament of Great Britain, which could abrogate or amend in any way it pleased the Canadian Constitution. The judicial appeal in the last resort, the supreme military command, and the fountain of honor, are still in the imperial country. When therefore Canadians speak of their country as a nation, which they habitually do, they anticipate her coming emancipation.

Ontario and Quebec came into Confederation willingly; at least their political leaders did. New Brunswick hesitated. Nova Scotia was dragged in

by the hair of her head, a legislature elected to oppose being by some mysterious influence suddenly induced to consent. Prince Edward Island came in afterward. To bring in British Columbia, far away on the Pacific, the Pacific Railway was built. The great Northwest now has been taken in. The framers of the Constitution seem hardly to have given a thought to the question whether it was possible to make of territories so far separated from each other, and each of them so strongly drawn in another direction, the seat of a united nation. One speaker, when the example of the bundle of staves increasing their strength by union was cited, had the wit to retort that the example hardly applied to seven fishing rods tied together by the ends. A parallel instance of a nation so totally wanting in unity of territorial basis it would not be easy to name.

The Constitution was never submitted to the people. That the general election which ensued was virtual ratification was pleaded, but the plea was evidently futile.

The whole apparatus, with its Governor-General, his lieutenants in each province, and all the legislatures, dominion and provincial, is very large and expensive for such a population, and has caused it often to be said that "we are too much governed."

What has followed confederation has been a display, not the least signal, of the working of the system of party government. Party having lost its basis of distinctive principle, as, when the fundamental question is settled, it inevitably must, is reduced to organized faction struggling for place. "Graft" prevails at Ottawa, and extends, as it was sure to do, through the political frame. Of this we have been having disastrous proofs in the records of the Dominion legislature as well as in the results of election inquiries and scandalous revelations of other kinds. Last session at Ottawa, opposition to an unconstitutional measure, dictated in effect by the agent of a foreign power, collapsed when it had transpired that

the government would propose an increase of the sessional salaries of both Houses, a salary for the leader of the Opposition, and a set of pensions. The judgment of independent observers at Ottawa as to the state of things there is not doubtful, and even the editor of the government organ takes his departure in disgust. If a high-spirited member holds out alone against the evil, the agents of the two parties combine to deprive him of his seat. This has actually been done and approved in the highest quarters.

A minister finding his tariff policy losing popularity, determines to dissolve and snap a verdict. The pretext he gives for dissolution is that a negotiation for reciprocity is on foot with the United States, and that he wants to have his hands strengthened by a popular verdict. The American Secretary of State at once publicly denies that any negotiations whatever are on foot between the two countries. Another issue has to be framed. The proofs of a pamphlet, by a private expert, taking the American side of the Fisheries Question are stolen from a printing office and used by the Prime Minister in a great electioneering speech to fix a charge of disloyalty on his rival, who he knows perfectly well can have nothing to do with the pamphlet. The thief is rewarded with an appointment in the Department of Justice.

These are not traits of Canadian character; far from it. Nor are they traits specially of the character of Canadian politicians. They are traits of the character of party government carried on when division of principle there is none, in a country in which the restraints such as have hitherto tempered the party struggle in England do not yet prevail.

The caucus system is in full operation in Canadian legislatures as well as in those of the United States. The machinery and vocabulary of party generally have been imported from the other side of the line.

The sessional payment of members

is a considerable attraction to public life. A colony has not a class of men like that which has hitherto filled the British House of Commons, serving the nation for itself with the spur of an honorable ambition. There are few men of independent means and leisure, while the leaders of commerce cannot afford to leave their banks and factories for Parliament; if they do, it is for objects of their own.

Political corruption is aggravated by the want of political cohesion, as well as of territorial unity, among the provinces of which the Dominion is composed. There is a lack of common interest and sentiment which constrains the government to purchase by expenditure of money in public works, or particular inducements of some kind, the votes of the outlying provinces. Newfoundland, if she came formally into the Dominion, would remain a stranger to it, and would have at every election to be treated as an outlying field of corruption. The political press suffers from the same cause. Nowhere, not even in Ontario, which is its widest field, has it a constituency sufficiently strong to sustain its independence and enable an honest journal with impunity to withstand the passion of the hour. Canadian literature suffers likewise from the narrowness and isolation of the field. The field of the writer is not the Dominion but a province, while it is with difficulty that as an alien he can win a position and command attention in the literary world of Great Britain or the United States.

The judiciary, which happily is appointed, not, like that of the United States, elective, has hitherto been sound. It has been the great safeguard of the State. But political influence in appointments grows. To have contested a seat for the Party in power is becoming a qualification for the bench. The other day, for the purpose, it is supposed, of releasing the Government from some internal embarrassment, a Chief-Justiceship was conferred on one who for twenty years had not practised law.

The people of the French Province, while they are well content to live under British law, retain their separate nationality and seem even to have become more attached to it of late years. They fly the tri-color, which a religious section is now trying to change for the Sacred Heart with fleur-de-lis. That which kept them true to Great Britain in the revolutionary war was the influence of the priests, who were opposed in the first case to New England Puritanism, in the second to revolutionary France. *Te Deum* was sung for Trafalgar in the Catholic Cathedral at Montreal. The priesthood in those days and till yesterday was Gallican. But the Jesuit now predominates. By the help of the French Catholic vote he constrained the Dominion Parliament to restore in part his endowment forfeited on the suppression of the Order in 1773. French sentiment is a good deal masked at present by the French Premiership of the Dominion in the person of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which carries with it the patronage. The contingent would never have been voted by Quebec. Much less would Quebec join in a war against France. The sympathies of French Canada in the case of the rising of the French Half-Breeds in the Northwest were plainly shown. The priesthood, hitherto supreme, is somewhat losing influence. French Canadians go in great numbers to the factories of New England and bring back with them Republican ideas. Meantime the race is exceedingly prolific, their priests encouraging early marriage. They have ousted the British from the tracts south of the St. Lawrence, called the Eastern Townships, and they are advancing in Eastern Ontario as well as to the north along the line of the Canadian Pacific. They aspire to extension in the Northwest, but are not likely to make way there. They are a simple, domestic, industrious people, backward in education and in hygiene, a variety rather refreshing to the observer amidst the general stress of life. This offshoot of the France of the

Bourbons, however, is an iceberg in a tepid sea.

The Northwest, with its boundless wheat fields, has been filling with the most miscellaneous elements, Canadian, British, Icelandic, Galician, Swedish, Russian Doukhobors and Mennonites, Jewish. All immigration has been somewhat blindly welcomed by an uncritical desire of an increase of population, which is supposed, whatever may be its elements, to be a sure increase of prosperity. Even if the immigrant is a good farmer, he may not be a good citizen or good material for a free commonwealth. In elections he is said to be apt to negotiate through the headman of his clan. But now there is a great inrush of American farmers from adjoining States of the Union. That these men will be good Canadian citizens and loyal subjects of the British Crown need not be doubted. The institutions and laws of Canada are much the same as their own, and the revolutionary hatred of Royalty no longer burns in American breasts. Imperialists they will not be, nor will they let themselves be shut out from trade with the adjoining States for the benefit of British capitalists. At the rate at which the Northwest is filling, and with the expanse of cultivable land which it is now known to contain, it must before long make its predominance felt politically, supposing that the Confederation holds together. This again forms an important element in any forecast of Canadian destiny.

It is here in the New World that the Canadian's destiny is cast and that his part has to be played. Here it is that he has to do what he can to make popular government stable, wise, and beneficent. At present his eyes are always being turned toward a state of the Old World which cannot be reproduced in a new world. This is a bad part of the prolongation of the state of dependence, and justifies the policy of British statesmen in former days, who generally looked forward to Colonial emancipation.

The Unknown Isle.

An Unpublished Chapter.

By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

EVERY nation seems to me like a plant, of which the lower class is the root, the middle class the stem, and the upper class the flower. In the root the germ of its defects and of its qualities is found, the rough outlines of its character.

In England it is the lower class that I specially love. The people of this class are strong, patient and kind, very virile and admirably prepared for the work of the pioneer. Their intelligence is neither keen nor brilliant, but sturdy, practical and with a capacity for organizing. Great forces are more easy to discipline than lesser ones. The people of the lower class obey laws and rules with all the more docility because they are not obliged to obey. Two currents moderate their violent and primitive instincts. The first is the influence of the upper classes, the contact with gentlemen and ladies. The second is their own spirituality, for they have more spirituality than idealism. The Bible is an accumulator of great power, a sort of viaticum for these people and a marvelous stay. They have, as yet, neither taste nor the artistic sense, but they possess, in a very high degree, comprehension of justice, of liberty, and pride of their individuality. This is indeed the great obstacle to the progress of Socialism with them.

For their country they have unlimited ambition, and no effort and no

sacrifice would cost them too much in order to keep that in the foreground. They must have at their head the man who is the best born and of the highest rank. They would not be at all content to be represented by a man of the middle class. For the people, as indeed for the whole nation, the King incarnates the idea of country in the same way as the Union Jack, hence the people's respect and loyalism. They have also, I fancy, the feeling that the King belongs to them individually, that he does the business of the country, and consequently the business of the people. The filial sentiment they had for Queen Victoria was the most touching thing to see. The only country in which it is good to be a queen or a horse is England, and in saying this I mean to pay a tribute to its loyalty and its humaneness.

There is a certain tendency in the masses toward the romantic, a great need of emotion. Thousands of brains are occupied in supplying them with artificial emotion, and they consume an alarming quantity of penny novels, their own special accumulators. Their intellectual nourishment is poor, but clean.

As though they know instinctively that birth and marriage are only sources of sorrow for them, these events are scarcely feted at all. On the other hand, nothing is spared for funerals.

In England the man of the people

accomplishes his task without any enthusiasm, but with a dogged perseverance. The consciousness of his strength and a generous instinct prompt him to aid the weak, and no one is more ready to give a helping hand. . . . A great number, too, are drunken brutes, who sink to the gutter, who drag their families there with them, and who will die there. There are more of these human wastrels in England than anywhere else. I have often stopped in front of these sleeping vagabonds, great fellows of six feet, with warm, swarthy complexion and low forehead. This slumber of the vanquished revealed to me moral weakness and powerful animality. Some tones of light-colored skin were to be seen under the dirt, and an expression of naive, child-like kindness persisted through their degradation. When I look at them my heart is always full of tenderness and pity. The hooligan terrifies me less than the French apache. In the former there is something of the lion, and in the latter something of the tiger.

In the Unknown Isle the man of the people smokes a pipe, drinks gin, whisky and beer, and all this contributes to make him heavy and grave. He is more inclined to deliberate, and does not reply to anything in a harebrained way. Artifice is almost foreign to his character. He thinks it is only good for women. He likes to go straight to the bottom of things. His natural causticity and humorous vein amuse me immensely. His philosophy, made up of common sense and irony, reminds one of that of Shakespeare, or to be just, that of Shakespeare comes in a direct line from him.

In England the woman of the lower class is inferior to the Frenchwoman. Her life is very much sadder. Her work is to supply number. When one sees her, haggard-looking and faded, at her wash-tub, surrounded by her little brood, one can no longer think of reproaching her for letting her husband go to work badly fed and badly clothed. Many of these women are brave

creatures, and one wonders how, with only two hands, they get through so much work. They have a right to the first place in the history of human martyrs. The English crowd is very much mixed and crossed, so that the Anglo-Saxon type is becoming more and more rare. Ugliness predominates, an ugliness that is often monkey-like, the nose and mouth betraying a great deal of animality. Here and there, however, one sees faces with pure features of perfect oval and a wonderful coloring, which seem to belong to a higher humanity.

In France the people have an entirely different temperament. They are feminine to the very marrow. Their higher faculties are more developed, their character less formed. They are wanting in initiative and in perseverance. They are both malleable and indocile, and are rebellious to discipline as no other people are. Their strength is uneven, because it is in the nerves rather than in the muscles, and, like children, they can be lured by words. They have more ideality than spirituality. The religious sentiment is lacking in them. Their light mind, incapable of concentration, could not mount toward God without the help of religion. When they have no religion they live and die in coarse indifference. In politics their judgment has been systematically warped. The Head of the State, whom they nominate themselves (or at least they believe they do), has no prestige for them. They scarcely even take their hats off as he passes. One day, near the Elysee, I overheard a workman say as he watched the President coming out of the Palace: "After all, he is only a bourgeois." The people will never associate this bourgeois with their country and their flag. There is nothing more to applaud, nothing to excite enthusiasm, and so they keep their cheers now for foreign sovereigns. Did not Providence want to teach our people in this way to do without the splendor of processions, of royal pomp, of primitive accessories, in order to lead them to applaud the

works and deeds of the man, instead of the man himself? Is this not a lesson that they are learning?

The English people try to mount, to copy those above them. With us the people are free from snobblism. They, on the contrary, want to bring down to their level the people of the classes above them, and they cordially hate the bourgeois.

Individually our man of the people is interesting and very curious to study. Whether superior or inferior to his English brother I cannot tell, but he is different and very different. In the first place he is more a smoker of cigarettes than of the pipe. His drinks are more varied and lighter, giving him a different kind of strength and a different kind of intoxication. He is a born loiterer, but his loitering often proves to be fertile. He works with less assiduity than the Britisher, but with more care and taste. We see him stand back and put his head on one side and then the other whilst judging his work, no matter how humble it may be, and this gesture reveals the artist within him.

He is, I believe, a better father and a better husband than the Englishman—at any rate, he is more agreeable in these two qualities. He puts a certain refinement into his love, and with him affection often subdues his animality. He is capable of deep affection for his gosses and for his bourgeoisie, as he calls his children and his wife. His bourgeoisie! She is indeed an admirable creature. She always bears half, if not three-quarters of the burden of life, and she protects the little brood and the home. Shrewd, valiant and prudent, she exercises a very real influence over the decisions of her husband. He does not vote until he has “talked things over with her.” She prides herself on turning her husband out well, on seeing him well dressed. The meals that she takes him to his place of work are most appetizing. Thanks to her there is no workman more comfortable than the French workman, and if it were not for alcoholism there would be none

happier. With marvellous intuition she sometimes divines the vocation of one or other of her children, and at the price of a hundred sacrifices she puts him on the road to fortune, perhaps even to fame. Numbers of bourgeois are twice over the sons of their mother.

The wife and daughter of our working class are great values for our country, and to its shame the laws do not protect them sufficiently.

I cannot say that our working class is strong, patient and good, but I will say that it is wonderful.

All classes of society produce refuse and dregs. In France the dregs of the lower strata are perhaps less thick than those of the same strata in England. They contain more femininity, more subtle poisons, but also valuable ferments. When they have been worked afresh by divine agents I do not doubt but that they will both give various resultants.

It is certainly in the middle class, in the stem of the nation-plant, that the maximum of forces is found. In England and in France from the nodes of this stem spring three classes of individuals: the lower middle class, the middle class and the upper middle class.

In the lower middle class the wife does not, as a rule, help her husband in his work. He must maintain her, according to Anglo-Saxon principles. If he cannot do this she feels that she is humiliated. The worst of it is she is a very bad housekeeper. She is utterly ignorant of that art in which the Frenchwoman is past mistress, namely, to do much with little. Growth is slower with our neighbors than with us. In this class the higher faculties are in the most embryonic stage. Snobblism, on the contrary, is getting more and more marked. People in this class are beginning to stand on tip-toes in order to see those above them and copy them. Following the example they thus see, a certain discipline of life is observed, and an attempt is made to do the correct thing, such, for instance, as to make some change in dress for the evening meal, to go away

for week-ends and to invite one's friends to the house. This class, too, is beginning to feel the need of change of air. It belongs to a special sect in religion, and takes pride in attending the church or chapel thereof. The Sabbath day is strictly observed, and the husband pompously attends divine worship dressed in a black coat and wearing a tall hat, whilst the wife puts on her best dress. Religion and politics are the two principal subjects of conversation outside business. In short, the people of this class are very simple, very ignorant and very virtuous.

The French lower middle class has not the same characteristics. It is more brilliant, more active and more prosperous. The woman is the soul of it. In this class she is truly a partner of the man, and she is often superior to him. In the provinces, while the husband is playing cards or sipping his absinthe she is attending to business, without any detriment to her household. She works eagerly for the sake of filling the stocking in which her daughters are to find their wedding dowry, her sons a nest egg, and often wealth, for in many cases she does actually fill the stocking.

On this step of the social ladder we stand first as regards instruction. The children, who are urged on pitilessly with their studies, are more advanced than English children, more developed intellectually, but, as they are deprived of athletic sports, they are less vigorous and less hardy.

The man of the lower middle class has no religious sentiment. He leaves church to his wife, if, indeed, he does not object to her attending, too. On the other hand, he is very keen about politics, and all the more so as he is aware that he has become an important factor in them.

With its industry and its indefatigable work this class enriches France. It produces, too, more intellectual values than the corresponding English class. Its homes are kept warm by affection and enlivened by natural wit and a great exuberance of life. It is here

that the most virtue and real happiness exist.

The keystone of England, as well as of France, is the middle class. The forces which come from the people and from the lower middle class, together with determined ambition, accomplish marvels. Each of the two nations is making an effort and working eagerly. They both have their eyes fixed on the reward at the top of the greasy pole. The Britishers mount it with a slower but more regular movement than we do. In great material work they surpass us; in intellectual work we are superior to them. In England the mentality of this class is simple, strong, admirably disciplined and cultured, full of prejudices, but phillistine and bourgeois to a supreme degree. Besides this the people of this class are very religious, ambitious for respectability and consideration, and extremely snobbish.

The younger generation has fortunately an existence of its own at present, and throws some brilliancy over this mediocrity. Between the generation of the parents and children an enormous leap has been made. The latter, by an unexpected bound, have escaped from a whole crowd of tiresome and out-of-date conventionalities.

In the middle class in France there is more of the higher life, more intuition, less discipline and less individual initiative. Forces are not mustered as well as in England. The French middle class does not understand economizing time, but it knows how to economize money. The same narrowness of ideas is to be found as in England, and the same Puritanism. In France the middle class is not snobbish, but ridiculously exclusive.

On both sides of the Channel there is more religion and morality in this class than in the others.

* * * * *

We are now at the extremity of the stem, the upper middle class. The sap has risen, and mentalities have developed. Ambition and emulation have become more ardent and the struggle

more severe. All have begun to want comfort, luxury, beauty. Political and worldly passions, a crowd of fresh elements have come into play. For the sake of arriving more quickly at the goal, every one has got rid of a quantity of scruples and sentiments, and honesty is reduced to a minimum.

In England the effort is more particularly in the direction of money and social position. In France there are more minds turned towards the ideal. Our neighbors make more material wealth and we more artistic wealth; we make more light, more gaiety and perhaps more happiness, too.

* * * * *

The flower! We have now arrived at that. It has been very difficult to follow, even superficially, the mounting of the sap. I have felt, all the time, without seeing the millionth part of it, the immensity of the labor of Nature and of man. This labor must necessarily end in the creation of an elite. All these forces put into activity must surely produce beings more refined, richer clothing, more luxurious abodes. The great accumulators of art and thought must have a place worthy of them, improved harmony, therefore must surely be heard and understood.

This human flower, composed of what in England is termed the upper ten thousand, is neither idle nor favored. It has to restore to its stem and to its root the juices that it has received. It is subject to maladies, it has blemishes, its calyx contains more poisons and sorrows than any one would imagine.

This flower, which represents society, seems to me to be strangely variegated. It has petals of a rich, sombre color—the old aristocracy, the old middle class, provincial aristocracy; then it has startling petals, shaded in an extraordinary way—smart society in England and the new aristocracy in France. These shades are the effects of the epoch of transition through which we are now passing.

In England the transition is marked by the marriage of the aristocracy with

the upper middle class—a forced marriage if ever there was one—and by the American invasion.

Badly cultivated estates have year by year yielded less and less, the necessities of life have considerably increased, and some of the English aristocracy have found themselves face to face with ruin. Some of them have been obliged to sell their country houses and estates to owners of freshly acquired wealth; others, more shrewd, have asked to be taken in tow by financiers and business men. Their request has been granted, but not gratuitously. The business men have given the impoverished grands seigneurs an interest in their own speculations and have helped them to get rich. In return for this they have borrowed the prestige of the aristocrats, put their names down as members of their committees, and have bound them morally and materially to their own fortune. Through them they have managed to get titles and to penetrate into society. All this has been like a certain French song:—

Donne moi de quoi que t'as
T'auras de quoi que j'ai.

Then, too, dukes and lords have married the daughters of bankers and of manufacturers. Men of the middle class have entered the House of Lords, dynasties of baronets have been created, red and blue blood has mingled, and money, which is more powerful in England than in any other nation of Europe, has worked the fusion of the two rival races. The aristocracy has been saved, but obliged to receive and to invite those who have saved it, so that it now somewhat resembles a half-drowned man who is rescued, but condemned ever after to wear his lifebelt. This is all rather ugly. The foreign elements introduced by Nature into the English elite have created a fresh ebullition there, and completed the disaggregation commenced a long time ago. Good society had continued travelling in the family coach and had lost contact with the younger generations,

the generations which took the train. Its prudery amused the whole world; its narrowness of ideas, its prejudices and its Puritanism saturated the atmosphere of all England with ugliness and dulness. From this very dulness sprang "Smart Society," just in the same way as mosquitoes come from stagnant water.

The emancipated daughter is now burning, with wild joy, all that her parents and ancestors had adored, and she evinces decided taste for forbidden fruit, for the most severely forbidden kind of fruit.

At present everything is spoken of openly in England. The Divorce Court scandals are discussed in ordinary conversation as well as the smaller everyday scandals. And such things are a hundred times more ugly and crude in English than in French.

Formerly the observance of the Sabbath was a subject of self-glorification; to-day people boast of not observing it. In the place of cant, vice is vaunted because vice has now become "smart."

Modern society has a few curious feminine types: the turf woman, the athletic girl and the bridge woman. The latter is a kind of nevrosee who spends whole days with cards in her hands, and often her nights, too. She forgets the hours of meals and all her engagements. There is nothing but the rubber in her existence. She not only has dressmakers' bills, but gambling debts. Certain check-books would show how she pays them.

Those who study English society of our times will not be able to pass over in silence the evils of bridge. These evils are enormous, and reveal an immoderate need of and desire for money.

The influence of these modern ways and customs is evident. After an excess of conventionalism, an excess of independence has been arrived at. Each person acts according to his or her own idea. Some people still cling to the past, holding on to it by an infinite number of small threads, which they have not dared to cut asunder, whilst others have severed all their cables.

Social etiquette has become perfectly fantastic. In the same family, for instance, parents perhaps wear mourning for a relative, and their children consider themselves free to dispense with the obligation for themselves.

Good society has been driven back to a secondary place, but it is still there. Without being aware of it, it is being worked upon by invisible forces, and it will gradually enter into the modern movement. In the meantime it serves as a counterpoise to the present. It is only fair to own, too, that under the influence of this new spirit the Unknown Isle has a more brilliant aspect, its atmosphere is less gray.

As to the French aristocracy, half of it is still plunged in its hundred years' sleep. The other half has entered into the modern amalgamation, and this amalgamation forms a sort of new aristocracy which is our "smart society."

Poor noblemen marry either wealthy daughters of the middle class or Americans. These women, coming from classes which have worked their way up, are longing for grandeur, luxury, amusements.

Nature does not work miracles. She is a slow weaver, and these new grandes dames are not yet ripe. This is scarcely to be wondered at. It is difficult at the Concours Hippique, and at the races, to distinguish them from the demi-mondaines.

The vulgarity which emanates from this ensemble of people and things is communicated by infiltrations to the intermediary strata, and we are losing, more and more, that good tone which was the characteristic of our country.

Just as in England, we have, side by side with these society people of the extreme type, high-minded and cultured men and women who act as living dykes and prevent a complete swamp.

Thanks to our literature and to the demi-mondaines who are seen at all our public gatherings, we now have a reputation which we are far from deserving. The morality of the Anglo-

Saxon race is more austere, purer than the morality of the Latin race, but its immorality is infinitely worse. In French immorality there is more froth than substance, and in English immorality there is more substance than froth.

However this may be, the amalgamation of various classes, both with us and with our neighbors, does not fail to produce a great deal of scum and of foul scum.

A Chinese proverb says that nations are like fish, they begin to go bad from the head downwards. If this is so, England and France are in a very unsound state. Unsound they certainly are, but they both possess immense reserves of good forces, capable of aseptizing them morally. The most efficacious of these forces is assuredly the humanitarian current. Wherever that is most active, there is more health, more power and more greatness.

The American invasion seems to me to be a very fine illustration of that movement of the weaver's shuttle, which I discern in everything.

Towards the seventeenth century, Providence, deeming that the English ant-hill was too crowded, drove away some swarms of individuals and guided them in the direction of America. When once there they organized themselves afresh into a society, but with wider laws. They made roads, constructed bridges and built cities on plans somewhat different from those of the mother country. Thanks to unfettered activity and to the fertility of a virgin soil, they rapidly amassed enormous wealth.

The Star of Liberty had attracted the fathers to the New World. The Star of grandeurs, the prestige of traditions brought their descendants back again to the Old World. The initial movement was given by the women. A good number among them set out with the fixed intention of winning for themselves certain distinctions which their democratic country could not offer them. They arrived with powerful weapons, namely, youth, beauty, money. Society's worm-eaten doors could not

long resist the assault of these women, and when once the latter were inside those doors they did not go out again.

The grandsons and great-grandsons of those men who had crossed the ocean in sailing boats and later on on the decks of packet-boats, started for the Mother-side on princely yachts, and arrived there as silver, steel or petroleum kings, millionaires and archmillionaires.

The contrast between this going away and the return seems to me marvellous. Mother England does not look upon it all with the same philosophy. She suffers when she sees American women occupying the old homes, and bearing the historic names which ought to have fallen to the lot of her own daughters. She bears American women a grudge for destroying the integrity of her race, the purity of her language. She holds them responsible for the vulgarity which distresses her eyes and ears. She is, above all, humiliated to see Yankees influencing the city markets and holding in check England's commercial power. She cannot forgive those States which are her issue, and have nevertheless shaken off her yoke.

On seeing English and American women together, one is surprised at the change that transplantation and mixed marriages can produce in a comparatively short time in individuals of the same race. These Anglo-Saxon half-sisters do not care much for each other, and they understand each other still less. The elder sister, unconsciously perhaps, envies the younger one her chic, her brilliant beauty, her dainty hands and feet, her independence and, above all, her dollars. The younger sister envies the elder one her distinction, her parchments, her traditions. The Englishwoman declares that the American woman jeers at the English woman's prejudices, at her conjugal submission, her taste, her affectations. The sharp tone and the brusqueness of the American woman irritate the English woman, and the former's nasal voice gives the latter goose flesh. In spite of this curious antipathy they

are destined to have considerable influence over each other.

The American woman in England has success, both as a woman and heiress. She entered Society like a whirlwind, and took it, so to speak, by surprise, for her moment had come. To arrive at the right moment, what a trump card that is for anyone! The Englishman soon fell under the charm of the American woman's beauty and elegance. She amuses him generally by her frank speech and her extraordinary theories. Her first care is to teach him that Adam was created solely to love and serve Eve. He had always believed just the contrary. She demands his homage, his attentions, she tyrannizes over him mercilessly, and holds the sugar plum high above his head. He is quite willing to agree that treatment is good for him. This rough American flirtation gives him the sensation of struggle, and is an agreeable change from the tender flirtations he had known hitherto. From the day, though, that the American woman puts her head into the conjugal noose, he tightens it after the fashion of the Old World and once more becomes lord and master. Nothing is left for the captive but to submit or to divorce. When once she has placed on her head the tiara of a peeress, she would not give it up again, even though it should become a tiara of thorns.

Between Anglo-American husbands and wives I have observed the same incomprehensions as in the Latin-American marriages. With the latter the

difficulties are perhaps not so painful, as the Latin is less brutal in his selfishness.

When once she is married, the American woman makes the most touching efforts to assimilate herself, and even to Anglicize herself. Some of these women try to imitate the British demeanor, accent and affectations.

In her role as hostess in the English ancestral home the American woman is charming, delicious, but not *grande dame*. With her inferiors, her servants, her tenants, she is either too generous or too mean, too familiar or too haughty. She does not understand them, and they will never look upon her as anything but a foreigner.

In spite of all this, Uncle Sam's daughters are gaining ground dally. They are everywhere, at Court, in town, in the country. Their influence is becoming more and more obvious. Numbers of their phrases are now used in everyday conversation. They have brought about the increase of luxury and expenditure, and have considerably accelerated the movement of the social whirlpool. Their impress can be discerned on a crowd of things. The aspect of London even has, within the last two years, been greatly Americanized, and it is a great pity. A handful of pretty millionaire women has sufficed for affecting Old England. This is one of those traits of humor so frequent in the history of nations and of individuals, which make the ideas of Providence so living for me.



Eugenics and Descent.

By R. BRUDENELL CARTER, F. R. C. S.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

THE recent endeavors of Mr. Francis Galton to establish, upon the basis of his interesting inquiries into the influences of heredity, a new science of "eugenics," a word by which he desires to express an ordered knowledge of all conditions of parentage which may tend toward the improvement of future generations of men, is one which deserves the cordial approval of those whose posterity he desires to benefit; but, at the same time, it calls for a more complete examination, alike into methods and into probable results, than it appears so far to have received. We are certainly entitled—nay, almost bound, before surrendering ourselves to his guidance, to ascertain, as far as may be possible, what are the teachings of experience upon the subject, and what are the conditions under which continued improvement of progeny may be expected to reward systematic efforts for its attainment.

It may at once be conceded that Mr. Galton's main argument appeals to a persuasion which, from time immemorial, has almost universally obtained. Concerning the influence of ancestry there was not, in pre-scientific days, there is scarcely, even at present, any difference of opinion. A belief in this influence is, as Metternich wrote of "nationality," "*une idee qui dit tout et qui ne dit rien, mais qui remplit le monde.*" The general resemblance usually borne by offspring

to their parents must always have been a matter of common observation which could not be denied; and the exceptions might easily be disregarded or explained away. The ruler or the great man held his position by virtue of distinguished prowess or of proved sagacity; and it would seem to be in harmony with general experience that his high qualities should reappear in his children and in his children's children.

In many countries the stronger and wiser members of the community were able to hold themselves apart as a class or as classes—the stronger often as soldiers, the wiser as priests; and hence they were also able to develop by education the inherited advantages of their descendants. They often claimed to be themselves of divine origin, or, at least, to be descended from the offspring of human damsels by superhuman sires; and such a claim was not only admitted by those around them, but was admitted as an adequate explanation of their superiority, and often took its place among the tenets of the locally prevailing religion. The genealogies of the great furnished themes to minstrels, and were recited on occasions of festivity, with the result that some of these genealogies became traditional, and found their way into written and even printed history. Their preservation has sometimes been supposed by later generations to afford evidence of the substantial truth of the legends which

they embodied, and some of these have even been regarded as sufficiently authentic to be served up afresh, by the editors of evening papers in our own day, whenever either the heads or the cadets of the families concerned have been promoted to official or diplomatic positions, or have succeeded in rendering themselves conspicuous in relation to any public or private affairs.

We may certainly infer, from many facts which must be familiar to every reader, that a large proportion of English people are sufficiently convinced of the value of good descent to be in full sympathy with the declaration of the great historian, that "our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind." The question of real interest may, indeed, be limited to an endeavor to ascertain to what extent the "prejudices" in question are well founded, or what advantages, if any, descent from ancestors of physical and intellectual capability is calculated to afford. The question is one of no small complication, and, consequently, of no small difficulty.

Starting from the obvious fact that every child has two parents and four grandparents, an easy calculation will show that, were it not for marriages between people more or less akin to one another, every person would be descended from no fewer than 3,194,302 ancestors in the course of seven hundred years (twenty-one generations); but this number must be diminished to an undiscoverable extent by marriages either of near or of distant consanguinity. A husband and wife who are not manifestly related have, of course, eight grandparents between them; but those who are first cousins have only six, and more remote kinship progressively diminishes the number of more remote ancestors.

Even after making allowance for

this diminution, the figures render it highly probable that, in the whole native population of this country, there is at least some degree of blood relationship between almost any two persons taken at random. The population of England and Wales in 1850 was estimated, on the basis furnished by a number of parish registers, to be 5,450,000, and there is little probability that it exceeded three millions at the beginning of the thirteenth century; so that, apart from the influence of relationships and of immigration, every individual now living in the country would have had more ancestors in the year 1206 than the total of the then existing inhabitants of the kingdom.

If we also take into consideration the fact that there has never been any absolute barrier between classes in this country, the poor having always had opportunities for rising in the social scale, and the rich having always been liable to misfortunes which brought them to the level of the poor, it is fair to infer that, on the whole, there must be a greater community of descent among English people than is commonly supposed. The English traveller who was asked in Germany if he were noble, and who replied that all Englishmen were noble, was probably much nearer to the truth than he suspected.

The middle or bourgeois class, in all countries, must be regarded as of comparatively recent origin, as having come into existence by an amalgamation of persons risen from the peasantry or from servitude with those who have fallen from the ranks of the military or sacerdotal caste or of the noblesse. The proportions of the ingredients would vary in different communities, and could scarcely be ascertained in any. The patrician families of old Rome disappeared during the darkest period of history, but it is hardly to be supposed that they left no inheritors either of the virtues by which they had been distinguished or of the vices which contributed to the downfall of the Empire. The descents

from these families which were claimed at the time of the Renaissance were of an extremely doubtful character, based upon so-called evidence of a kind which could only be accepted when historical research was practically unknown.

Gibbon's account of the descent of an English family from "the purple of three emperors who reigned at Constantinople" has long been relegated to the domain of fable; and no authentic pedigrees can be carried beyond periods covered by records which are still existing and available for reference. Such records in early times dealt only with personages of high rank, and left the mass of the people unnoticed; while some of them, as, for example, the roll of the knights who landed in England with the Conqueror, are said to have been enlarged and falsified by successive custodians. A large proportion of the English nobility was swept away during the wars of the Roses, and many cadets of their houses either sought refuge abroad or avoided the vengeance of the conquerors by becoming merged and lost in the commonalty.

The oldest existing English families are mostly indebted for their preservation to the circumstance that their remote ancestors were prudent rather than ambitious, and were content to cultivate the paternal acres in tranquil obscurity, instead of engaging in the conflicts of political life, and incurring the dangers which these entailed upon the vanquished. It follows that, in England at least, there are but few possible examples of the descent of uncommon virtues or capacities through a long succession of generations; and, inasmuch as neither virtue nor capacity has ever been absent from the national counsels, it may be argued that descent from ancestors displaying these qualities is at least not essential to their possession.

It may be observed that, of the large number of persons in this country who are able to trace a descent from former sovereigns, scarcely any have become

distinguished, but those whose intermediate ancestors have been enriched and ennobled by the bounty of the Crown, and who have therefore enjoyed advantages denied to the great majority of their countrymen. Nor can it be said that these advantages have sufficed to place any of the persons concerned in the front rank of statesmen or of soldiers. The most authentic examples of long and illustrious descent which English history can furnish are far from sustaining the claims which are sometimes advanced on its behalf; and sometimes, indeed, have been of a description to recall to mind the words of Juvenal, in whatever manner the phrase *sensus communis* should be interpreted:

*Haec satis ad juvenem, quem nobis
fama superbum
Tradit, et inflatum, plerumque nerone
propinquo.
Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in
illa
Fortuna.*

If we turn from history to physiology, what is it, in the way of inheritance either from near or from remote ancestors, that we are entitled to expect? Much, undoubtedly, both as to physical formation and intellectual capacity, but no one can say either how much or in what direction. The human embryo appears to contain rudimentary elements derived from many preceding generations of both sexes; but the conditions which call some of these elements into active development, or which condemn others to dormancy, are certainly not known, and can scarcely even be conjectured. "C'est qu'il y a toutes les apparences possibles," wrote Malebranche, "que les hommes gardent encore aujourd'hui dans leur cerveau des traces et des impressions de leurs premiers parens." They sometimes appear to retain such traces not only "dans leur cerveau," but throughout their bodies.

Everyone acquainted with families in which an ancestor or ancestress has been of dark race, African or Asiatic, must have noticed how often the char-

acteristics of such descent disappear in some individuals, and become prominent in others, even through successive generations. I know a family in which all the boys but one write in a very similar manner, manifestly from imitation of the writing of their school-master. The exceptional boy writes a totally different hand, precisely like that of his paternal grandfather, who died five-and-twenty years before he was born, and whose writing he never saw until it was produced for comparison with his own.

I know a lady with no very conspicuous resemblance to her own brothers, but who can stand to-day under Highmore's portrait of her great-grandfather's sister, painted in 1745, and who might very well pass for the original of the picture. Similar examples are numerous, and parallel examples of the inheritance of intellectual peculiarities—that is, of brain formation or development—are perhaps equally common, although they are less easy to observe or to demonstrate. We also see instances of development by antagonism—that is to say, instances in which some marked ancestral peculiarity has been avoided or suppressed in descendants. It is trite to observe that the son of a miser is frequently a spendthrift.

Whatever may be the explanation, I think it is certain that the power of amassing money, independently of general ability in other directions, constitutes a notable characteristic of some individuals; and that this power, which, when it is displayed in a moderate degree, and when it depends upon what might be described as prudence or foresight, is apt to be handed down from generation to generation, is more apt to perish with its possessor when it is present in a very high degree, and is dependent upon a faculty which might be described as genius if it were displayed in a different sphere of action. I spent my boyhood in a locality which afforded an example of the former kind, and in which the Rev. Sydney Smith was the holder of a

living which he occasionally visited, and where his presence was always a stimulus to the hospitality of the neighborhood. He one day took down to dinner a very stately lady, the heiress of an old family in the district, whose forbears had for generations been regarded as thrifty. They had added acre to acre and farm to farm, and had not wasted their substance in contested elections. At the first lull in the noise of the dinner-table, it became apparent that this lady, instead of giving Mr. Smith opportunities to shine, was instructing him on the subject of family likenesses. "Even nails," Mr. Smith," she was heard to say, in a thin and high-pitched voice, "even nails run in families." "I have frequently observed it," was the prompt reply, "and so do screws."

My own experience as a professional man has lain so much apart from commercial undertakings that I do not know to what extent things may have altered during the last half-century; but I well remember being told, sixty years ago, by a London merchant of high repute, that no great commercial fortune had even been made in a single lifetime except by successful delinquency, and that such fortunes, when made, had scarcely ever been retained by the descendants of those who made them. The opportunities of the present day are greater than those of the past, and the standard of business integrity may possibly be different; but experience confirms what I think physiology would teach—first, that the excessive development of any single faculty, such as that of money-getting, is apt to be attended by an underdevelopment of others, by which the former might be held in check, or by which, at least, the character, as a whole, might be rendered more complete; and, secondly, that the engrossment of one parent by a single object of pursuit is liable to leave the offspring to derive both intellectual and physical characteristics mainly from the other, and thus to produce a one-

aidedness of inheritance which is often perplexing to superficial observers.

The superiority of any man to the average of his species, supposing it to exist, may clearly be physical, intellectual, or moral, or all of these in combination. We may regard the organs which are subservient to nutrition as constituting a laboratory for the conversion of food into force; we may regard the muscular system as an apparatus by which force is applied to the physical environment; and we may regard large portions of the brain as an apparatus by which force is employed in the performance of intellectual operations.

Everybody knows that a physically strong body, in which abundant force is made available for the maintenance of effort, is one in which a sound digestion is supplied with a sufficiency of nutriment. In the absence of these conditions, not only will the muscles be weak and flaccid, or otherwise structurally deficient, but the force by which their operations should be sustained will also be deficient, and the person laboring under these disadvantages will be physically weak, unfit for or incapable of strenuous or prolonged bodily effort.

It is only by the conversion of sufficient food that the strong body can be built up; and deprivation of food is sufficient to reduce the strongest body to the level of the weakest. As far as general principles are concerned, the same facts apply to the brain and to the power of using it for the purposes of the intelligence; and food is as essential to the power and practice of thinking as it is to the establishment and maintenance of bodily vigor. In at least one sense, bodily vigor is itself essential to the power and practice of thinking, because the activity of the brain is dependent upon the amount and steadiness of its blood supply, and these are dependent upon the working of the great central muscle, the heart.

If we compare individuals who have grown up amid a sufficient supply of

their bodily requirements, we shall find great differences among them in respect both of bodily strength and of intellectual capacity, as well as a general tendency for their characteristics in these respects to be reproduced in their offspring. Workmen who wield hammers or make embankments are usually men of limited intelligence; and the tendency of their children will be to develop muscle after the type of their fathers. The philosopher is usually a man whose muscular system has never been a prominent feature of his organization; and his children are more likely to be remarkable for intellectual than for bodily vigor. In both cases, the results may primarily be due to inheritance of structure, and, very likely, to inherited differences in the relative magnitudes of the blood-vessels which respectively supply the muscular system and the brain. Differences thus originating would be maintained and increased by differences of employment during growth and adolescence, and would become pronounced before manhood was attained. The average son of the philosopher would be likely to fall out from the ranks of spade labor; the average son of the laborer could perhaps never be made to understand the bearing of an algebraic formula upon the problems which it was designed to solve.

Assuming, as physiology assumes, that a healthy infant comes into the world furnished with some hundreds of millions of brain-cells in a rudimentary condition, derived from a variety of ancestral sources, capable either of undergoing complete development or of remaining rudimentary to the close of life, and each presumably limited, if or when developed, to the performance of its own proper function as a source of motion, of sensation, or of thought, it is certain that capacity for development, whether in one direction or in several, increases with the general improvement of the race.

The lowest savages cannot count beyond ten; and those somewhat high-

er in the scale cannot be educated beyond the level of civilized childhood. They go on well to about that point, and there they stop, the limit of their intellectual capacity having been reached. It would require centuries of cultivation to raise such people to the average European level; but, as a process of an analogous kind has clearly been going on during the past in all the countries which are now civilized, there must be ground for believing that descent from cultivated ancestors is not only a step, but an essential step, towards the attainment of a still higher cultivation.

To whatever extent ancestry may mean descent from persons of more highly developed intelligence than their neighbors, such ancestry is an advantage which those possessing it should strive to utilize, and which ought to be equivalent to a start in advance of competitors in the race of life. The degree in which, among the prosperous classes of our own day, the conditions assumed are verified, is often, I think, extremely doubtful; inasmuch that the children of the wealthy seem sometimes to be hindered, rather than assisted, by the very circumstances which might appear likely to be sources of advantage to them.

Our social system has been described by an American observer as an elaborate machinery for putting inferior people into positions of prominence and responsibility; and, I think, it must be admitted that those who are advanced by its agency do not invariably display any special fitness for the duties and responsibilities imposed upon them. The individuals who have been selected for military command have not always been conspicuous for military genius; and, if we may judge from the estimates of prominent politicians which are made by their opponents, it is still true that the world is governed by an extremely small modicum of wisdom.

If we except the able lawyers who seek in politics a ladder leading to

some goal of professional ambition, few impartial observers will contend that the majority of the occupants even of the front benches in Parliament display sufficient capacity to justify a belief that they could have attained eminence by their unaided efforts; and Mr. Bright's description of a cabinet minister among his contemporaries as "a dull man" might be extended, without manifest impropriety, to many who have grasped the reins of power, and have basked in the smiles of fortune.

Descent from a great statesman, or from a great philosopher, unless neutralized by ill-health, or by adverse circumstances, or by some possibly undiscoverable strain of cross-breeding, might reasonably justify an expectation of high intellectual capacity; but descent from a family enriched by trade or politics within the last hundred or hundred and fifty years, as it would afford no evidence of any special powers in the progenitors, so it would not justify great expectations from the offspring.

On the contrary, it is more in harmony with experience for a young man born "with a silver spoon in his mouth" to allow the possibilities of his intellect to remain dormant, and to waste his time in frivolous and unworthy amusements, than for him so to cultivate his faculties as to advance beyond the standard of his forefathers, and to pave the way for a still further advance on the part of his children. The Emperor Napoleon III., writing from Ham in 1840 on certain of the acts of his uncle, regretted "*la creation d'une noblesse qui, des le lendemain de la chute de son chef, a oublie son origine plebeienne pour faire cause commune avec ses oppresseurs.*"

The gilded youth of our own time, whatever latent possibilities they may possess by virtue of descent, are too often ignorant of things which every wise man would seek to know, and are learned, if at all, chiefly about things of which a wise man would be contentedly ignorant. Even the su-

preme satisfaction with themselves which they sometimes display cannot be without its influence in rendering them unconscious of deficiencies which, if they were only recognized, might not be beyond the reach of remedy. They often need to learn that their favorite occupations, even when they excel in them, are not of a kind by which improvement, either of brain or of body, is likely to be promoted either in themselves or in their descendants.

Montaigne says truly that "la pre-cellence rare et au-dessus du commun messied a un homme d'honneur en chose frivole," and Plato did not admire the skill of Anniceris, who drove his chariot a hundred rounds without once deviating from the same track. The philosopher said that a person who took so much pains to perfect himself in so useless an art could have no leisure for any great or noble employment, and must of necessity neglect those things which were really praiseworthy. It is certain that the degradation of the faculties to unworthy pursuits, or to vulgar amusements, is likely to induce a corresponding degradation of brain tissue, and that this in its turn is likely to be handed down to offspring.

An analogous effect is likely to be produced, relatively at least, in the cases of those persons of good ancestry who are content to confine their energies within some narrow field, and to leave uncultivated the larger and more valuable portions of the intellectual inheritance to which they may have been born. If, therefore, there be any advantage in descent from distinguished ancestors (and that there is can scarcely be denied), this advantage can only be realized when the family traditions have been observed and respected, and when opportunities of further distinction have been sought and grasped by successive generations. Any such advantage, as deterioration is usually easier and more rapid than improvement, is likely to be lost when a position gained by the ancestor is

accepted as a resting-place by descendants who make no further effort to excel.

I refer, of course, to advantages of organization alone, and not to those which are given by wealth, or by facilities for intercourse with persons of high station. A glance at the world will show that, as far as immediate or temporary success is concerned, the latter are usually more important than the former; but intellectual decadence under the influence of idleness and luxury can only be prevented by sustained intellectual effort. In the absence of such effort, we see people of good station who proclaim belief in superstitions as abject as those of the most degraded savages, and we see the nominal ruler of a great empire committing its destinies and his own to the control of ignorant priests and mercenary conjurers. The organic advantages of ancestry can at best be only potential, and must be diligently cultivated in order that they may be secured.

It has already been pointed out that, in this country at least, a comparatively humble social position is by no means incompatible with descent from a distinguished progenitor or progenitors; but physiology has not attained to any definite knowledge either of the degree of remoteness which would probably or certainly prevent the reappearance of ancestral characteristics, or of the circumstances by which those characteristics might be assisted in asserting themselves, against others derived from more recent parentage. I am acquainted with a family in which the young people stand in the same degree of collateral relationship, and that the nearest, save by direct descent, which the lapse of time permits, to three remarkable personages: namely, to one of the most beautiful Englishwomen of the eighteenth century, whose charms have been preserved by the pencil of Romney, to perhaps the most learned woman of the same period, and to England's greatest naval hero; but I do not know of any grounds on which it would be

possible to predict for them an eventual resemblance, either physical or intellectual, to any of their distinguished kinsfolk, or to one of them rather than to the others. If these young people hereafter become in any way eminent, their relationships will no doubt be remembered, and will be accepted as affording at least a partial explanation of their eminence; but, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, these relationships cannot be held to justify prophecy. They are no more than unknown quantities, and they may be counterbalanced, in the equation of life, by quantities equally unknown upon the other side.

The common use of the word atavism, with no special reference to ancestors of the atavus degree, is a sufficient evidence of the frequency with which the reappearance of remote ancestral forms has been observed; and it is noteworthy that, in the lower animals, atavism is most common in the offspring of parents whose own characteristics have been modified in different directions during intermediate generations.

Nor must it be forgotten, in considering the effects of race upon offspring, that standing still is impossible, and that decadence, which is at least as possible as improvement, is perhaps not greatly more uncommon. The saying, "*fors non mutat genus*," sounds prettily, but its accuracy is disproved by a glance at a world in which genus, in the sense of the saying, is of all things the most mutable. If we consider the children of some great men, we shall think that the "*quot libras*" of Juvenal is as applicable to descendants as to ashes, and that Ishbosheth and Richard Cromwell are types rather than exceptions. The latter especially, if we contrast his record with that of his brother Henry, affords one of the many examples which suggest that the powers of a race may be exhausted in individuals, and that the sons of a great man may revert to the inferior type of some less highly developed ancestor.

As far as I am aware, in countries in which a distinction of ranks has, as far as possible, been maintained, there is no evidence of any general preponderance, either of intellectual or of physical development, in the "classes" as compared with the "masses," due allowance being made for the greater opportunities and advantages of the former. In France, at the revolutionary period, a pure-blooded aristocracy conspicuously displayed some of the virtues which it had been traditional in their order to cultivate; but the strong men of the period, with a few exceptions such as Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and La Fayette, were furnished by the ranks of the bourgeoisie. If we turn to the United States, we shall find no lack of heroes, of statesmen, or of philosophers, springing, for the most part, from comparatively unknown or undistinguished progenitors.

In our own country, where there has been a continually increasing admixture of ranks, the descent from which most may be expected is probably one which has afforded to successive generations the advantages of sufficient education for the continuous development of the intellectual powers, and of sufficient position for the continuous exercise of responsibility, coupled with such moderate wealth and station and with such recurring duties as to preserve the persons concerned both from the exhaustion of bodily labor and from the snares of luxury and idleness. The descendants of successive generations of learned and conscientious clergy, of naval or military officers of respectable position, and of country gentlemen supported by their paternal acres, but compelled to send their younger sons into the world, are more likely, other things being equal, to become statesmen, or fighters, or investigators, or guides of public opinion, than the descendants either of those who have had fewer opportunities of intellectual or moral development, or of those whose powers have been taxed to the utmost in advancing

their own interests or in maintaining their own positions.

Any one who knows London could point out gentlemen who have ruled over Oriental populations with more than the power of Roman proconsuls, and who, in their retirement, may be seen, umbrella in hand, waiting for the omnibuses which will convey them to the suburban homes in which they live upon modest pensions. These men, and the classes from which they spring, form no small part of the strength of the British Empire; and they are descended, as a rule, from the gentle blood and the moderate affluence which I have described. Their histories exemplify, in many cases, what Kinglake wrote of the position of Lord Clyde at the outbreak of the Crimean War, that, "after serving with all this glory for some forty-four years, he came back to England; but between the Queen and him there stood a dense crowd of families—men, women and children—extending further than the eye could reach, and armed with strange precedents which made it out to be right that people who had seen no service should be invested with high command, and that Sir Colin Campbell should be only a colonel."

The titled descendants of bakers or candlestick makers, of lord mayors or aldermen, are often found in positions which it would seem the natural prerogative of men of better race and better record to occupy; and it is only in times of public peril that the caprices of fortune, or the abuses of patronage, are corrected by the hard teachings of necessity.

On the basis of some of the foregoing considerations, there is reason to believe that inherited structure and tendencies may occupy a prominent place among the elements which determine the sum of the faculties in any individual; and, so far, there is reason to regard descent from a strong and wise

ancestry as affording at least a probability of inherited strength and wisdom. But the question is manifestly complicated by the consequences of cultivation or of neglect, as well as by the cross currents of inheritance, even from remote ancestors, which may modify or reverse the tendencies proceeding from parents or grandparents. The difficulty of allowing for these cross currents is increased by our ordinary ignorance of their nature. Few people have any knowledge of the characteristics even of the paternal atavus; fewer still of those of more remote ancestors or of the distaff side of the pedigree. A distinguished medical writer has expressed a wish that a knowledge of the influence and consequences of heredity could be more widely diffused than at present; but my own opinion is that the knowledge in question has not yet been gained, and that its acquirement is a necessary preliminary to its diffusion.

In this view, I fear Mr. Francis Galton would not concur. I gather from his writings that he thinks it possible to bring about a progressive improvement of the human race by selection in marriage, and also that he looks forward to a future when such selection "will be required by the national conscience, and will become an orthodox religious tenet." Before this time arrives, we must, I think, be able to explain a familiar series of phenomena. It is not uncommon to find, in the same family, children differing widely from one another in physique, in temperament, in capacity, or in all three; and, so long as no one can explain such differences among the children of the same parents, the fact that they arise shows the impossibility of predicting the results of any marriage, or of selecting a husband or a wife in order that any desired result may be produced.

An Old Spinnet.

By F. W. SAUNDERSON.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I love it. Why, you fail to understand;
Your brow you wrinkle;
So thin against a strident modern "grand"
Its tiny tinkle.

I grant you that. But then my old spinnet
(Date, seventeen-twenty)
Has since the past for me is living yet,
Beauties a-plenty.

I love to think of twilights long ago:
Wax tapers glimmer,
And, round my spinet, maids with eyes aglow
And gowns a-shimmer.

The songs they sang! Lilt, catch, and madrigal,
Gracious and flowing;
Such as the faded song-books give us—one and all
Worthy the knowing.

I dream that Prudence touched the small white keys
With hands still whiter,
Whilst Dorothy or Susan sang to please
Some valliant fighter.

Or it may be that Lydia, sad at heart,
Loving and slighted,
Played out her sorrow wistful and apart,
And dreamed it righted.

Fantasies all! Yet I have found them fair,
These dreamings golden;
And for their sakes I prize with tender care
My spinnet olden.

The New Situation in Germany.

By KARL BLIND.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

I.

ONE of the results of the elections for the Reichstag, as regards the question of the defensive power of the country, which has led to the last dissolution, is, shortly speaking, this. Government will be able to count, in matters of reasonable army and navy strength, and its colonial policy connected therewith, on a probable majority of forty or so, as against any possible renewed combination between the priestly, Ultramontane party called the "Centre," and the now greatly diminished party of Social Democrats who on principle refuse granting all such supplies. This is one point of the new situation.

The other point is that, during the manifestations of the electioneering campaign, a public spirit, at once patriotic and Liberal, in the sense of claiming greater parliamentary privilege, has shown itself, with which the Imperial Crown will have to reckon henceforth. It is the spirit that marked the years shortly before 1848. Because unsatisfied then by timely concession, it led finally to sanguinary street battles, when crowned heads were deeply humiliated—so much so that Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia afterward said: "In those days we all lay flat on our bellies."

When the last Reichstag was dissolved on account of what has been called the "Unholy Alliance" between the Papist party and the Socialists, who would leave the struggling troops in

South Africa in the lurch, the Kaiser and the Chancellor evidently hoped that it would be possible to lay a strong breach into the "Tower of the Centre," as that party boastfully calls itself. A noteworthy diminution of the forces of Social Democracy, government scarcely expected or hoped for.

Matters, however, have practically turned out just the other way. Personally, I may be allowed to mention, I have not been astonished by this issue. To a considerable extent I predicted it in what I had written before. Whilst uttering the parole: "Down with the priestling Centre! and up with the Rights of the People!" I was quite aware of the difficulties standing in the way of overcoming the Centre. At the same time I said that there was the greatest likelihood of the Social Democratic party losing very many seats, if the so-called "Mitläufer" were for once to turn away from it, and if the mass of the laggards, who hitherto have never used their vote, could be made to enter the fray.

This forecast has proved to be correct. "Mitläufer"—men who merely run for a time with a party without sharing all its doctrines—those are called who at the previous election had gradually swelled the number of the Socialist vote to so vast an extent. At one time the chief Socialist leader himself avowed that the majority of those voters for his party were merely "Mitläufer"; their object mainly was, to make things hot for government from various motives of political and social

dissatisfaction, as well as from a Democratic wish of giving a needed lesson to "personal government." Among these men, it is well known, there are even a considerable number of minor government officials who have a grudge against their superiors, or who detest the present system.

The Socialists in Parliament, barring a few personal exceptions, have always refused to government the means for military and naval armament. They do it, as already mentioned, continually on principle. Their aspirations are certainly of a Democratic character, and therefore they are naturally opposed to that personal government which prevailed under Bismarck, and which has been continued under the present Kaiser, who, as soon as he came to the throne, wanted to be "his own Bismarck." Now, were there any possibility of replacing imperial rule by a Republican one, the tactics of the party in Parliament could be understood, if adopted on the eve of a likely final decision. But such a prospect does not exist. For twenty-five years their prominent speakers have often prophesied "a great Kladderadatsch," as a Socialist revolution was called in common parlance. But nothing even distantly approaching to it has ever happened.

There was once a considerable chance of the Prussian House of Commons—before the constitution of the present empire—coming into revolutionary conflict with the Crown. It was in the early days of Bismarck's and his King's "budgetless" government. The Liberal and Radical middle class, and many men of the working classes, were deeply moved against despotic kingship. But what happened? Lassalle, the professed Socialist leader, entered into underhand intrigues with Bismarck, promising to rouse the masses against the burgher party, so as to get the latter between two fires. The royal army in front, a demagogically misled populace in the rear, of the champions of parliamentary privilege were to play the monarchical game!

I can give here some proofs from per-

sonal knowledge. In order to fortify himself with the working class in Germany, Lassalle wrote to Louis Blanc, then an exile in London, in a general Socialistic way, for the object of getting from him a kind of testimonial for sincere doctrinal comradeship. Knowing well how matters stood, I warned my French friend who had shown me the letter. Meanwhile Lassalle, in a speech, came out with a declaration that the House of Hohenzollern, "as the representative of true popular kingship (Volks-Königthum), must, with a firm grip of the hand on the sword, drive the middle class from the stage, with a proclamation of manhood suffrage!"

It is too well known how that constitutional struggle ended with the triumph of Bismarck and his master, who, in 1849, after being victorious in the battles against the popular armies that fought in Rhenish Bavaria and Baden for German freedom and union, had court-martialed a number of his prisoners during a three months' reign of terror. As to Prussian affairs in the 'sixties, universal suffrage was not proclaimed in the least. The Prussian House of Commons remains until to-day constitutional in the same way as before.

Louis Blanc afterward thanked me heartily for having prevented him from falling into a trap. Later on, Lassalle was shot in a duel. The conflict arose with a Roumanian rival for the hand of a young German lady of aristocratic connection, whom Lassalle wanted to marry in order to give himself a higher social standing, but who had already been very much cooled by his semi-diplomatic behavior. In this affair Gen. Klapka, the heroic defender of Komorn during the Hungarian war of independence, played a part as a friend of Lassalle. Klapka, who was also a friend of mine, later on told me that the Countess Hatzfeld (the well-known protectress of Lassalle) had said to him: "If Lassalle had lived six months longer, he would have entered

the service of the Prussian Government!"

Yet Lassalle's portrait still figures at Social Democratic party meetings!

I refer to these facts to show how a popular party, in an epoch of great crisis, can be misled by a self-seeking character. Social Democrats in Germany might learn something from this authenticated occurrence.

II.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add here that the very name of Social Democrat, with the addition of Republican, dates by no means from recent times, as is often erroneously assumed, but from 1848. It was used then in France, and in Germany as well. When we were near having our bodies stretched on the sand-heap by court-martial bullets, or our heads severed by the executioner's sword, we did not shrink from using the word. The largest possible social reforms were our confessed aim. Not only the fullest unity and freedom, but also the security of our Fatherland, were dear to us. Many held the same doctrines as are preached now; but the large majority even of these felt that it is useless to try forcing a people into what it regards as an impossible Utopia.

Whatever far-reaching system of social transformation men may aspire to, no one with any experience of human nature can doubt that the masses themselves, in spite of all the sufferings of which they have a right to complain, are not prepared to accept a downright communistic organization of society. In their wretched condition they may eagerly listen to a glowing description of a Golden Age; but they will not, when things come to the point, give up a certain degree of individual freedom. The sensible social reformer has to heed that which has become ingrained in human character during thousands of years. He must show that he is willing and able to work for the practical relief of misery, or else he will suddenly be left alone with his most splendid philosophical

programmes of political economy. He must be ready also to take proper care of that first requisite in a nation's life: its security against manifest danger from abroad.

Germany, especially, has good reason not to neglect that latter consideration. She is geographically placed so that she may be attacked from four quarters, on land and on sea. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic wars have been a severe lesson to her. They sometimes brought her to the verge of annihilation. Surely it speaks much for the prevalence of a spirit of dissatisfaction with home government that, nevertheless, millions of votes, even if only cast in great part by "Mitläufer," are still cast now in Germany for the Social Democratic party. That should be a lesson to government.

But there is a point at which a lesson also is given to Social Democracy itself. And this lesson has just now been read to it by the loss of so many seats in a number of important towns, which pre-eminently count in politics when large issues are decided.

It is no use saying that, after all, the aggregate Socialist vote has not been diminished, but slightly even increased. Here it must not be forgotten that, proportionally speaking, that increase, as compared with that of the other parties, is exceedingly small; for it has to be remembered that, owing to the rapid growth of the population, as well as to the participation of millions who until now had not voted at all, there has been a vastly larger number of men who exercised the suffrage in 1907 than there were in 1903.

Socialist writers and speakers themselves acknowledge now that they have lost many of their former "Mitläufer," in whom suddenly a patriotic sentiment was awakened when they saw the Pope's band joining the party with which they had allied themselves. The chief fact, however, is, that the Socialist loss has occurred in the most influential centers of political movement, and of industry and trade. That counts far more than mere numbers

in constituencies of second, third, or fourth-rate importance. The fall from eighty-one seats (as they were originally in 1903), or seventy-nine, as they were afterward, to forty-three—that is to say, to nearly one-half—is a rout impossible to get over.

Nor are men wanting both in the advanced and in the more moderate, or "Revisionist," wing of the Social Democratic party who fully acknowledge the tremendous lesson they have received. The defeated Socialist candidate in the first constituency of Berlin, a highly cultivated man of university training and standing, has said since before a meeting of his adherents:

"Though our organization is satisfactory, we have committed heavy faults in our agitation. Since we have become a party of 3,000,000 we have been struck with a mental arrogance which has hindered us from a proper manner of agitation. We paraded our strength in braggart manner, and did not understand how to act upon men of another way of thinking. Before trades union colleagues, who were not organized, we acted the swaggering part of the superior, invincible Social Democrat, spurning them instead of trying to gain them over. Such people we should not treat as if they were asses, but rather as somewhat backward younger brothers. Therefore, away with that haughty pride, and let us behave as our comrades did years ago!"

In the Revisionist camp of the party, still more significant language is held—as, for instance, in the "*Sozialistische Monatshefte*" of February. There the old complaints are repeated about the "intolerable suppression of all free discussion at party congresses," the "proclamation of dogmas which nobody is allowed to touch, even as is done in the Catholic Church with its orthodoxy and infallibility." This state of things "leads to an ossification of intellect among the party, and so a sterility of our whole action." Such procedures are compared to the Romanist "tribunals against heretics," and so forth.

More than that. There are Socialists now who acknowledge that, in the interest of the working classes, a good word might be said for a proper colonial policy; that, after all, the people must live; that it is not advisable to

offend the national sentiment, or to act in a way which would only be to the profit of foreign capitalism. In saying this, they point to the betterment which has taken place in the lot of the working class. They declare that the "famine parole," which has been given out by the party leaders in this election, is a manifest exaggeration, and that working men who, from experience of their own, can prove that an amelioration has taken place, are becoming shy of other party dogmas which they cannot control, but which now they suspect; feeling, as they do, that they have been imposed upon on the particular subject with which they are best acquainted from their own daily life.

These avowals of self-knowledge have been produced by this signal electoral defeat; but their scope might yet be extended. So long as the chief leader's declaration is repeated: "I am the mortal foe of the whole civic society!" neither advanced social reforms, nor the movement for greater parliamentary rights, will have much better chance. It is by such needlessly threatening and yet powerless utterances that reactionary and despotic tendencies manage to thrive.

III.

One thing that cannot be omitted by way of explaining the great change brought about by these elections is this. When it was seen, in Germany, that in the foreign press the Ultramontanes were patted on the back as if they were genuine "Liberal opponents of personal government," whilst the Socialists, with their programme of the nationalization of all means of production, distribution and communication, were, remarkably enough, compared to "simple English Moderates, or even parliamentary Conservatives," many German readers asked themselves: "What is the meaning of such strange statements? Is it sheer ignorance? Why, that is impossible? If not ignorance, what lurks behind this sudden care for our Clericalists and for a party which

the very same foreign papers most bitterly fight against at home, as against Utopian Impossibleists and uprooters of the whole foundation of society?"

Then it was suspected that the object was, to encourage two parties—"qui hurlent en se trouvant ensemble," as the French phrase is—to a common prolonged strife against the powers that be in Germany, so as to throw the country into an interminable strife and utter confusion, and thus to paralyze the nation in general. The German press, I may say, is very well informed, day by day, about foreign affairs and opinions. It is better informed than the English press is from abroad. The effect of the articles in question has, no doubt, been to rally the patriotic sentiment against the "Unholy Alliance."

The idea of describing the Ultramontane, obscurantist, Vaticanist, at heart not patriotic men of the Centre, who mainly go by the counsels and behests of the Pope, as specimens of an Opposition against "Personal Government" is too rich not to evoke laughter. Why, they acknowledge the personal government of a foreign priest claiming theocratic dominion over all kings and all nations, over monarchies and republics, in matters both spiritual and temporal!

When the present High Pontiff was installed by his priestly confederates, it was done in the same audacious words as of old. He was declared to be the Master of all Kings and Princes and nations. There were those who, nevertheless, believed that Pius the Tenth would turn out differently. I foretold in an English magazine at once that this was a hollow hope. Even as of old, there are, besides the White Pope, who bears the Pontifical name, the Black Pope and the Red Pope of the Inquisition and of the Propaganda, and the whole Jesuitry connected with it. It is the Black Pope and the Red Pope who keep the White Pope up to the mark. If ever he did swerve from the

line, the fate of Pope Ganganelli is before him.

The fear of being anathematized by this foreign priest and his dependents of a church which remains *semper eadem*, makes it very difficult to diminish the strength of the "Tower" of the Catholic Centre. A Protestant or free-minded government can only overcome its influence by a Progressist policy. It is to the discredit of successive imperial administrations in Germany that they have so long humored this medievalist party by concessions, in order to get support from it for the personal policy of the head of the empire. Often enough, however, even as in the Middle Ages, a conflict arose between the two—so much so that Bismarck once spoke the winged word: "To Canossa we shall never go!"

It was a well-known allusion to the fate of Henry the Fourth. In windy weather, in deep snow, he had to do penance, during several days, clad in a shirt, in the courtyard of the castle of Canossa, in Italy, whilst the haughty Bishop of Rome looked down from the window upon this edifying spectacle of a king's humiliation. In honor of Bismarck's saying, a column was erected in the Hartz Mountains, with the words in question as an inscription. But then Bismarck, rather than give up his own autocratic ways toward a refractory Parliament, did "go to Canossa"! He at last yielded to the Centre, against whose obscurantist doings the "Kulturkampf" had been initiated, as our friend, Virchow, the great scientist, had called it.

To cap the deplorable issue, the column in the Harz Mountains was one day struck by lightning and split. Thereupon the priestlings of the Centre, always ready with their stock of supernatural miracles, exclaimed that the "finger of God" had done it. A class of the population which remains subject to such religious teaching will always be difficult to wean from religious and political superstition. That is the whole secret of the continued strength of the "Centre" in the Reichs-

tag. It has come back with an increase of two or three seats gained, whereas those of its late Social Democratic ally were so vastly diminished.

It is truly a pity that, in some cases, the Socialist party in various constituencies has, for the second ballots, advised its own adherents to vote, by preference, for a partisan of the Ultramontane Centre, rather than for a Liberal! On the contrary, in some other constituencies, the Radical, Progressists, or Democratic parties advised their friends to vote even rather for a Socialist than for a follower of the Vaticanist gang. To see Socialists as "Mitläufer" of that band of monkish obscurantists who yearn for the recall of the Jesuits is, indeed, a sorry spectacle.

IV.

As a means of avoiding true parliamentary government, the same policy of underhand negotiations with the Ultramontanes as had finally been yielded to by Bismarck, was carried on under subsequent Chancellors. Prince Bülow was sadly at fault in this. Things would, nevertheless, not have come to that pass had not that section of Liberals, who are called "National Liberals," in the course of years approached more and more to the reactionary group in Parliament, and had not the more advanced Progressists and Democrats split up into three groups. Amidst such divisions, court policy and Jesuitical craftiness easily ruled the roost.

However, of late, all over Germany a movement has made itself felt for rising against the unbearable personal interference of the Crown. When matters became worse and worse, men remembered that the National Parliament of 1848-49—but for the previous existence of which the present Reichstag would never have come into life—had claimed and actually exercised supreme power. It did so literally in the name of the "Sovereignty of the People" until it was destroyed by force of arms. There are still not a few

men alive who were active in those days of a great upheaval.

It is a noteworthy fact that during the last session of the Reichstag even a foremost leader of the National Liberals denounced "personal government" in remarkably strong terms. He did not shrink from hints at the Emperor's person. This unexpected spectacle showed which way the wind blew. Prince Bülow and William the Second himself, no doubt, understood it as a sign of the times.

It was observed, during the electioneering campaign, that the bearing of the Kaiser toward the municipality of Berlin had latterly changed in a remarkable degree. Formerly, it was stated in the Progressist press, he often showed the City Fathers a frowning, ungracious face. All at once there was a pleasant show of politeness and condescending good humor. In years gone by, when an inscription was to be placed over the portal of the graveyard where the victims of the street battle of the 18th of March, 1848, who converted a despotic monarchy into a constitutional one, sleep their eternal sleep, William the Second forbade the inscription. Again, when Burgomaster Kirschner was elected, the Kaiser, for a long time, refused giving his sanction. When the Town Council of the capital wished to dedicate to him a beautifully sculptured public fountain, made by one of the most distinguished artists, he once more gave the municipality an ungracious snub. Their representative, coming to the palace with a loyal address, was not received, but had to lay that document on a chair!

Then came the change, and it was much appreciated. How easy it is to satisfy a people! And yet monarchs will often drive matters to the breaking point. But the fault, after all, is with the people themselves. They are too easily satisfied, and then monarchs boldly presume upon that trait; great personal power spoiling the character even of the best.

When the dictatorial attitude of the leaders of the Centre had become in-

tolerable for the secular power, the Emperor, through his Chancellor, came to a sudden resolution. In course of time that Clericalist party had constituted itself as what was called a regular secondary, or collateral, government (*Neben-Regierung*). One of theirs, the very man who is now expected to be its leader in the new Reichstag, had for some time dallied with the Social Democratic movement, attending, it is stated, one of its congresses at Zürich. It was done in the true Jesuitical style of gaining a footing in opposite quarters. In this way the occupants of the Ultramontane "Tower" thought they had secured their permanent influence. The sneering manner in which they laughed to scorn every effort at dislodging them from their fort could, however, not be brooked much longer.

Hence the new Colonial Secretary, Herr Dernburg, a man not trained in the dark and surreptitious ways of such dishonorable policy as the disciples of Loyola are accustomed to, came out in Parliament with strong language against that false party of partisans of a foreign High Priest. No sooner was this done than the Centre made common cause with the out-and-out antagonists of the whole political and social state organization as it exists at present. It did not matter then to these Popelings that they had to join hands with men whose undoubtedly Republican and freethinking aspirations are otherwise looked upon with horror at the Vatican. All through the centuries the Papacy has never scrupled to make use of the most variegated means for sustaining its own hateful theocratic power. Any nation that respects itself is bound to cast it out. That is why all friends of intellectual freedom and of national dignity look with sympathetic approval at what is being done now in France.

V.

It must have cost an effort to the Kaiser to appoint as Colonial Director a man of Jewish origin, for cleaning the Augean stable of colonial malad-

ministration in South Africa. Too long, in Prussia at least, Jews have been kept out of superior positions both in the army and in the administration. In other German states there is far less of that antiquated, medievalist policy which is a perfect disgrace of our age. When I look back upon the days of the German Revolution, during which a citizen of Jewish descent acted as Speaker of the National Assembly at Frankfurt, and when other notable men of that race, like Johann Jacoby, played a prominent part, it is all the more painful to see what retrogression has taken place in that respect, especially in Prussia, owing to the bigoted course pursued in the highest quarters.

Let us hope that a change for the better has now begun, and that the hopes put in this "new man" will be properly fulfilled. His style of speaking before large audiences has proved an incisive and energetic one, correct in matters of fact, as behooves one who has had a commercial and financial training. True, he has been reprovved even by a Liberal paper, which is otherwise quite on his side, and free from religious or racial prejudice, because it thought it detected a note of undue self-laudation in his repeated saying: "For twenty-five years we have had colonies, but no colonial policy." But Herr Dernburg will, no doubt, soon get rid of such oratorical slips; for, as the Berlin journal rightly says, "speeches are, after all, only assignments for the future," and "the proof of a very necessary reform in colonial affairs, which he is to work out, has yet to be furnished. We must wait to see what he is able to do." All other information is, however, to the effect that Herr Dernburg will be as good as his word.

VI.

Some details as to the constitutional powers of the Reichstag will here be in their place. I have seen it stated of late, in various English journals, that the Parliament has no right of

initiative, that it can only say "yes" or "no" to government bills.

This is an absolute error. A great many motions, in the way of bills, are continually made in the Reichstag by private members. If they are passed, the Upper House may, or may not, reject them, even as is done in this country by the so-called hereditary wisdom of born legislators. The only difference is, that here they sit in virtue of their own right, whilst in Germany the Upper House, or Federal Council, is composed of the delegates of the various princely governments and of the three Free Republican cities. These latter are the only ones still left from the more than a hundred such free cities once existing in the older empire, which was an aristocratic commonwealth, with a large number of free towns, and a King, or Kaiser, who had no hereditary right of succession, but was elected for life—on condition of observing the country's constitution.

Perhaps even casual readers in England may remember a case of the initiative of the Reichstag. Ever since that Parliament has existed, it has always unanimously voted for the motion of some deputy who proposed "payment of members." The Upper House, at the beck and call of princely governments, regularly rejected the measure. Prince Bismarck was afraid that, through payment of members, too many Liberal and Radical opponents of his might come in. Germany is, territorially, a large country, even since she has lost Austria; and there are not many men with independent fortunes who could travel to, and remain at, Berlin for a great part of the year. Hence so often a quorum is not to be got in the Reichstag; especially as it is fixed at 199 members, in a House of but 397.

Quite recently, however, the often-demanded reform, for which the Reichstag had taken the initiative, was at last agreed to by the imperial government and by the delegates of the confederated princes and free cities. A dissolution of the Reichstag, I may add, cannot be decreed by the Kaiser alone.

The Federal Council has to give its approbation.

As to the questions of military and naval armament, the Kaiser can neither get a single man nor a ship more than there are at present without the consent of the Reichstag. Repeatedly, proposals of the imperial government have been rejected. On other occasions parliamentary assent was only got after laborious negotiations, or after a dissolution, when the country at large sided with the government.

It will thus be seen that the field is free, in some ways, for the new Reichstag, if only the Liberal and Radical groups, which have come back with increased numbers, are true to their professed principles, and worth their salt. In numbers, the National Liberals—somewhat altered in tone for the better through late experience—the Free People's party, the Free Progressist Union, the German People's party, and the German Reform party all show an increased strength.

The Centre remains as it was, with the addition of two, or, according to other accounts, three seats, but with greatly diminished influence. In fact, it is stated that nine of its seats were only obtained by way of a bargain which delivered over twelve other seats to the Social Democrats. But as these latter now dispose only of forty-three seats, which, without the help of the Centre, would to all evidence even have been reduced to thirty-one, it is clear that the Ultramontanes are now deprived of an ally without whom they are henceforth powerless.

Here, that special institution, the second ballot, or "Stichwahl," has to be touched upon. In Germany it is not enough that a candidate should have a greater number of votes than any other competitor. He must have a majority over the votes of all other candidates combined. If he has not, a second ballot is to be taken between the two candidates who are next in number to each other. Then, if several competitors have been in the field, a bargaining usually begins, in which

often the most discordant elements have to make an arrangement between themselves.

In this last election the oddest combinations have taken place for the second ballots, in the various parts of the empire, and within different states. There was no uniformity of action as to coming to a compromise between Conservative and Liberal, or Liberal and Social Democrat, or Centre and any other party, as against some supposed common enemy who was to be ousted from his insufficient majority by a subsequent alliance between otherwise discordant groups, or who wanted to have his insufficient majority increased to an absolute one by the addition of the votes of one of the defeated candidates whose friends finally choose the "lesser evil."

To some extent these necessary, but sometimes rather sordid, transactions are made all the more difficult through the very existence of separate states—with "Home Rule" legislatures of their own. Political development has, in them, gone so far in a centrifugal sense that the nation has been sadly split up and the public mind too much divided into merely local concerns and issues. Those who praise the alleged excellent "Home Rule" arrangements of the German Empire forget that in reality they are the evil inheritance of our old national misfortunes.

In the older constitution of the empire there was virtually more unity. The several dukes, as they were simply called, were mere officials of the empire, deposable by the central authority—that is, by the elective King, or Kaiser. It was during foreign complications and wars that these dukes gradually made themselves semi-independent.

After the 'Thirty Years' War, which ruined the country, they exercised almost sovereign power as *Landesherren*. In consequence of the Napoleonic wars they made themselves downright "sovereigns." Any kind of real unity was then gone; a mere confederation of dynasties—several dozens

in point of fact—remaining as a common bond. This state of things, though altered now to some extent, still reacts on the present political situation. It renders the task of an effective plan of campaign against "personal government" in the central authority all the harder. This is a state of things which Englishmen may well consider, when being told that Germany, with her many dynasties and her separate legislatures, is a proper example to follow.

Irrespective of this baneful influence of a so-called "Home Rule" state of things, on the life of the nation at large, I must confess that the huckstering at the second ballots does not strike me as an ideal institution. It generally goes, in Germany, under the name of *Kuh-Handel* (cow-bargain). It often brings out the worst symptoms of intrigue and political immorality. So it has, as above shown, done in the present instance.

I hold it to be by far better to make every voter feel that the struggle must be concentrated on a single issue, and that he and those thinking with him should, from the beginning, do their best to win the day by manly effort. The so-called *Zähl-Kandidaten*—men who are only put forward in order to find out the strength of a party or group—have become a perfect nuisance in Germany. So have the shuffling tricks of those who dabble in the *Kuh-Handel*. They either lead their own contingent as allies into an enemy's camp, from spite against another adversary; or they induce their own men to desist from voting at all at a second ballot, so as to give a chance to another candidate, whom they really detest with all their heart, but whom they wish to use as a means of spitting one still more deeply hated. All this does not make for political honesty.

VII.

A "block" is now formed, of various groups of Liberals and Conservatives, who, from patriotic motives, can give government a sufficient majority in matters concerning the defensive

strength of the country. This does not mean that the Liberals and Radicals have to be, or ought to be, simply at that government's order. They must decide each case according to its merits.

In his speeches the Imperial Chancellor evidently wished for a combination of the Conservatives and the Liberals in such cases, but still cast a curious side-glance at the Centre. This was not the right way of strengthening the Progressist efforts. It must, however, be confessed that a Radical Berlin paper forgot, in its criticism, that Prince Bülow, being dependent on the Emperor, who can undo him in a moment, is not able to go beyond a certain line. The Chancellor, nevertheless, gave a hint, in his usual oratorical style, to the Liberals, by saying: "In order to make music, there must be musicians." In other words, he called for a Progressist orchestra, whom he might lead. The Berlin paper referred to answered: "Great composers have never waited for their orchestra. Real statesmen know how to create important movements."

But seeing that an Imperial Chancellor is appointed by the Crown, and that there is no ministerial responsibility in the Reichstag, Prince Bülow has clearly not a free hand. The nation itself, by its own Progressist spokesmen, must work out its own salvation. "Selbst ist der Mann!"—that well-known good German maxim—must be the guiding principle. Ministerial responsibility, extended parliamentary rights, have to be claimed, as the least reforms, whilst looking forward to larger possibilities in the future. If Social Democrats will aid in that work, all the better. It would certainly be better than to fling in the face of the most advanced men, who willingly work also for social reforms, the charge of their being, together with the Conservatives, "one reactionary mass." Such accusations only make for militarist and bureaucratic reaction.

Another word of necessary admonition. Any attempt from abroad of dictating to the German nation as to its

right of looking to its own security on land or at sea, will have a fatal effect. Even in a Liberal London paper it was recently said that the creation of a strong fleet is an "un-German" enterprise. History itself—witness our Hansa—disproves the assertion. I recollect too well how, in days gone by, any proposal of amelioration in English State affairs was always denounced here, by arch-reactionists, as "un-English." That word is scarcely used now any longer.

The French fleet is superior to that of Germany. So was the Russian navy until lately, and it is now being rebuilt with the money of the French ally of Czardom. Almost all nations of any importance are strengthening their naval armaments. Japan does so. The United States of America are doing the same, though for what purpose, being in no danger of attack, nobody could say. Germany still ranks fifth only in strength at sea; yet she is exposed to manifold dangers, and has to look to the safety of her increasing over-sea trade.

Will any one say that the increase of a navy is un-French, un-Russian, un-American, un-Japanese? If words of that kind were used, the answers would quickly come in rather unpleasant terms.

Language held by a late Lord of the British Admiralty as to the necessity of "smashing a certain navy in the North Sea before even people knew that there was a declaration of war," has made a deep impression in Germany—not in the way of fear, but of greater readiness for preparing against a possible danger. The revelations of M. Delcassé have added to that feeling. He asserted, uncontradicted, that "100,000 English troops had been promised to him for a landing in Schleswig-Holstein" in a certain eventuality! When it was seen that even in a Social Democratic organ of this country the return to office of M. Delcassé—who had laid a plan of attack against Germany, and who, therefore, was overthrown by the prudent and wise action

of Socialist Republican leaders in France—was repeatedly wished for, and that those French Socialists were blamed here by English comrades, the impression in Germany grew still deeper.

I mention all this from a sincere wish of seeing peace and good-will upheld and promoted between Germany and England, as well as between Germany and France. To threaten Germans with the British trident is the best means of furthering the cause of "personal government" among them, and of hampering the efforts of men who want to make an end of that nuisance for the sake of greater freedom. A na-

tion's independence being its first natural concern, there will always be a rapid rally round its defender, whoever he may be. If German freemen are to set out for "riding down" reactionary tendencies at home, they must not be menaced from abroad.

Let this not be forgotten by those who talk so loudly about the desirability of overthrowing imperial absolutism, and who have even gone to the strange length of describing the adherents of the Pope's personal government as true defenders of liberty, whilst picturing as "most moderate reformers" a party which in their own country they load with abuse.



A VIOLET.

By H. MACNAUGHTON-JONES.

(From *Idler*.)

A violet rests in a wooded bower,
Sweet and fresh from a passing shower;
'Tis the morning hour.

A violet lies in a maiden's breast,
Hidden there with a lover's jest;
'Tis the evening hour.

A violet crushed with a crumpled note
(Lines that the fickle Jester wrote);
'Tis the midnight hour.

A violet dried, of a faded hue,
Telling of love that it only knew,
For a fleeting hour.

The Stuarts in Rome.

By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine*.)

SO multifarious and absorbing are the attractions of Rome—classical, medieval, papal, even modern—that English-speaking travelers are apt to overlook the fact that the Eternal City holds a neglected but romantic page of their own history; indeed, with the single exception of Canova's well-known monument in St. Peter's, most visitors to Rome remain unaware of the existence of the many Stuart landmarks and associations it contains. A few sight-seers have perhaps been struck while viewing the fine basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere by the royal escutcheons of England and France surmounted by the cross and scarlet hat in the chapel restored by Cardinal York, who for some sixty years was titular of this church; but, generally speaking, very few indeed are acquainted with the dingy old palace in the Piazza Santissimi Apostoli, which for over half a century sheltered the little court of the Kings across the Water, or with other buildings connected with the later history of this ill-fated House, whose unbroken chain of misfortunes so excited the compassion even of Voltaire.

The Piazza Santissimi Apostoli, whose southern end opens directly into the newly-made busy Via Nazionale, is a long quiet space bounded toward the east by the huge Colonna palace and the pillared front of the church of the Apostles, its western side being occupied by houses belonging to various

noble Roman families, while at its narrow northern end stands the old palace once occupied by the Stuarts (a tall featureless pile of buildings, modernized and totally uninteresting except for its historical memories) which is to-day known as the Palazzo Balestro and familiar as the seat of the British Consulate.

Shortly after the failure of the rising of 1715, a result due in no small degree to his own supineness and incapacity, the Chevalier de St. George (the James the Third of the Legitimists and the Old Pretender of the Hanoverians) arrived in Rome, where his young wife, Maria Clementina Sobieski, and a considerable number of devoted adherents, chiefly of Scotch and Irish descent, were awaiting him.

From Pope Clement the Eleventh the exile received both royal honors and a warm welcome, the Pontiff presenting his guests with this palace near the church of the Holy Apostles as a suitable residence to contain both his family and his little court. Here in this house, one year after his parents' reception in Rome, was born the Young Chevalier, his tiny hands being solemnly kissed by the whole College of Cardinals arrived hither in state to salute the newly-born Prince of Wales, for whose requirements the Pope had himself blessed and presented baby-linen; and here five years later Henry Benedict (named after the reigning Pontiff Benedict the Thirteenth) first saw the light and was created Duke of

York by his father—two events which were duly reported by the English spy, Walton, to his government with the addition of many spiteful inaccuracies.

Here also died, in 1735, poor Maria Clementina, granddaughter of the famous John Sobieski, who had been the savior of Europe from the invading Turks under the walls of Vienna, after an unhappy married life with her dismal taciturn husband, the "old Mr. Melancholy" of Hanoverian wits, from whom on one occasion, in a mingled fit of depression and jealousy, she had fled to the fashionable Ursuline convent in the neighboring Via Vittoria, remaining there over a year in spite of threats and entreaties. Little as he had appeared to appreciate or understand her in life, James Stuart deeply lamented Clementina's death, while the loss of their high-spirited mother must have been a terrible blow to the two little princes now growing up to manhood in the gloomy old palace.

Of James Stuart and his two motherless sons the President de Brosses gives an amusing and vivid description in his "Lettres Familieres":

"The King of England is treated here with all the consideration due to recognized royalty. He lives in the Piazza SS. Apostoli in a vast dwelling with no pretence of beauty, where the Pope's troops mount guard as they do (at the Quirinal) on Monte Cavallo, and accompany him whenever he drives out, which, however, is seldom. His house is very large on account of the many gentlemen of his own country who remain attached to his cause and reside with him. The most distinguished of these is Milord Dunbar, a Scotchman (Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl, and father of the third Duke), a man of courage and highly esteemed, to whom the King, perhaps for political reasons, has intrusted his children, although he professes the Anglican religion."

De Brosses also tells his readers that James is a thorough Stuart in face and figure, and that he bears a strong resemblance both to his father, James the Second, and to his natural brother, the Duke of Berwick. He is excessively devout, spending much of his mornings in prayer at his wife's tomb in the church of the Apostles. Of the young princes

this genial old French gossip informs us that in Roman society the little Duke of York, then aged fifteen, is the more popular of the two on account of his pretty face and agreeable manners; but that, for his own part, he prefers the elder son in whose character and appearance he can perceive much latent courage and tenacity of purpose, an opinion which history was to verify strikingly a few years later. Both boys were devoted to music and both good performers: "The elder plays the 'cello very well; the younger sings Italian songs with a pretty boy's voice in the best of taste; they hold a concert once a week: it is the best music in Rome, and I never miss it."

De Brosses also gives a dismally humorous description of the mid-day meal which King James attended in state, and before which the two boys were wont first of all to kneel for their father's blessing, while no guest was allowed to drink wine before the King had helped himself at least once, a point of etiquette which the French traveler found most inconvenient and productive of indigestion when on one occasion his royal host forgot to call for the bottle. At these solemn daily banquets, de Brosses tells us, English was usually spoken between James and his sons, though French and Italian were more familiar to the exiled family.

Rome was at this time full of English travelers, many of whom were young men of rank and wealth making the Grand Tour in company with their tutors, and to such persons a glimpse of James Stuart and the young princes would naturally be a matter of great curiosity. But all English subjects were strictly forbidden to visit the Palazzo Stuart, a regulation that was carefully enforced by means of a succession of spies in the employ of the British Minister at Florence, England being then, as she is to-day, in the position of having no ambassador accredited to the Holy See. Nevertheless, in spite of spies and adverse reports to Sir Horace Mann in Florence, an introduction to the discarded King of Great

Britain or to his sons at some theatre or reception was eagerly sought after by English visitors to Rome, with the result that not a few of the unwary were apt to find themselves embroiled with the gentlemen of the mimic Jacobite court, who resented any expression of ridicule of ill-will toward the Stuarts and their cause.

That astute old Hanoverian peer, Lord Chesterfield, himself married to a half-sister of George the Second, particularly cautions his son, Philip Stanhope, who was traveling in Italy soon after the Forty-Five, against such pit-falls in a letter full of the cynical worldly advice which is characteristic of his correspondence:

"You will in many parts of Italy meet with numbers of the Pretender's people (English, Scotch and Irish fugitives), especially at Rome; and probably the Pretender himself. It is none of your business to declare war on these people; as little as it is your interest or, I hope, your inclination to connect yourself with them; and therefore I recommend you to a perfect neutrality. Avoid them as much as you can with decency and good manners; but, when you cannot avoid any political conversation or debates with them, tell them that you do not concern yourself with political matters; that you are neither a maker nor a deposer of kings; that, when you left England, you left a king in it, and have not since heard either of his death or of any revolution that has happened, and that you take kings and kingdoms as you find them; but enter no farther with matters with them, which can be of no use, and might bring on heat and quarrels. When you speak of the Old Pretender, you will call him only the Chevalier de St. George; but mention him as seldom as possible. Should he chance to speak to you at any assembly (as, I am told, he sometimes does to the English), be sure that you seem not to know him; and answer him civilly, but always either in French or Italian; and give him in the former the appellation of monsieur, and in the latter of signore. Should you meet with the Cardinal of York you will be under no difficulty, for he has, as cardinal, an undoubted right to eminence. Upon the whole, see any of those people as little as possible; when you do see them be civil to them upon the footing of strangers; but never be drawn into any altercations with them about the imaginary right of their king, as they call him. * * * Never know either the father or the two sons, any otherwise than as foreigners; and so not knowing their pretensions, you have no occasion to dispute them."

After his warning against the exiled Stuarts and the contemptuous allusions contained in it, it is amusing to read Lord Chesterfield's further advice to his son to avoid also the society of his own countrymen in Rome: "a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another, supping, drinking and sitting up late at each other's lodgings; commonly in riots and scrapes, when drunk; and never in good company when sober."

With the failure of the Forty-Five, followed three years later by the ungracious expulsion of the Young Chevalier from French territory under the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the political estimation of James Stuart's court naturally declined, and his own position in the papal capital became one of greater difficulty.

The younger son, feeling the Stuart cause definitely and for ever lost, now entered the Roman Church with James's consent and was made a cardinal (July 3, 1747) at the early age of twenty-two, an irrevocable step which so angered his brother that Charles Edward never again set foot in Rome until after his father's death, but continued for years to lead a wandering, aimless and somewhat disreputable life in various Continental cities. Naturally low spirited and now thoroughly saddened by the extinction of all his hopes as well as by the absence of his elder son, the poor old exile in the Palazzo Stuart gradually sank into a moping invalid and for the last five years of his life never left his private apartments.

At length on New Year's Day, 1766, James was seized with his last attack, and passed away in the arms of Cardinal York, who in the double capacity of priest and son had affectionately attended his father during these last years of suffering and disappointment. Clement the Thirteenth seems to have been genuinely touched by James's death; indeed, the Roman Church in recent times has not possessed, with the exception perhaps of the Comte

de Chambord (the Henry the Fifth of French Legitimists), any member of royal rank who proved himself throughout life at once so pious and so devoted, to the exclusion of worldly interests, as this luckless son of the dethroned James the Second.

At the private expense of the Pope a magnificent funeral was ordered, of which a minute description is to be found in a rare contemporary work in my possession, entitled "The Account of the Illness, Death, Solemn Obsequies and Funeral of His Majesty, James III., King of Great Britain." It raises a smile to read the extravagant language of this quaint Italian pamphlet, which lauds in terms almost fulsome the virtues both of the late King and of the long-dead Maria Clementina.

"Are not their devotion to the Catholic Faith, their fortitude in the greatest misfortunes, their magnanimity, their patience, their most liberal charity toward the Poor, their perfect resignation to the will of God, such sublime Virtues as to induce in us a certain hope of the eternal Salvation of these illustrious twin-Souls?"

From the same source we learn that the body of James, richly dressed, lay in state in the neighboring church of the Holy Apostles (where for years he had been wont daily to hear Mass and to pray beside his wife's tomb), the whole building within and without being draped with black hangings edged with lace and gold fringe and decorated, according to the morbid taste of the period, with boughs of cypress, with skulls and cross-bones, and with laudatory inscriptions upheld by skeletons. The catafalque itself, raised on a dais of five steps and hung with black velvet and cloth of gold, was flanked by four huge figures of skeletons, each bearing a tall taper and a gilded palm branch, while in conspicuous positions were displayed the crowns of England, Scotland and Ireland together with the insignia of the various orders to which by right of descent the deceased prince was entitled. In short, the funeral of the Jacobite King in the old

Roman basilica of the Santissimi Apostoli was as costly, as dismal, and as pompous a ceremony as any royal burial that the eighteenth century could devise.

In spite of the royal honors paid publicly at death to James Stuart, Pope Benedict looked with no favorable eye upon the heir, for Charles Edward, who had now held aloof from Rome for twenty-two years, had come to be regarded at the papal court as a man of loose life, as an incorrigible drunkard and, worst of all, as a renegade for political reasons from that faith of which his dead father had been so shining an ornament. In spite of indignant protests from "Charles the Third," now at last returned to Rome, the escutcheons of Great Britain and Ireland were removed from the entrance of the Palazzo Stuart by order of the Pope, who at the same time refused to recognize the royal claims of its owner, or to grant him even a private interview on the footing of a king. Slighted thus by the papal court and spurning the good offices of his brother, Charles Edward sulked in the dreary old house in which, thanks to his drunken habits and quarrelsome temper, very few of his old adherents now kept him company.

It was here that the special envoy of the French King visited the wreck of him who was once known as Bonnie Prince Charlie (and who, rumor said, was found by the ambassador in a state of helpless intoxication) with proposals of marriage in order that the Stuart line might not become extinct. The suggestion was eagerly grasped at by the Prince, now aged fifty-one, who shortly afterwards betook himself secretly to Paris, where an alliance was arranged for him with the nineteen-year-old Louise of Stolberg, daughter of a German princeling and a descendant on her mother's side of the noble Scotch house of Bruce.

This marriage, proposed by Louis the Fifteenth, with the obvious intention of harassing the English Crown by

means of a Legitimist heir, and approved by Cardinal York in the hope that such a step might bring back his erring brother into the paths of orthodoxy and self-respect, took place in a private house at Macerata, near Ancona, on Good Friday, 1772; and a few days later, the bridegroom and bride, styling themselves King and Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, drove up to the door of their Roman palace in a coach-and-six with outriders in scarlet liveries and white Stuart cockades. In spite of a chilling reception from Pius the Sixth the newly-wedded pair were at first fairly happy, and for a time at least his marriage seems to have improved both Charles Edward's prospects and behavior, while in Roman society the young bride at once became an object of general interest and sympathy, her admirers even styling her *Regina Apostolorum* in allusion to her place of residence.

But in two years' time the Count and Countess of Albany (as they were now generally called outside their own little Jacobite circle) grew weary of the continued slights of Pope Pius and dissatisfied with each other, being mutually disappointed in the non-appearance of an heir, the only object of their ill-assorted loveless marriage, with the result that they finally quitted Rome in 1774 for Florence, only to encounter there equal neglect and hostility from the Grand-Ducal family of Tuscany and to live together yet more unhappily till their final separation in December, 1780.

Meanwhile Cardinal York continued to reside in Rome, where in spite of the sunken fortunes of his House he always held a high reputation. As Bishop of Frascati and papal Vice-Chancellor Henry Stuart divided his time between his villa at Frascati and the splendid palace of the Cancelleria, one of the great architect Bramante's best known and happiest efforts, which stands close to the Campo de' Fiori; while, a Roman by birth and a Roman ecclesiastic by choice, he lived the or-

inary life of a prince of the Church, strictly avoiding all the petty and futile political intrigues in which his elder brother was perpetually engaged. The good Cardinal was therefore sorely perplexed at hearing of the escape of the Countess of Albany from the drunken violence of Charles Edward in Florence and of her flight to Rome, where she spent some months of the spring of 1781 in the aristocratic Ursuline convent in the Via Vittoria, the same nunnery that had years before sheltered for a time her husband's mother.

Nevertheless, Henry Stuart, knowing his brother's character and believing Louise's story of insult and ill-treatment, received his sister-in-law with every mark of kindness and finally installed her in a suite of rooms in his own official palace of the Cancelleria. Nor did the easy-going Cardinal see anything strange or irregular in the subsequent arrival of the Countess's devoted cavaliere servente, the Piedmontese poet, Vittorio Alfieri, who now hired the Villa Strozzi on the Esquiline, whence he was wont to pay daily visits to Louise of Stolberg with the approval of her brother-in-law. Perhaps her two years' residence in the Cancelleria (so different from her life with Charles Edward in the Palazzo Stuart hard by) was the happiest period in the whole of Louise's checkered career; feted by the Roman aristocracy, protected by a kindly and complaisant Cardinal, and attended on all occasions by an illustrious lover, the young Princess enjoyed a delightful and all-too-short spell of popularity and pleasure, which reached its zenith in the historic production of Alfieri's "*Antigone*" (with the author in the part of Creon) at the Spanish Embassy in the Piazza di Spagna on November 30, 1782.

But this platonic devotion between the wife of the Jacobite King of England and the eccentric red-haired Piedmontese Count, which was diverting all Rome, was abruptly put an end to by the action of Cardinal York, who, after

a visit to his brother in Florence, then believed to be dying, suddenly veered round and expressed the strongest disapprobation of all that he had hitherto condoned; indeed, seeing what a reputation for exaggerated propriety, even prudery, the English cardinal possessed among his colleagues, it seems strange that he should ever have sanctioned the daily visits of Alfieri to his sister-in-law in such circumstances. Realizing now the possible scandals and dangers of the present arrangement, Henry Stuart, in high alarm, at once induced Pope Pius to banish Alfieri from papal territory, and the enamored tragedian much against his will was compelled to quit Rome and his *Psipsia*, as he theatrically styled the Countess of Albany; while the latter remained behind in her apartments at the Cancellaria to bewail equally the absence of her gifted lover and the continued existence of "the man in Florence," who, however, a little later consented to a legal deed of separation making his wife practically independent of his control. So much for the two Roman experiences of Louise of Stolberg; one as the wife of a crownless king old enough to have been her father, and the other as the romantic heroine of the great Italian poet whose acknowledged wife she was afterward to become.

By his brother's death in January, 1788 (that month always so fatal to the Stuarts), the empty honors and disregarded claims of a discrowned king descended to Cardinal York, who took little notice of this change in his position except by erecting a memorial tablet to the unhappy Charles Edward in the cathedral church at Frascati, and by striking a commemorative medal with the pathetic inscription, "Henry IX., by the grace of God, not by the will of Man." But Henry Stuart, to whose peaceful innocent life history has not yet paid due regard, was not suffered to live on quietly in the city he so loved, and which he had rarely

left in the whole course of a long lifetime. Driven from Rome during the troubled years following upon the French Revolution, and deprived both by political changes and by his own former generosity of a once considerable income, the poor old man at length found himself at seventy-three a penniless wanderer. At this critical moment an annuity of £4,000 a year, gracefully tendered by George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, and accepted with gratitude by his distant cousin, enabled Cardinal York to spend the few remaining years of his life in state and comfort, and thus, dependent on the bounty of his supplanters, the last lineal descendant of the House of Stuart died in his villa at Frascati in 1807.

With these Roman recollections of an unfortunate royal House, whose memory in spite of all faults is still dear to the English-speaking race at large, let us seek out Canova's famous monument in the north side of St. Peter's, close to the entrance of the gaudy *Capella del Coro* where crowds daily attend to hear the singing of the Pope's choir. On the simple dignified tomb of pure white marble, erected at the expense of the Prince Regent in 1819, only the father is alluded to by his royal title, though almost every account of this monument wrongly declares that Charles Edward and Henry Stuart are likewise named as kings in the inscription; as a matter of fact the three empty titles of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth are engraved only on the three sepulchral urns which are preserved below in the *Grotte Vaticane*, or crypt of old St. Peter's, now rarely shown to strangers.

It is pleasant to linger here a few moments in the incense-scented atmosphere listening to the distant singing of the papal choir and reflecting on the personal charm, the ill-luck, and the incapacity of these Stuart princes and of the extraordinary devotion their cause inspired.

A Milanese Mystery.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

I.

IT was partly in the pursuit of his fascinating hobby as a student of the darker side of human nature that Douglas Cape came to Milan this September; partly also as one upon whom, in his calling of novelist, Italy always acted as a potent stimulus of imagination. Like others, he had read about the extraordinary recent occurrences in that city, and he proposed to investigate.

In nine months five persons, including a lady, had suddenly been blown to pieces in the city of Milan without the slightest indication of an external agency. One gentleman had exploded, as it were, in the act of purchasing a newspaper at a kiosk; another, on the staircase of his hotel; a third, in his own bedroom, when he had but just put on his right boot; a fourth, the very instant after he had touched the bell for his morning roll and coffee; and the lady, while she stood at the window of her elegant apartment in the Corso Venezia, dressed for a reception. The lady was a notorious beauty, about whose character rumor had much to say. At fifty-nine minutes past seven on a summer evening she waved her hand to a friend at an opposite window; and ere fifty-nine minutes and one second past seven she was shattered into nothingness before the horrified eyes of her friend.

Could any writer of sensational fic-

tion be presented with a more interesting mystery than these five kindred tragedies suggested?

On his journey south Douglas came almost definitely to the conclusion that the murders—for such he judged them to be—were caused by a diabolical pill. He was not chemist enough to guess at the component parts of such a pill; but the more he thought of it the more he was convinced that molecular energy compressed and let loose by dissolution in the human stomach explained the mischief.

No sooner was he in Milan than he called on the Cavaliere di Barese. He had a letter of recommendation to this gentleman, who was unofficially connected with the Italian secret police system. Few outsiders were better acquainted with the workings of the Mafia and Camorra, and he was known to have these cases of spontaneous combustion in hand. A frivolous newspaper had termed them this.

The cavaliere greeted Douglas as a friend of a friend, and also (much more eagerly) as a volunteer in the campaign he had undertaken.

"No, no, no," he said emphatically, however, when Douglas put forward his plea on behalf of the pill. "That suggestion has been weighed and found untenable. But ecco! Mr. Cape, you arrive to me in the very nick of time, as you say it. You are sure that you have a heart for such a business? You will place yourself truly at my disposal?"

Though disappointed about the pill, Douglas was charmed otherwise by the cavaliere's reception of him.

"Truly and entirely, in this matter," he answered.

"Good! Well, then, I shall tell you a little thing that I learned last night. Of those five miseries, two were at one time associated with a certain small street in this city. Andrea Guisano, the talented sculptor, who was, you will remember, annihilated at his toilet, and La Bella Banti, poor light-hearted creature! both lived for a considerable period in the Via Corta, near the Piazza d'Armi. It is not much to know, you think? Well, perhaps that is so if it was to do with only one of them; but when last night at the opera I am told by a friend that he had known the unfortunate Banti seven years ago as the golden-haired daughter of an obscure milliner in this same Via Corta, ecco! I felt the blood make a caper in my veins. My advice to you is, seek a lodging in the Via Corta, as young artist or what you will, and use your eyes and ears with discretion. Do you see?"

Of course Douglas saw. He grasped the cavaliere's firm brown hand and thanked him.

"And, one more thing, Mr. Cape," said the cavaliere when they had smoked excellent cigars together and talked about side-issues, "you must cut yourself away altogether from that which I presume even such philosophers as you and I may term the upper classes of society. Deny even me the pleasure of your company until—until you have made your discovery. There, Mr. Cape! Many of my own compatriots would be so angry with me if they knew how I was confiding in you, a stranger! But you come from the land of the great Mr. Sherlock Holmes, whose brilliant fairy-tales are all familiar to me. That is enough. You have a brave face, Mr. Cape! I shall wish you God's luck, and for myself the felicity of soon seeing you again."

Douglas obtained rooms in the Via Corta first with a deaf old signora named Colla, who, he learned at the Three Stars Tavern in the street, had a passion for artists. But four days with this signora were sufficient and to spare. She was so deaf that she was useless to him. Her late husband had been a scene painter at the Scala Theatre, and it was of this dear departed saint, and him only, that the afflicted old lady loved to prattle in whispers that were themselves alone hard to catch. She was, besides, a negligent old woman in household matters, with an anchorite's tolerance of dust and dirt.

From the Signora Colla, Douglas transferred himself to the house of Cirilo Bassano, a cobbler. He made the acquaintance of the cobbler through the cobbler's daughter, Maria, a young lady with Venetian blue eyes and a plait of coal-black hair to her head, thick and strong enough to draw a wagon.

On his second evening in the Via Corta he entered the cobbler's shop, discontented both with an abrupt burst in his left boot and the futility of the Signora Colla; and Maria Bassano stood before him in a galaxy of cheap gold gauds over her blue silk and lace—smiling a welcome, moreover, of the kind the young ladies of Italy are ever ready to offer to handsome masculine youth even at the first time of seeing.

"At your service, signore!" she said blithely; and in ten minutes Douglas heard that not only would her father mend his boot, but that there was a delightful apartment upstairs which he sometimes let to strangers. "He is very particular, my father, you must understand," Maria explained, however, with an alluring dimple in her olive cheek. "I am his only child, it is necessary to tell you, signore, and, as your wisdom may perceive, of a marriageable age. Therefore——"

Her toss of the shoulders and little gesture with her pretty hand, also her coquettish laugh, which well became

her, carried Douglas by storm. He forgot the hapless exploded five. Maria appealed to him as human material; a heart and face, and perhaps even mind, to study for his desk's purposes—appealed irresistibly.

"Do request your father," he begged her, "to come and talk it over. I cannot pay very much"—this was artful—"but I am not at all satisfied with my present lodgings."

She asked him his nationality.

"English, truly?" she exclaimed. "Oh, then, perhaps, if you will wait a little moment. One is not disposed to be doubtful about an Englishman. In England every one is very honest and very rich; is it not so? My Marco, to whom I am affianced, cannot be expected to object to an Englishman. And without question, the signore has a spouse of his own in his own country?" All this with enchanting dimples coming and going on both cheeks, and electric flashes in Maria's blue eyes.

Douglas parried the little impertinence about a spouse. He said, with some solemnity, that he was in Milan for art's sake; also, with less solemnity, he congratulated the happy Marco on so desirable a sweetheart. And, solemn again, he informed the girl that he would regularly dine and sup out, so that there might be scant trouble with him on the premises. A room having a good light and a reasonable amount of service were all his requirements. He mentioned the weekly fifteen lire that he was to pay the Signora Colla.

That won the girl.

"Fifteen lire? What extortion!" she cried; and straightway she ran and called to her father.

It was soon settled.

Cirilo Bassano was a meek-and-mild cobbler with spectacles, and pink rims to his eyes under his spectacles. A man of premature wrinkles and nervous lips, with very few words indeed, and much in the hands of his daughter. Her arguments in Douglas's interest, set forth with flattering favor, scarcely seemed needed; and so that evening

Signora Colla was indulged with an eternal farewell and a whole week's rent, and Douglas took possession of his new quarters. Maria herself drew his attention to the peep of the Castello in the Piazza d'Armi to be enjoyed from his window; also, to the various highly emblazoned saints on the walls of his room. The coverlet to his bed was her own workmanship, about the time of her first communion. And—she hoped he thought her much handsomer now than as she appeared in a certain full-length portrait on the toilet table, taken eighteen months previously.

Thus prattling about herself and the furniture, she already seemed to Douglas quite precious human material. Her ingenuous—if ingenuous—gossip diverted him so much that he was late in seeking his supper. Yet when he went he carried with him a certain astonishment that cast his mind's energies back into the channel to which he had so lately consecrated them.

He had referred almost casually to the affair Banti of seven weeks ago and asked her what she thought of it; and all at once she had clutched his arm and implored him, by his love of God, not to name those horrors. With the brightness of her blue eyes all clouded as if by a storm-mist of fear, she had further conjured him never, never, never to say another word on that terrible subject either to her or her father.

"There are reasons, caro signore," she had whispered, with the scare still all over her. "Promise, always, to be silent about such calamities, whatever happens."

"Why, yes, naturally, I promise," he had responded, after hesitation.

And now, as he made his way to the Trattoria Bellini in the Via Broletto, he smiled at the absurdity of such a promise. Yet even while he smiled he marveled why this blue-eyed little Milanese butterfly had been so profoundly moved. Reasons, forsooth! As if such reasons were to be nothing to

him! Was her emotion due merely to the extreme sensibility of the Italian temperament and its unwillingness to contemplate the sad or horrible in life? Or had the Bassano family perchance some blood-relationship with one of the victims?

He ate macaroni and Milanese cutlets and drank good Chianti wine, and was of course no wiser on this head when comfortably repleted. But he determined to be in no hurry to seek a third lodging in the Via Corta.

II.

Four other days passed, and Douglas was distressed to realize that he still knew no more about the secret history of the exploded five than the average man in Milan's streets. Other investigators were at work with more success. On his third evening in the house of Bassano the cobbler he read an engrossing column on the subject in the "Gazetta" of the day. Andrea Guisano's executors had found among his papers an unsigned letter conveying a distinct warning that something would happen to him if he persisted in refusing a certain demand for money. It was dated three days before his death, and he was given one day to decide his fate. The "Gazetta" now boldly charged the Mafia with his murder. There were circumstances, also, connected with the second of the tragedies which seemed to point to similar influences; and the "Gazetta" urged the authorities to do their utmost with this one very significant and unquestionable piece of evidence. The article was entitled "Barbarism in Excelsis," and was throughout a plain challenge to the Mafia to deny responsibility for the atrocities, if it dared.

Hitherto Douglas had, greatly against inclination, kept his promise to Maria Bassano about these horrors. He had found her very interesting in other respects. She had introduced him to her lover, Marco Merano, a somewhat simple-faced greengrocer of the Via S. Giuseppe, and also to a certain sleek

but not simple-faced Count Enzo Masuccio; and his imagination had easily seen substance for real drama in the giddy girl's partitioned friendship between two such men. On but very feeble encouragement he believed she would have admitted him as a third sharer in the affections of her too-large heart.

So far from bidding for this privilege, however, he had ventured to point out to her some of the dangers she was, in his opinion, confronting so gaily with the Count. She had told him that he loved her, and that it was an amusement to her.

"Signorino mio," she had said, "one is not young for ever, and why should the rich have the pick of the pleasures? All in good time I shall settle myself down with Marco; but before then I am free to enjoy the sunshine in my own way."

"You like to play with fire—is it not so?" he had asked, shaking his head, yet smiling as he thought of the miraculous luck by which Southern ladies do escape the shipwreck they seem to court.

"Why not?" she had responded, with ready laughter. "One need only warm one's hands at the flame, not scorch them."

"And your Marco—if he were to know?"

"Ah, but what prudence, caro signore!" she had exclaimed, with a reproving click of tongue to teeth, as if he were quite a baby in the ways of a world like hers. "Il Signor Conte has many pairs of boots in his wardrobe. Where there are so many, repairs are always necessary. My Marco does not know the gentleman, but my father is celebrated for his work. There is no more clever repairer of boots in this quarter of the city. You understand, signorino? Masuccio is but a customer like others. He pays me for my smiles, signore, even as he pays my father for his stitches. What would you have?"

Douglas had seen the Count twice in these four days, the second time with

a parcel in his hand. And he had liked his looks less the second time than the first. He had also summed up the simple Marco as a youth of spirit when roused, though his nose was a coarse, thick, snub thing, and his eyes were downright Italian, with immense eyebrows to them which suggested much latent power of action.

But this was all mere castle-building of a sort, and outside his own especial province. Now, with the "Gazetta" before him, he rang his bell in the Via Corta, and in spite of his promise meant to show the news to Maria. He rang again after a time. Perhaps a customer was keeping the girl.

And then, with a deferential murmur, the cobbler himself appeared from his workshop in the attic, with his leather apron on.

"Oh, never mind," said Douglas; "it is not so important. I will not disturb you, Signor Bassano."

"My daughter has gone to the church, signore," said the cobbler, pink-eyed as usual, and with a trembling lower lip. Douglas always felt sorry for the man, and his air as of one silently begging for mercy after judicial or other condemnation. He viewed him somewhat as a genius in his own humble way, whose nerves were ridiculously sacrificed to the task of maintaining his fame as an unrivaled mender of boots—a cobbler with ideals. Well, that was something, even though his constitution might be too weak for an easy pursuit of such excellence in the control of leather.

But in the act of dismissing the cobbler to his last he changed his mind.

"By the way, have you seen this Signor Bassano?" he asked, pointing to the "Barbarism in Excelsis" column of the paper.

"Your goodness wishes me to read it?" questioned the cobbler, fumbling at his spectacles.

"Well, you might like to glance at it," said Douglas; and, rising, he went to his window and its finger's-breadth view of the Castello in the distance.

He lit a cigarette. A street-seller below sang "Beautiful sardines, fresh from the sea!" and proclaimed his beautiful sardines three times thus ere Douglas turned to look at his landlord. Instantly he saw that something was troubling the man. The cobbler's hands were shaking violently, and the paper between them, as if he and it had become palsied. His face was bent over the sheet, and his lower jaw had fallen so that Douglas could see the very positive ruin of his teeth far back. Then, before Douglas could utter a word, the paper slipped to the floor, and the cobbler pressed his palms to his head.

"Mother of God!" he wailed, "protect me and my poor little house! Oh, my daughter! What misery! What mis—" He stopped abruptly, stared at Douglas with his pink-rimmed eyes, and almost regained his composure. "It is nothing, signorino," he whispered. "The signorino will graciously excuse me?" And, with a very humble bow, he sidled away and shut the door behind him.

Douglas heard his irregular footfalls on the staircase, then a shuffling and a thud. And then, hearing other sounds below, and supposing Maria had returned from her devotions, he opened the door and all but collided with a gray-bearded dwarf of a man no higher than his armpits, with large, close-laid ears that deepened the grotesque impression he made. "Oh!" Douglas exclaimed.

But with a curt gesture the little man passed him.

"I am of the family," he said gruffly, and went on up to the cobbler's den.

Feeling excited, he scarcely knew why, Douglas now took his hat and the paper and descended the stairs, this time to find Maria herself, prayer book in hand, on the threshold of the house.

"I am going for a little walk," he told her. "Your father has a visitor. Perhaps it were not uncivil to call him half a visitor, he is so small. He came in without knocking."

The girl hastily crossed herself.

"A deformed old man, signorino?" she asked in a low voice, with fear in her eyes.

"Precisely. But what is the matter?"

Maria Bassano was briefly convulsed like her father. While she shook, her bosom swelled and swelled; and then, with a sob of breath, she rushed into the house.

Douglas would have followed her, but she waved him back.

"Go, caro signore!" she whispered, with the fear still spoiling her beauty. "Go away!" She snatched at her rosary, and he left her clinging to the beads and rapidly parting them, with lips that seemed to be struggling dumbly in an effort to pray.

But yet another slight sensation was in store for Douglas this day.

Raveling at the meaning of these extraordinary agitations in Bassano and his daughter, he marched down the street toward the center of the city, and was met by Marco Merano in his workaday blue blouse. He did not recognize him until the man lifted his cap, stopped, and spoke.

"You have your thoughts, signore, any one can see," he said jocosely.

"Oh, it's you!" said Douglas. "Yes, I have my thoughts, as you say."

He would have gone on; but the other's question, "Is my little girl in the house, signore?" checked him.

"Yes," he said. "But—perhaps you will not be welcome to her at this moment. It is a guess of mine. There is a visitor, a small, stunted man with ears like an elephant's, who has upset her. He is with her father; but she—"

He got thus far before he realized the intensity of the change in the young greengrocer's countenance. Marco was gritting his white teeth like a dog, and there was a passionate beetling of those marked eyebrows of his.

"What is it now?" Douglas asked.

"A man so high, with a white beard?" retorted Marco.

"A man just so high, with a white or gray beard."

"Then," said Marco, "may the Evil One seize him!" He whisked to the rightabout. "I go your way now, signore," he added. "She will not speak to me for days, I think. She will weep and go to church more than ever, and I shall be to her as if I were not a live man. It has been so before. This Bolla—he has a power over her father which it torments her to see. The last time was when the poor Banti met with her end. She was then so ill, signore, that— But why talk of it, especially when she would not forgive me if she could hear me? Do not tell her that you have seen me, signore. She has her moods, like other girls. It is nothing worse than that."

But Douglas's mind was now keenly on the alert.

"La Bella Banti, you say?" he asked. "She was of this street, was she not?"

The young greengrocer pointed over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "That is where she lived with her mother as a young girl. She always retained an affection for the neighborhood. When she wore diamonds like a princess and drove in her own carriage, it was still to Bassano that her boots and little shoes came to be repaired. From sympathy with the friends of her youth, signore."

"Yes," said Douglas, disguising his avidity. "And that other, Andrea Guisano? He also lived here?"

"That is true, signore; and"—Marco laughed rather bitterly, as if he resented the inclination at such a time—"it was the same with him, signore, as touching his boots. Bassano worked for him as for the poor Banti. Corpo santo! that is what disquiets me. After the Guisano tragedy I jested with Maria in saying that it was a fatality for her father to mend a man's boots, and she was furious with me. It will be the same again unless I hold my tongue. Name of a she-dog! And that ugly little Bolla here as before! But I turn off by this street. To the pleasure of seeing you again, signorino!"

"One moment," said Douglas. "This Bolla, you call him? Do you tell me he is, as it were, a coincidence with these mishaps?"

"I do not know, signore," replied the young greengrocer, with the appearance of suspicion now in his eyes. "It is not to be talked about. *A rivedere!*"

He strode across the road.

Douglas turned to the window of a little wineshop and understood why his heart beat so fast. He read the cardboard slips in the window about good red wine at twenty, thirty and forty centesimi the litre, and told himself that at last he had a clue to the mystery of the exploded five. He could see not at all whither the clue positively pointed. He knew only that a voice had cried joyfully within him, and that his whole brain approved the cause for such exultation. For many minutes he gazed absorbedly at these intimations about cheap red wine. The wine-vendor himself showed a head behind them without disturbing him. Even when the man hung up a new card, announcing excellent white wine of Asti at fifty centesimi the litre, side by side with the others, Douglas paid heed neither to it nor the cunning merchant's face.

He was groping all the time, like a man in the dark who knows for a truth that there is something to be found. What should he do? And then he decided that he would take the most obvious of courses. He would wait and follow this deformed imp of a Bolla. From the wine-shop window he commanded a view of the cobbler's door at the end of the street. He watched zealously for five more minutes, with his back to the advertisements of the good and excellent wine; zealously, yet with dissimulation, smoking and reading to some extent at the same time.

Then, whom should he see come round the corner from the Piazza d'Armi but the well-groomed Count Enzo! He just obtained a glimpse of the gentleman's slender form, pinched at the waist, and of the red flower in his buttonhole. The next moment the

man had entered the house without knocking. To be sure, the door was generally thus open to the turn of a handle; but Douglas had learned that the conventional thing to do was to knock before entering.

Leaving the wine-shop, Douglas returned slowly to his lodging. He had some notion that a general embroilment might ensue in that modest house; and if so, it were perchance some advantage to him to take a hand in it.

Nor were his intuitions altogether at fault here also. He found the door open, and the Count, with an inflamed face, on the point of passing toward the pavement. Farther inside was Maria, also red-faced and excited, though with tears on her cheeks.

The separation between them was immediate when Douglas appeared. With a sweep of his hat, the elaborateness of which hinted at irony, Masuccio stepped from the house, and, after an unfriendly gaze at Douglas, vanished round the corner. The girl rushed from the hall into the little shop to the right; and there, when he presumed to follow her, Douglas found her almost doubled on a chair, rocking herself and shedding abundant tears.

"My dear child," he said, "what is it all about? What has happened to distress you?"

She did not reply, but wept on.

Upon the counter was a neat parcel, tied with white tape, evidently, from its shape, containing a boot.

"Tell me the trouble, little one," Douglas urged, as he looked at the snowy parting in the girl's black hair. "Has he—that fellow—insulted you?"

She glanced up then with an expression in her tear-charged blue eyes for which a romantic artist might have paid a good price.

"Is the door shut, signorino?" she whispered.

He shut it softly.

"We are alone," he said.

Then Maria Bassano burst forth.

"I wish he was dead, signorino," she cried. "And I wish further that I was

in Paradise with my dearest mother. This wicked earth! But no—I will not do it. I will be true to my Marco.”

“The Count——” suggested Douglas.

“Yes, signorino,” she exclaimed, responsive to his prompting. “He threatens that unless I consent to sacrifice myself to him to-morrow he will make a scandal of me. He is so enamored. I did not think he had such a heart of fire. I do not love him—no; but I have taken his presents, many of them, and he has twice kissed my lips, and I am a very unfortunate young woman to have let him go so far. He desires to carry me away to his country house by Bologna. Do I say desires? He insists. And he tells me that if, when he comes for his miserable boot in the morning—there, behold it by your hand!—if I am still obstinate he will find out my poor Marco, and—and—Ah! but who shall say what will then come to us all? They will perhaps fight, and I at least shall be disgraced. Signorino, I hate him worse, I think, than that other. What a house is this!”

“Poor little girl!” murmured Douglas, stroking the coarse black hair of her head by the broad parting. “But, you know, I told you before——”

She shook off his hand.

“That is not all, caro signore,” she almost screamed, with a fresh flood of tears, and the terror as before staring through the tears. “There was my poor father lying like one dead on the floor upstairs. He, that accursed other, found him so. I would not help him to his senses at first, when I saw for what purpose that other had come. But it is enough, signorino! I must not talk. This is no house for so gracious and kind-hearted a stranger as you, signorino. Would to heaven my poor father could escape from the city! That is what I have begged and begged. We are of Parma ourselves. There are our blood-relatives, and there we might live happy and peaceful lives, with perhaps Marco, if God willed—if—if things were otherwise. It is because of a weakness of mind in my poor

father. But come, I must be courageous and wipe my eyes, signore.”

She stood up and jerked her thick black plait behind her, tried to smile, and used her handkerchief to her face.

Douglas himself was more perturbed now than she seemed.

“That is right. Courage! courage!” he said at a venture. “But you talk of the man Bolla, do you not—him with the ears?”

The girl’s hand clenched into a fist by the side of the Count’s parcel, and her full rosy lips tightened grimly. She drew breath before she replied.

“No, signore, I talk not of him. And, excuse me, but it is the hour when Marco comes sometimes.” She forced another smile; without much difficulty either, thanks to her blessed mercurial temperament. “Marco will not like it if he finds you here with me—thus.”

“He will not come to-day,” said Douglas thoughtlessly. “He was in the street just now when that other—— But for charity’s sake don’t glare at me like that!”

The girl’s temper had taken yet another turn. No turkey-cock in Douglas’s experience ever swelled out so indignantly as she under the digestion of this trivial intelligence about her Marco. She seemed to put on inches of stature, and the flashing of her eyes, the scorn and wrath—he had never seen the like on so pretty a young face. She said something first in dialect that Douglas missed. Then out shot her arm as she pointed to the door.

“Go, signore! Have the kindness to go from this room. I command it. Without words!” she cried, as dignified as a stone Juno.

Hat in hand, Douglas obeyed.

“Certainly,” he said, “certainly. I am sorry if I have said anything to annoy you; but, remember, I am your friend.”

“I want no such friend, signore,” she said, her eyes like lamp-lit blue diamonds. “Do me the favor to withdraw.”

III.

Douglas passed the rest of the day in a state of increasing restlessness and conviction: the former because he did not know what to do to substantiate his belief that Bassano the cobbler had very much to do with the tragedies which were still an unelucidated marvel to Milan, and the latter inevitably the more he sought other interpretations of the conduct and words of the cobbler and his daughter.

At one time he was for calling upon the Cavaliere di Barese and telling him all he knew and surmised. But scruples withheld him. It was very repugnant to him to think that he might be a wrecker of Bassano's home. He could not do it, indeed. How, for instance, would that poor, pretty girl look at him if he were thus proclaimed as a spy? Look at him, forsooth! Why, she would perhaps seek to tear the eyes from his head. Moreover, a certain feeling of pride supported his natural inclination in the matter. He had undertaken this charge alone. If the worst befell, and Bassano were really a dastard of the kind indicated by the press, whom to lay by the heels were the manifest duty of the first righteous man who discovered the cobbler's infamy, then he would share his triumph with no one.

He hoped, and quarreled with his hopes.

In this confusion of mind he wandered about the city. He spent a silent hour in the beautiful Duomo, apparently lost in pious meditation, but most of the time thinking of those three or four souls whose fate might chance to depend upon him: Bassano and his daughter, the worthy Marco, and that abbreviated human devil of a Bolla, with the ears which declared him more brute-beast than man. There was besides the Count, for whom he felt a dislike as great as that inspired by the dwarf. He also could not be disassociated from any exposure of the casa Bassano.

But throughout the reflection there was all the time this one baffling and quite important detail. Though he had

it in plain black and white before him that Bassano and Bolla were Mafia fiends, he could see no key to the manner of their operations. Of all men, Bassano, the shrinking pink-eyed piece of timidity! How could he be made responsible for such magnificent chemistry? There was no trace in him of audacity, whether of mind or body. And from what Maria had told him, her father was little better than an anchorite, shut up all day and all night with his leather and his tools, save when as a rare enterprise he stole out for a glass of vermouth at the "Nazione." Maria had said it was but once a week or so that he thus dissipated, and then he was back again in a few minutes. No; there was nothing villainous or masterful in the composition of Bassano the cobbler, so far as the common eye could see.

It was late when Douglas returned to the Via Corta. He felt a little anxious about his reception. In his hand, moreover, was another evening paper with comments on the "Gazetta's" article about the five mysteries. But he would keep that to himself, go to bed, and perhaps awake with some wise ideas.

To his satisfaction, however, Maria Bassano opened the door to him with welcoming eyes.

"It contents me to see you, caro signore," she said with gentle friendliness. "I was not myself this afternoon. I fear I behaved with some asperity. The signore will, I hope, not remember it." She proffered her hand in the dimly lighted passage.

"I have quite forgotten it, little one," said Douglas cordially. "I sympathized. You believe that?"

He could hear the tap-tapping of the cobbler's hammer upstairs. Bassano did not often work so late, though the sound was always the first that came to him when he opened his eyes in the morning.

"Yes," replied the girl. "I believe everything that is good of the signore. But there is something I wish to say. It is about Masuccio."

"What about the fellow?" asked Douglas.

"I have arranged it with myself, signorino. It was a foolishness from the first, that intimacy. I perceive it now. One has one's looks, to be sure, and it seems a pity not to make a little money innocently with one's face as well as with one's hands, if God gives one the precious gift of beauty; but, yes, I reproach myself for Marco's sake. I have done with him. When he returns to-morrow I shall give him his boot and tell him the truth. He may take his boots to another cobbler in future, and if he requires it of me his presents shall be returned to him. Ah! but it will be a sorrow, signorino, to surrender them. Especially the earrings of gold and crystal, and the bracelet with the corals! But I tire your amiability, caro signorino. Here is the lamp, and good-night."

Douglas was not eager for the lamp.

"This is fine news, little one," he said. "I congratulate you."

"The signore is very kind to say so," continued the girl. "But there may be trouble, nevertheless. The Count is of a haughty nature. One must trust in God even more than one's self. There is one other thing to say; but I do not like to perhaps vex you, caro signorino, by saying it to-night after my wicked passion of——"

"Never mind that, Maria," Douglas interrupted, scenting a reference to Bolla. "Whatever it is, tell it to me now."

"Truly?" She put the question with arched eyebrows and a very sweet gravity in her blue eyes.

"Yes, I request it," he said.

She gave him his candle first.

"It hurts to say it, caro signorino; but I have persuaded my father to leave Milan very soon; perhaps to-morrow, perhaps the day after. Will it incommode you very much to seek another apartment in the morning?"

"You leave Milan?" he asked, astonished.

"Perhaps, signorino. There are reasons. I must not name them."

Douglas's presence of mind failed him for the time, thus confronted by the likelihood of fresh disappointments.

"Those tiresome reasons again!" he exclaimed. "Any one would think your father was—was not——" In some confusion he stayed his tongue. "We will consider it in the morning. There will be time then. Good-night."

He turned for the stairs. The girl's eyes had enlarged with his words, and it would not have surprised him to hear another outburst from her. But none came. Perhaps it had lacked time to develop.

Alone in his little room, with the saints on the walls and Maria Bassano's patchwork bedcover, made in the days of her sublimely innocent early teens, Douglas put the candle on the toilet table and gave way to his irritation. The tap-tap of the cobbler upstairs still continued. It seemed to add to his annoyance. He was a fool to have let his personal feelings for one moment interfere with his prescribed duty as a pursuer of evildoers. He ought to have consulted the Cavaliere di Baresse that evening. Were it not so late, even now he would, perhaps, have gone to him. What a fool to have allowed a pair of Venetian blue eyes to waste his time, and, again perhaps, involve the downfall of another life! This projected flight of the Bassano establishment confirmed all the portents. The Via Corta was at the root of the five horrible assassinations, and Bassano the cobbler at the very root of the root.

He went to bed with every determination to rise early and make amends for his negligence; and it was with the tapping of the cobbler still sounding in the house like a death-tick that sleep very considerably came to him.

But, in fact, he did not wake early. That is to say, it was 8 o'clock before he opened his eyes and turned toward the sunlit corner of the Castello and the patch of the Piazza d'Armi beyond his unblinded window.

He lay still for a few moments, gathering the threads of his life.

There was talking somewhere on the premises below. Outside, a fruit seller was proclaiming fresh apricots and other things.

Then Douglas jumped from his bed. The importance of the day thus begun had loomed large to his imagination. It behooved him to waste no more time. He could hear that persistent cobbler at work upstairs; not hammering, but moving weights, as it were. Most of all, however, he heard the voices downstairs. And it was with only one leg in his trousers that he suddenly realized whose voice it was as well as Maria's. Maria's had risen to a passionate and rather shrill pitch. The other's had also risen from a basso profondo to something like a hoarse tenor. And the other's was the Count Enzo Masuccio's.

At such an hour!

Still with the right leg in and the left leg outside his trousers, Douglas quietly opened his door. It relied on a latch only and a key which he never used.

"It is your last chance, carina," he now heard the Count say. "I shall bring a carriage to this end of the Via Legnano at 10 o'clock. If you do not come to me I come for you. Ponder it well."

"No, signore," said Maria Bassano. "I have told you it cannot be."

"And I repeat that it is either that or there will be something that will make you sorry. I am not master of myself, my dove."

"Have the courtesy to depart, signore," then said Maria, lowering her voice. "My father, I think, is descending."

"Very well, signorina," said the Count in a much more ordinary tone. "It is understood. Addio!"

Douglas heard the house door close, and shutting his own door, proceeded with his toilet. He stepped to the window. The Count lived at the cemetery end of the city, and would probably, as usual, pass toward the piazza. There he was, indeed, with the little parcel under his arm, a gray felt Tyrolean hat

on his head; for the rest, perfectly gloved, and with a slender umbrella. It had rained in the night, and there were puddles on the road. The Count was careful to avoid the puddles.

For maybe a full minute Douglas kept the gentleman in sight, until he was near by the trees which here bordered the great piazza.

Douglas was buttoning his braces and about to turn away, when suddenly he seemed to freeze from head to foot. Could he believe his eyes? The unfortunate Masuccio had disappeared, and instead of him there was a little cloud of particles which—— But, of course, he could believe his eyes. The report as of a cannon which sounded a moment later told him everything.

Staring horror-stricken, he saw the cloud die away. There was no well-dressed Count Enzo Masuccio visible where the cloud had been; but a *gendarme* and a man in an operative's blue smock were running toward the site of the explosion.

Douglas slipped into his coat without troubling about anything else.

The silence of the house was almost a stunning contrast to that fatal roar whose echo was still in his ears. Not a sound now came from the cobbler upstairs. But when he opened his door he heard a whisper from below, and a subdued patter of prayers from Maria Bassano drifted toward him. "Holy Virgin, intercede for us in this our hour of greatest need!" While he paused, irresolute, Douglas heard this much of the piteous little petition fly off to heaven.

A shout from the cobbler broke upon the girl's prayers like something sacrilegious. "My daughter!" yelled the man.

Maria Bassano sprang up the stairs. "Oh, signore!" she gasped as she fled past Douglas.

A minute later she rushed down.

In the meantime Douglas had waited and resumed his dressing. There was a crowd on the piazza now—men, women and boys looking about them as if they were hunting for many lost

pieces of money. At times one would stoop, pick up something and drop it again. Upstairs the cobbler and his daughter conversed strenuously.

And then the girl descended, and Douglas intercepted her.

"Well?" he said. "The Count—you know, perhaps—he has been exterminated. He, the sixth!"

Maria Bassano clasped her hands on her bosom. The agony in her eyes was dreadful to Douglas. Yet she spoke calmly in assent.

"Si, signore, the sixth! But it was a mistake. It does not matter. We are, of course, ruined this time. But it was not Masuccio who was decreed to die. Dio mio! no. My father, in his agitation, placed it in the wrong boot—that of Masuccio. He has discovered that it was so."

Looking up, Douglas saw the pallid face of Bassano himself at the top of the stairs. But in spite of his pallor there was an expression of vigor in the cobbler's eyes which was new to Douglas. He had the air, indeed, of a man whose back was against a wall, and who meant to fight.

Thus standing, the cobbler spoke.

"Are you a friend to us, signorino?" he asked steadily.

"That is it, caro signorino," whispered the girl, still with her fingers locked on her bosom, "You will not betray us, you who are so amiable and good? There is a train for Parma in an hour."

"Ah!"

Douglas glanced from father to daughter, and from daughter to father. Then he turned to the window. It was their simplicity that had first impressed him. As if he could intervene between them and their fate in such a moment! But now, on further knowledge, he perceived that there was at present no evidence to connect this disintegrated Count Enzo with the house he had left five minutes ago. The crowd had swelled. There were several police, who seemed quite at a loss whether to look up to heaven or down upon the ground for information about the identity of the luckless sixth in

this chain of calamities. That a sixth citizen of Milan, or otherwise, had been blown to uttermost fragments was no doubt clear to them; but how could they ascertain more than that?

"Tell me," said Douglas to the cobbler, who had come downstairs, "you are an instrument in the hands of others? Is it not so?"

"A most unhappy and unwilling instrument, signorino," replied Bassano, tremulously as of old, with shaking hands. "Before God, I swear it."

"And did not mean to murder that man?"

"His Excellency, the Count, signore? No, by the bones of San Carlo! I confused them. I will confess to you, Signore Inglese, as to God Almighty. The man whom I must not name brought the thing which I must not talk about, and a certain boot. I was to put it in the heel of the boot. Undoubtedly, there was a resemblance between the two boots, and being so fatigued last night, I— But your goodness understands without more words."

"An infernal machine in the heel of a boot?" said Douglas, almost incredulous.

"Si, signorino," replied the cobbler. "An invention of the devil! I know nothing about it, God be praised! I do but obey the commands which are forced upon me."

"But how"—Douglas lost sight of all else for the time save the ingenuity and energy of such murders—"how came he to put it on here—the boot?"

"That was an accident, caro signorino," said Maria. "It was his right foot, and he complained greatly of the tightness of the boot he was wearing. He changed it for the—the mended one, although it was not a perfect pair with the other one, and—"

She covered her face with her hands.

"There is little time," protested the cobbler, with urgent eyes between their pink lids. "May we trust you, signorino?"

"Yes, you may trust me; but there is one thing more. These misadventures—are they managed by clockwork?"

The cobbler hesitated, sighed and looked earnestly at his daughter.

"The signore is very inquisitive," he remarked. "Shall I tell him this also?"

"He is our friend, father. He has said we may trust him. The English do not lie," replied Maria Bassano.

"That is so. I repeat it. I am your friend to the best of my powers," said Douglas. "But I am, as you say, inquisitive. Are they little boxes of witchcraft set to a time?"

"No, signore," replied the cobbler reluctantly. "There is a head to them which the heel presses. But they do not all go off immediately. The pressure has to be sufficient. Is that all the signore wishes to know?"

And then Douglas realized the cruelty of his questioning at such a crisis.

"It is all," he said. "Make haste with your preparations, and good luck to you both. I also will pack my little bag."

Maria Bassano began to call down Heaven's blessings upon him; but he urged her not to take that trouble.

There was still no indication outside that any one had knowledge of the deceased Count's movements before the disaster. The crowd had swelled, and included mounted officers of the king's army. The roar of voices in exclamation could be heard through the window.

A certain anxiety now seized Douglas. Supposing this general exodus from the house were noticed, might not dangerous inferences be drawn?

Of course it was so.

He decided at once to take with him only such things as he could conveniently carry about his person; and thus lightly padded he left the room to say "Good-by" to the Bassanos.

"May I come up?" he called, and taking straightway to the stairs, he was soon in the cobbler's workshop.

"I am going. Once more, 'Good-luck,'" he said. He gazed about him as he held out his hand to the pink-eyed accessory in such vile deeds. But

there was nothing remarkable in the attic. A bed was in the corner, and the commonplace litter of a cobbler's workshop was all about. He observed, however, a package which evidently contained a boot.

The cobbler wiped his hand on his apron ere, with profound respect obvious in his pink-rimmed eyes, he responded to Douglas's courtesy.

"You are a noble benefactor to us, signorino," he stammered.

"By no means," said Douglas. "Don't be rash in your movements, that's all. Let your daughter walk to the station by herself, and you after her. And don't overload yourself with things." He fingered the parcel idly while he spoke, then lifted it with an inquiring smile. "Perhaps this also?" he whispered.

"That, caro signore," said the cobbler huskily, "is the other one. He, the agent, was to come for it at noon. But his visit will be useless."

"Bolla?"

"Si, signore."

"Happy man, then, this other, eh—at least for a time? Well, addio, in conclusion."

Downstairs he had but few words for Maria, whose tearful blue eyes and quivering lips disconcerted him. He merely repeated the precaution which he had mentioned to her father, wished her every happiness amid more enlightened surroundings, and left the house.

A stream of people was in the Via Corta, making for the piazza; and on the spur of the moment Douglas went with the tide.

He stayed for a few minutes on the outskirts of the crowd, quietly looking about and listening to its comments and ejaculations. The police were busy forming an inclosure, as exact as they could guess at it, round the spot of ground which held conjecturable morsels of the unfortunate Masuccio. But this were a difficult matter if a certain gossip of the crowd spoke truth in saying that he had seen no frag-

ments of anything larger than a coat-button.

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Back at his hotel in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Douglas spent a quiet, thoughtful day and the subsequent night. And the next morning he left for London without paying a second visit to the Cavaliere di Barese. It distressed him a little to act with such apparent incivility, but he feared to face that experienced gentleman. He could not hope to escape easily from such questions as the Cavaliere would

be bound to ask; and it were better that the Cavaliere should wonder at his discourtesy than that he should by an involuntary word or look give him cause to suspect the Bassanos. Others might now take up the investigation of the Via Corta's connection with the mysteries. They undoubtedly would do so at once, and Douglas could only hope that the cobbler and his daughter might successfully obliterate themselves in Parma or elsewhere.

His own short week in Milan was at any rate one to remember.



THE LOVE LETTER.

By WILFRED L. RANDELL.

(From *Idler*.)

This little craft I launch to-day
 With cargo sweet and wind abaft—
 O fairy captain, guard you, pray,
 This little craft!

For love took aim at me, and laughed,
 And how his arrow sped away
 Wing'd with a dream, and where the shaft

Was found, my vessel goes to say;
 So let the white sails fill, and wait
 To harbor dear through sun and spray
 This little craft!

The Spirit of St. Petersburg.

By TEST DALTON.

SPREAD out a map of the world and drop your index finger on any part—Alaska or Terra del Fuego—it is all the same—your most direct route is to start from Fenchurch street station. By train to Tilbury you change direct to a steamer going to North America, to Australia or to India—and on crafts, mind you, of the best build and equipment. Go by train to the Royal Albert dock, the West India or any one of the numerous docks joined by railway service to Fenchurch—and a long list of docks it is—wherever you want to go you will not be far wrong in starting from here. And what a wonderful quarter is this of locks, of powerful sailing vessels, spars and sails, redolent of brine and tar, and cloaked in gray smoked mantles, a region little known to the average Londoner, who callously relegates his Tower and Kensington Museum to Americans. In this section you can find a man of every tribe, even an Istonian, and that, I take it, is a wonderful thing.

Of course, when I wanted to go to Russia I started from Fenchurch street. It was on a clear evening, with an after-glow painting the sky a luminous crimson. About nine o'clock, when the shadows were beginning to lengthen, I landed at Millwall Dock, with my eyes turned, not toward the far east or the west, but a little higher north, toward the land of the bear and the drosky. Through the gate giving entrance to

the dock I walked past steamer after steamer, until at last I saw the magic letters "Irkutsk" on the trim 7,000-ton passenger steamer commanded by my good friend, Captain Omero. By ten o'clock everything was still over the sleeping city of vessels—not a sound of a cart, a cry of the street or the creak of a pulley—it was as though you were in a tomb. Toward three o'clock in the morning this was all changed. The silence was rent with sharp commands, the throb of the engine and the tread of the crew on deck. It was a medley of noises, and all in honor of the pilot, who had come on board to back the steamer through a maze of vessels and barges to the entrance of the lock, a wonderful and difficult task of maneuvering. Near four o'clock flood tide had crawled foot by foot to its full height, the lock was opened wide and the "Irkutsk" swung out full onto the Thames and pointed her nose toward the sea. We glided past Blackwall, Victoria, Greenwich, Woolwich, Erith, Purfleet and Gravesend, where at last we struck the Sea Reach and the Warp, and thence through Burrow Deep we crawled on through King's Chan and passed into the sea with steam on toward Holland. All day we skirted Holland, passing by North Vleeland, Amerland and Groningen, and then touched the coast of North Hanover and entered the River Elbe, a little South of Helligoland. Through the Elbe we sailed so close to shore that you could easily distin-

guish people wending their way to church on Sunday morning, and about three o'clock we entered the Kiel Canal—that wonderful weapon of the Kaiser. At Brunsbittel, the North Sea entrance to the canal, we had to wait until the signals were arranged and the lock opened. From three in the afternoon until eleven at night the steamer was on the canal, gliding by little villages that seemed so close you felt as though you could reach out and touch them. At midnight we left Altenau and the Kiel Canal in the distance. At last we were upon the Baltic and our next landing would be St. Petersburg.

The Russian passengers were willing to admit that the German villages were passable, but they did not think they could compare with those in Russia. "Wait until you see Petersburg," was the continual retort to all arguments, and in particular from Alexis, who had traveled a bit and had therefore a standard of comparison.

"Yes," he often said, "wait until you see Petersburg. London is massive, New York is stupendous, Berlin is grand, Paris is beautiful and Petersburg is—what shall I say? I have it. Petersburg is a painting. Wait and you see."

"But," I objected, "I thought Moscow was more picturesque than St. Petersburg."

"Perhaps more picturesque, but not so beautiful—no, not so beautiful. That is it. Rome is more picturesque, I say, but Venice is more beautiful. That is it. Moscow is Russian—wonderful Kremlin, many basilicas, old monuments, it is antique place and thoroughly Russian—but Petersburg is cosmopolitan. Yes, Moscow is picturesque, but Petersburg is a painting. Wait, you see."

"But is there a finer river than the Volga?"

"Oh, you have read Gorky, I know. The Volga, it is fine river, but it is huge, hungry and yellow like a wolf,

but the Neva, she is more slender, most artistique, and like a beautiful lady. And Gorky—I am glad you like him. He is only one of our bright men. He is only one, our most brilliant men are in Siberia, and you do not hear of them."

Knowing that Alexis had been an officer, I questioned him about the war.

"I can say nothing," he answered.

And not a word would he say upon the subject. The import of this was brought stronger by a story told me by an English manufacturer of St. Petersburg.

"I had a friend," he related, "who was a master-weaver at Narva, and that, as you know, is a responsible position. The mill was owned by Russian merchants, and the hours were tremendously long and the wages poverty low. The Russian workmen wanted more money and shorter hours. It was a just complaint and my friend advised them to stand out for their rights. The news soon spread through the town, and on the following midnight the gendarmes came into his house, compelled him to arise and accompany them under guard to the train. They escorted him through to a frontier station and forbade him ever to return to Russia. His family were on a visit to Petersburg and he had no opportunity to bid them good-bye, and all this on account of indiscretion. A chance word is overheard and suddenly a Russian disappears, and he is often never heard of again. He has been transported somewhere in that vast Siberia."

On Tuesday afternoon about five o'clock we sighted the first Russian land—Dago Island, and at noon on Wednesday the Kronstadt lighthouse was visible on the port side. Kronstadt was reached at three o'clock. Externally, it does not appear nearly as formidable as Gibraltar. The situation is very flat and the round brick towers look more like gas tanks than fortresses. At Kronstadt, about four, the

gendarmes boarded the steamer to look over the passports. As the tug came along the side and they climbed upon the deck a Russian lady, who stood by my side, turned suddenly and whispered:

"Those are the people all Russians fear—they are the hidden power of the country."

"You speak with feeling," I ventured.

"I know them," she replied, then she lowered her voice again. "Oh, yes, I know them only too well—I was once exiled to Siberia."

And all of this five days from London! I felt as though I were moving through the pages of a novel.

Another boat drew near and some gendarmes in plainer garb climbed the ladder. It was their duty to guard the gangway when the boat drew up at St. Petersburg.

We turned into the Moscow canal, and off across the breakwater I at last saw St. Petersburg. It was as Alexis had said—a painting—a beautiful and wonderful painting, and the impression is, I believe, due in great part to the approach by water. It is a spectacular entrance by steamer with the city spread out before you—one that is always impressive and that you will always remember. Naples and Montevideo are wonderful cities as seen from the deck of a steamer—they are certainly anything but beautiful as seen from the respective stations where trains pull up from Verona and Buenos Ayres.

New York with its jagged sky-line is impressive from the harbor. So much depends on a first view. Go to Rome by train from Paris and you alight in a dingy station and enter a sombre dirty street, but drive to Rome from Frascati, look over the city from the Capitoline Hill and you will swear it is a wondrous city, with St. Peter's looming far above it. Let your first impression of Venice be at sunset from an Adriatic vessel, and you have it at its best. If there was a great central station on the top of Highgate Ceme-

tery overlooking the city—a beautiful station with an Italian garden approach from where you could see the city spread out before you with St. Paul's, the Tower, and the House of Parliament looming forth—if this were possible and a stranger should gain this as his first impression, I wager he would think London a beautiful city.

The approach by steamer adds to the beauty of your first view of St. Petersburg, and I gazed at it across the breakwater with a feeling that it was a wondrous fair vision. Over and above all these shadows the Krepos (Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul)—the political prison where many are entombed who have offended the government. This great place of graceful spires and of beauty is visible from a great distance. Then you can see from afar St. Isaac's Cathedral with its solid gold dome glistening in the sunlight and the solid silver turrets of the Alexander Monastery at the end of the Nevsky. Truly, Alexis was right—St. Petersburg is a painting.

The heart of the city I would compress within that district from the summer garden to the Maria Theatre in one direction and from the Admiralty to the Fontonka Canal on the other. Approximately this would comprise in London, say, from Chancery Lane to Bond street, and from Oxford street to the Thames. Within this space in each metropolis you can feel the pulse of the city, its life, its main interests and view its prominent streets. It is the heart of the great middle path freed from the gruesome flotsam of the submerged tenths, and the artificial coloring of the upper classes—it is, in short, St. Petersburg and London just as they are and strongly indicative of the vast differences between the two places. Here you will find the St. Petersburg that has been evolved from marsh lands to a beautiful city. You will see a Cossack officer—and a picturesque figure he is—and the drosky driver who has so little respect for the police that he rarely obeys his instructions. On a corner you will see standing a crippled

soldier mustered out from the war roll and near him the street laborers fitting octagon blocks in the torn pavements. Within this radius are the Moskai and the Nevsky—the Regent and Bond streets of St. Petersburg—lined with shops and cafes, the goods most of them imported and marked at so high a figure that you wonder how any one can have the courage or the means to purchase, and cafes, where you cannot order breakfast under a rouble. It is an expensive city to live in, even more expensive than Vienna, and this being so brings St. Petersburg to the top notch of extravagant cities of Europe. There are practically no poor people in Vienna, for the city was built only for the wealthy, as Newport, the society resort in America. Vienna is peopled by diplomats, dilettanti and the wealthy leisure class in general, while Newport overflows with millionaires and racing people—both classes gamblers, and spending their money with open hands. But the city of St. Petersburg does not come under either of these heads. It is a manufacturing town and was built ostensibly for the working people. Commodities being so high-priced, you may wonder how the workingmen live here. They do not—they merely exist on the other side of the Neva, and most of them consider meat a luxury. But they are a large body of people, and some day they will rise and go farther than the great iron foundry where they were stopped during the January riots. If they ever reach the heart of the city they will sack it to the ground, for the streets are wide and there are many squares and parks. I know of no city that would be more defenseless in the hands of a mob than St. Petersburg. I can think of three reasons which at present make any popular movement impossible, and they form a descending scale reducing the cause to complete failure.

In the first place, there is no leader, and if there were, whom would he lead? There is no organization among the working people—by organization, I mean trade unions whose object is to

protect every laboring man, and when one man moves, all move. Even if this condition of affairs existed in Russia I doubt very much whether they would be able to accomplish much, for, bear in mind, the Russian laborer is oppressed by the fear of centuries and is literally weighed with ignorance—so it comes to "*nihil ex nihilo fit.*" You must not think that Father Gapon was a leader—he was beloved by the people, but he was only a priest—mark him a fanatic if you will—but he was not a leader. Gorky is helpless, Tolstoi is harmless, and no editor can be a leader, for journalists cannot move—they are marked men. The leader must be a great military leader, and he must come from the people. He must know them and have their confidence and following—so you see it will be a long time before this man appears.

I will give an idea of the Russian workingman at play, and from this you can judge somewhat of his character and calibre.

You find the true spirit of the cockney at play at Hampstead or the "Flats" on a bank holiday, and in St. Petersburg you see the Russian workingman at his best on a national holiday, like that of St. Peter and St. Paul, at the huge playground built by the present Czar for the working classes.

The People's Palace or Rod-ni-Dom, as it is called, has no counterpart. It is neither a Blackpool, a Crystal Palace or a Coney Island. Across the river from the Palace Quay, directly behind the Krepos, it stands, and is reached over the Troizka Church Bridge. The main building, which gives entrance to the grounds, was the machinery hall at the Nijni-Novgorod Exposition, and the entire steel structure was removed in pieces and re-bolted on its present site, a costly undertaking, as you will admit. It was built for the people and its ultimate object is temperance—namely, the lessening of vodka drinking, which the Czar claims is the national curse. The main building contains a large painting of the Czar and another of the Czarina.

To the left is the popular theatre, seating, I should say, a thousand people, all interested in their amusement with a grim seriousness. Whenever any one is sufficiently moved to express approval or disapproval he is immediately hissed down. A laugh or a groan, a sob or a cry of amazement—it is all one—the people will stand no interruption, and they hang on to every word with a feverish anxiety that betokens more of a desire to comprehend the action of the play than real appreciation. I remember one man in particular who was painful in his intensity. He leaned far forward with a most serious look upon his face and with great fortitude drank in every word, and was apparently, though his demeanor did not indicate it, very contented. But let any one so much as sigh, he would hiss, then turn about and glare and then hiss again as a final warning—for all the world like a rattlesnake about to strike.

At intervals a gavotte or a minuet is thrown into a play in the most haphazard fashion. But this innovation is entirely pleasing to the audience. But let us on to the people's restaurant, for it is impossible to remain longer than ten minutes in the theatre, as an odor arises like from the bowels of a cattle boat on a stifling night.

The people's restaurant is at the other end of the hall and serves its patrons within and without the main building. Altogether the immense cafe caters to an average of ten thousand people at one time. Lunches are served during the day on the grounds at tables adjoining an overhead trolley which communicates direct to the kitchen. You give an order and suddenly it comes, apparently flying through the air in a basket. Within the enclosure the waitresses take their dishes from off a huge revolving steel table which moves continually and contains their necessities. The restaurant is interesting on account of its magnitude, just as the Krasnopolsky Palm Room of Amsterdam is one of the sights of that city because there are

over a hundred billiard tables in the one room.

In the grounds are the real playgrounds. On the night of St. Peter and St. Paul the particular centre of interest is generally some twelve or fourteen natives from Little Russia who play on three stringed instruments. Very quaint and stirring is the melody, and the repetition of the theme is remarkable for its temperamental coloring. There is first a subdued melody which gradually rises to a wild barbaric dance and then gently dies down to a soft strain—it is like the rush of the wind and the coming of a peaceful night. When the dancers appear the crowd claps vigorously. By all odds this is the most popular number. There is a musical team with the same old jokes that have worn so long in other countries—and they are received here in about the same spirit—passively—sometimes a half laugh, but mostly sullen silence. Then there is the "petite circus" with the loping horse and the spangled lady, bedraggled and careworn, but none the less the Queen of the Arena. And last but not least, the tin-type gallery—in fact, nearly all of the stock amusements furnished at country fairs—yes, most all of them, with one conspicuous omission—the shooting gallery.

On a holiday the workingman comes with his family to the Rod-ni-Dom at 11 o'clock in the morning and remains until it closes—2 o'clock the next morning. He is going to see everything and have a real holiday. The admission is 10 kopekas ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.), and the popular theatre ranges in price from one rouble (2 shillings) down to 10 kopekas. The outer theatre is free and the remainder of the amusements are side shows, with a small fee for admittance. There is also a band which plays during the day and evening. As I said before, the erection of this playground was an expensive undertaking, but I imagine that it is now a source of revenue to the government. The workingman is free to do as he likes and can buy all he wishes at the Rod-ni-Dom, with the one

exception of vodka. The question is, Will the amusements prove more alluring than vodka drinking? I doubt it, for the simple reason that the Russian workingman gets all the vodka he wants—or can carry—which is the same thing, before he comes to the Pod-ni-Dom. So he gets both, the vodka and his amusement.

From the Moscow station a steam tram with three cars attached puffs noisily to the top of the Nevsky and turns sharp at the Alexander Monastery where beyond the last granary it crosses the canal and crawls along the Neva through the heart of the factory district. Close to the last granary is a lodging house of the cheapest kind—somewhat like the night shelters on Mile End Road, in London, but even more dirty and filthy, taxing an inmate the sum of three kopekas for a night's lodging. But there are strange characters in this place, men who have no future, men of ideas, unwise and impractical which will never materialize, and petty poets, philosophers and anarchists—all men of no homes and most of them of no ambition. A black hole of grime and dirt that reeks out misery and degradation. This was the lodging house that was once a shelter to Maxim Gorky, and its types he has portrayed with a strong hand in his play, "Nachtyal." This lodging house is the lowest ebb of the Russian workingman and is not indicative in any way of the greater and better class.

One of the first unwritten class distinctions is the tram. The top of the tram is for the lower class. It is far more preferable than the inside and gives one an opportunity to see all on the street below, but a study of his fellow beings is not particularly interesting to a Russian gentleman, and he has no desire to touch elbows—so much so that he would never think of riding on the top of a tram—his pride would not permit it. He prefers a drosky, but if reduced to riding in a tram your Russian gentleman will always ride inside.

In no country in the world is there

so vast a difference between the upper and lower classes. The average Russian workingman is exceedingly and grossly stupid. A Russian will not admit this with but few exceptions—Prince Kropotkin in chief, and I take it he knows whereof he speaks. He goes beyond this, and affirms that the Russian peasant and the Russian workingman are in general only removed one degree from cattle. Very recently a young lad—a laborer in one of the Neva factories—surely he could not have been over seventeen—this tall, thin boy, with a high piping voice took upon himself to inculcate reform unto his fettered companions with a most lamentable result.

He was a boy orator, with many wicked pamphlets filed away in his memory, and these ideas, of which he hardly understood the import, he gave forth to his fellow-creatures. From five in the morning until seven at night—those are hours that would make our workingman howl. During these hours he labored faithfully for the support of his mother and sister, but alas, temptation came his way and he sold his birthright for his cause. After seven he mounted on a stool, that lad, and shouted forth his pernicious thoughts: "Were they satisfied with their long hours? Did they think they received enough roubles for their labor?" "Net! Net!" (no, no) shouted his companions, but they did not arise in their might and demand. And the strange and inconceivable thing occurred that the authorities permitted—the authority, I should say, permitted the boy to speak six days, thinking perhaps that one so young would be laughed at by his companions, older and more thoughtful, presumably, than he. But he flamed bolder and higher, and on the seventh day he spoke no more. They took him away. Where? That is the question! Why? For fear he might strain his voice. And the reason? That the motto of the Russian manufacturer, "long hours and low wages," might not be violated, or any dictum laid down by the Czar be questioned.

The strange and illogical effect of long hours and low wages has brought it to pass that most of the articles manufactured in the city are more expensive than in any other land. And again why? One would be led to deduce that the government receives an appalling tax. But there is a method in this extortion system, a far-reaching method—this system of long hours and high rates for commodities. It forms an unbreakable barrier around the Russian workingman—he is tied hand and foot. He must remain in Russia because his income is consumed so rapidly that he never has a chance to lay by money to take him to another land. This system keeps in Russia the men they want, and rids the country of many Jews.

In Russia the workingman naturally is only salaried, while the Jew barter in trade—he has a chance. Behold this wonderful system, consider the conditions and the men, and it is evident that the system will continue for many years. If it be any consolation to workingmen in other lands they can count themselves fortunate under all conditions when they compare themselves to their fellow-laborers in Russia who are bound by fetters stronger than any blacksmith could ever forge.

It is extremely difficult to get at the truth in Russia, and newspaper reports are so conflicting and conditions in that country so much at variance with customs in other countries that it is well-nigh impossible to expect the public world in general to grasp the after effects of the late war. Many foreigners have strong, deep-rooted, preconceived notions of how things ought to be managed in Russia, and their ideas are generally erroneous, as they do not fully grasp the conditions and restrictions under which the empire labors. They argue, it is true, from a logical standpoint, but they start with a false major premise. It has been my business to keep in touch with the general trend of European affairs and to live in most of the

capitals of the world to study conditions and phases that make history.

Before going to the front I was in Paris when the first tidings of the Japanese-Russian controversy loomed seriously on the horizon, and men who had made a life study of war were of the opinion that Japan had not the slightest chance of a victory.

As these men were the molders of public opinion, this was the generally accepted view of the public. When the continued success of Japan was evident the weathervane of their opinions shifted, but they were not able to understand why Russia suffered continual reverses. At the beginning of the war the officers in the Russian army and navy were almost unanimous in predicting defeat for their country, but their opinions were not published, as they were compelled to remain silent. The celebrated "marina manifeste" was merely the opinions gathered by experts, reported to the Czar, drafted carefully by trained naval officers and issued under the name of the Czar. The Czar himself had no conception of the strength or the weakness of his navy—he was as much in the dark as a lower form boy at a public school. It is impossible for any one who does not actually know to realize the tremendous expense of this war to Russia and the great number of obstacles she had to overcome.

Bear in mind that the army was over a month distant by train from its base of supplies, and in winter to transport troops and provisions across Siberia is an exceedingly difficult matter.

In considering the navy, you must realize there are few trained gunners on their warships, and the Russian crews are for the most part recruited from Little Russia—farmers, we would call them, and these men are as ill-fitted for naval maneuvers as one is likely to find anywhere. Likewise many of the officers are unfitted for their positions.

This war has been of great benefit to the socialists and nihilists, who by spreading their literature and inflam-

ing the troops to revolt have done much toward destroying their own country. If anything happens the burden will fall upon them—which burden I am quite certain will crush them. The little affair of the Potemkin had no weight on the question of mutiny, for this evil is always ready to spring forth. I have seen and talked to soldiers and sailors of many nations and have found about half of them discontented with their lot. If it is not the food, it is the pay, and if not the pay, then the officers are too rigorous, and if the officers are not strict then they complain of laxity in the service. Oh, yes, it is always easy to find fault. Their greatest curse is not mutiny or socialistic pamphlets, but bribery. From the highest to the lowest this is practiced. Funds are subscribed for certain purposes and this purpose is never accomplished. Why? Because the funds have been placed in the private coffers of certain men of rank and never reach the quarter for which they were intended. One of the churches in St. Petersburg has been twenty-five years in course of construction and is still unfinished, and as far as indications point, it will continue in its unfinished state. The funds were intrusted to the uncle of the Czar—the moral is obvious.

The late war has taught Russia many things, and that which was particularly and forcibly brought to her notice and

will inevitably influence the spirit of St. Petersburg, is the fact that her submerged classes are actually human beings.

Of the spirit of patriotism, at which many people may be surprised, I should like to give you the exact words of a Russian officer as we sat in the mess room one bleak night far from his home and native country.

"I wish I could make you understand the way a Russian officer feels," he said, "who has traveled about the world and returns to his own country full of ideas for best interests. I do not believe the Czar has a more patriotic subject than I, but I am forced to silence. The term patriotic subject is almost a paradox, for if you go among the people you will hear on all sides, among themselves, I mean, this dictum: 'Why should I care for the Czar? What has he ever done for me?' It is a terrible condition when things come to this pass. As for myself, I have no sympathy with the socialists. I think they are fanatics, and the country would be ruined under their control. I believe in the Czar. He is my emperor and my religion, and I should like to see him riding through St. Petersburg in safety, with the people cheering on all sides, with all anxious to fight for their country and glad to die for their Czar. This is my patriotism and I know it is shared by many of my brother officers."



The Wreck of the "Stella."

(EASTER EVE, 1899.)

By NEWMAN HOWARD.

(From the Spectator.)

["Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento."—Virgil.
"The kingdom of God is within you."—Luke xvii. 21.]

Easter comes like the gleam of a dawn that delivers the slave,
The drudge of the mill that grinds for the riches of ultimate Rome;
And sheds its light on the desk, and bids him arise from the grave
To a glimpse of the sailing cloud, and the sea in a gallop of foam
Round an isle where the daffodils droop, and dream of the blue of the wave,
And the cormorants plunge and float plumed with a mermaid's comb.

But twice in the toilsome year, twice only the golden chance
To inhale the scent of the brine, where the bells of the foam are adrift,
To watch the frolic of waves, the whirl and the bacchanal dance
From rocks aflame with the gorse, ablush with the pink of the thrift:
But twice in the toilsome year, sea-begotten, the golden chance,
The gap in the gloom of our days, and the glow of the sun in the rift.

Our mother, the ocean, calls; we sail; and the wife to her man
Clings, and she whispers, "Beloved, for us together alone
A honeymoon comes at last, like the days when our love began,"—
And feels for his hand, and thrills as it closes upon her own:
For throbbing and warm are our hearts, though the days of our life are a span,
The rocks lie out in the deep, the wind is a weariful moan,

And the cold waves wash at the keel, and we sail to the sound of a sob;
For the witch of the fog sits perched, and brews her kettle, and peers
O'er the oily plain of the sea, and the steam rolls off from the hob,
And the moan is a babble and laugh as the fog-witch listens and hears

The throb of the fated ship, whose burden is hearts that throb,
And she knows that the brine of the sea will swallow the salt of their tears.

But twice in the tollsome year, twice only the joy betides
That beats in our hearts to-day as the ship ploughs on through the gloom,
Mightily furrows the flood, and hurls from her flanks as she rides
Foam eddies . . . But see! On the port! What ominous fastnesses loom?
A shout! A crash! We have struck! The Casquets are ripping her sides!
Thrice shudders the monster, then reels, a live thing smitten with doom!

Her ribs are cracking and ground by the old leviathan's teeth,
Sucked in by the lips of the sea, whose laughter we sought like balm;
But we, who are palpitant, frall, our lives sustained on a breath,
Whose pity and passion and praise sob out like the sound of a psalm,—
We behold around us the flood, the lithe snake hungry for death,
We possess our spirits in peace, we clasp our hands and are calm.

Now hail and farewell unto him, who heard from the vessel a groan:
"My daughter! she only is left!"—a voice from the fountain of tears,—
Who sprang from the succoring boat, gave place to a maiden unknown,
Then sank, as a star on the hills gleams golden and then disappears:
To him is no dirge and no tomb, no name engraven on stone,
But the tomb and the dirge of the deep, for a grandeur more than the
spheres'.

To her, too, hail and farewell, whom the strangling terror, the grave,
Unmasked, as in daytime the moon thro' a cavern of darkness will shine:
A hundred took life from her hands, yet one there was left to save:
She drew the belt from her breast: "A mightier Saviour is mine:
Take this!"—then knelt on the deck, and kneeling sank in the wave:
Sweet saint, O hail and farewell! We, too, would kneel at your shrine.

But the fog-witch broods on the deep, and Doubt by the altar of life:
"The hearts of your brave are quenched, hissed out in the sea like a spark:
A moan, a gurgle, a calm, nor ever a sign of their strife;
A cry gone up to the heavens, and none in the heavens to hark;
But woe for the loved ye have left, an ache in the breast of the wife,
The light of the honeymoon gone, and evermore infinite dark."
• • • • •
A nightingale took her love, more sweet than the chiming of bells,
Into her throat and sang, and the sea drew murmurous breath,

A song that gave faith unto fear, and hope to the wild farewells,
A fragrance flung to the night that sweetened the glooms of death:
"O rest in the Lord!" she sang, and to meadows of asphodels
The dying floated in dreams, buoyed up by an Arm beneath.

So Easter dawned on the sea, and the day of the toiler was sped:
Seeking for sunlight and joy he fell upon silence and rest;
He wove dream-garlands of flowers: they turned to thorns on his head;
Our mother, the ocean, called: he came and was slain on her breast,
But a song rose up on the waves, a light on the land was shed,
A robe of purple and gold for the victor Isles of the West:

Yea, hearken all nations unborn, all peoples and aeons of Time!
We Britons make boast we are great, yet not by the lands we control,
Though they be the third of the Earth; but for this: that no nation or clime
But has witnessed us calm in a wreck, self-effacing and fearless and whole,
First succoring women and young: yea in this is the Briton sublime;
For great is the empire of Earth, more great the command of the Soul.



The Editor's Miscellany.

THE coinage of words is a misleading phrase. True, words are coined, but when coined their right to existence is precarious. New words which win their title to good usage are more often evolved than coined. Some idea, or group of ideas, has been sufficiently expressed in a phrase or two for centuries. Then within a short space of time it becomes so crystallized, so concrete that it enters the mental life of the people generally. A phrase is quickly awkward. One word is demanded and the word is evolved. An evolved word appears after its reason for existence becomes apparent. A coined word makes its debut and seeks to justify itself amid the silence and frowns of the sentinels of good usage. When a new word appears, its success or failure depends upon whether it meets a need. Coined words may and should be defied, even as coined spellings of old words are often defied with success. Evolution will not brook defiance. Many Englishmen still insist upon saying "motor car" and they may, but for all that the word "automobile" has won its place in the language as a word, the value of which is not of a flat character. That a priori body, the Simplified Spelling Board, has confused coinage and evolution. If a word is needed, that need gives the word its sound value. The form of the word creates no value.

* * *

"Yellow journalism" as a phrase has been graduated from the American vernacular, and so has "frenzied finance." Owen Wister's "yellow rich" makes

a co-ordinate appeal. These phrases and several others, such as "sensational preachers," "captains of industry," "muck-rakers" and "high financiers," represent phases of a social force which includes such qualities as sensationalism and democracy run riot. The virtue of this social force lies in its pruning power rather than in any positive creed of religion, politics, finance and society. Its positive creed may prove to be cheap and demagogic, but its power lies not in the sensation but in the enforcement of a publicity that will suffer no man to follow a moral code of his own without paying a social penalty which may rob piratical independence of its desirability. This social force must not be discounted because for the moment it seems to obscure the finer values of human relations. It may correct and steady in the twentieth century the individualism of the nineteenth. This social force will win a name soon or late. What that name will be is not evident. It may even be a word that would now seem to be an abortion, such as "yellowism."

* * *

The disposition of a public man to follow a moral code of his own depends for success upon insurance against a reaction in public opinion, once publicity has reached the methods by which the man attained his power to do either good or ill. Whether the public station of the man be that of high political office, powerful railroad control or prominent newspaper proprietorship, the principle is the same. Soon or late the man who follows a code of his own becomes dependent

upon the moral sensibility of his audience. If that is callous, he may dodge the otherwise certain penalty.

* * *

The lesser of two evils has a heavy responsibility in this world. Just as much of a choice is sometimes exercised by standing aside and refusing to accept either evil. The ability to wait is a form of strength often mistaken for weakness by those most in sympathy with the positive side of the social force which may be described as "yellowism." But this doctrine of standing and waiting, if generally followed, would imperil the careers of the men who like to observe their own code. Hence, there is in many an excited climax of struggle an appeal calculated to compel the action of the conscientious one way rather than the other, on the ground that the lesser of two evils has become a virtue for the time being. But sophistry only needs rope enough in order to facilitate its own proper disposal.

* * *

When Dickens related in "A Tale of Two Cities" how Madame Defarge sat quietly with a rose in her hair, while she worked into her knitting the description of those to be proscribed by the *Jacquerie*, he illustrated the careful preparation of the remedy of the French people for the Bourbon problem—the problem which grew out of an age-old imperious insistence that royalty and its court must be allowed without question to follow its own code. When the offense is national in extent, the remedy is hardly restricted within more narrow limits. And the French never did things by halves. When they had an absolute monarch, they developed Louis the Fourteenth. When they plunged into revolution, the personification of the debacle was Robespierre. Once imperialism came, its soul was Napoleon. These are names

which have well served many a mediocre orator, who failed to make his abstract argument clear and turned to the glitter of personalities for his peroration.

* * *

Happy is that people whose list of captivating heroes is short. The safeguards of law and the sanctity of tradition are as nothing, once a popular master appears. No hero is possible who is not masterful. At any rate, such a generalization has abundant historical support. The conscience, the sanity, the destiny of a people rest with the integrity and the disposition of the hero. If he is imbued with a spirit of devotion to the institutions which have given his country its character, the people need have no fear of a subversion of the ideals of their past. The dread as to what sort of man the hero may prove to be is largely responsible for the distrust of idolized leaders among the intellectual and the oft-repeated dictum of publicists that from the ranks of the stolid and the commonplace—the safe and sane, if you fill—may be obtained the best administrators of the popular will. History has divided itself in groups about strong personalities and the humdrum annals of a people with but few heroes make small contribution to the evolution of civilization. The quiet and the mediocre attain happiness, but the progress of the world has lain with the discontented and striving peoples who have been ambitious for the greater careers. Which is better? The answer, if found, might tend to settle the long warfare between ambition and contentment, greatness and placidity, the desire for fame and the love of dignity, leisure and civic virtue as a three-fold ideal. Perhaps, it is all a matter of temperament. And nations, as well as individuals, have temperament.

An Open Page.

SURELY, by all true standards of statesmanship, the declaration of Mr. Moberly Bell, of the London "Times," that Lord Cromer is the greatest living Englishman must be accepted as the truth. The great statesman, in modern times, at any rate, takes precedence of the great soldier, the great sailor, the man of eminence in any other walk of life. And this is as it should be, for what is real statesmanship but the increasing of the chances of happiness of the people whom the statesman serves, the making of two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, the relief of suffering, the education of the ignorant?

These things Cromer has done in Egypt. He has done more—much more—but in the years to come will he not be known and revered for his constructive work rather than as the man who defeated intrigues, the consummate diplomatist who maintained British prestige in Egypt? To those who visit Egypt now it is almost impossible to realize that the country twenty years ago was bankrupt, miserable, semi-civilized. To-day Cairo is a city of which the public services are modern and of the highest efficiency, the country is prosperous, slavery has been abolished, the territory capable of cultivation has been enormously extended, the old corrupt officials have been replaced by men capable and trustworthy, the penal system has been reformed, as well as the judicial system, the railways have been greatly extended, and human life is safe. This is to recapitulate but a hundredth part of the reforms that Cromer has accomplished.

Compared with work such as this what are the achievements of a conqueror?
LAYTON CRIPPEN.

* * *

When the Thaw trial is considered in its bearing on society apart from any legal or judicial aspects, it can readily be believed that it will mark a climax in procedure in capital cases under the criminal code. For it has been tried in the press, in public and in court by sentimental, moral and ethical, rather than by legal standards. Two views have been taken, wholly irreconcilable in court and outside—something which would not be possible, except in a cosmopolitan city like New York. In London there would be one viewpoint and one opinion as to what should be done with Thaw. In South Carolina, likewise, there would be no division of sentiment, although it is probable that the "unwritten law" would be followed without a question, whereas in England stern and inflexible punishment for the killing would be meted out. In New York men representing every shade of opinion are to be found, differing widely in antecedents, ancestry and temperament. The great public, familiar with corruption, fraud and graft, and tolerant of them, shudders at violence and demand its punishment. On the other hand, the public, South and West, would deal more leniently on the whole with an avenger like Thaw than with a man guilty of a fraud. That this is true any one will be convinced who reads of the varied feelings of emotions, horror, or resentment engendered here, in Chicago, San Francisco or other cities by crimes of the two kinds—a trait which

permeates the body politic and carries its influence even to a dominating point in political affairs. The jurors who voted to convict Thaw represent the traditions of the Old World and the East, just as surely as those who voted for acquittal represent the newer and more tolerant South and West.

New York has had only two analogous cases within memory, and it will be interesting to compare the result in each with that in the Thaw case. In the early seventies James Fisk, Jr., was shot down by a man who escaped the extreme penalty, and finally resumed his place in the community. About fifteen years ago Burton C. Webster, a bookmaker, incited by jealousy and hatred over Evelyn Granville, his common law wife, shot and killed his rival in cold blood. The shooting was as deliberate as that of Stanford White, and had much in common. The relations between Webster and the woman had been as notorious as those in the Thaw case, although the parties were not prominent. The "unwritten law," much less vaunted at the time, caused a disagreement at the first trial of Webster. On the second trial he was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree and sentenced to the maximum penalty under the law. In considering what will be the ultimate fate of Thaw these two cases should be borne in mind. Thirty-five years and fifteen years, respectively, have passed, and, should Thaw's next jury agree, the verdict, whatever it is, will furnish a parallel for an interesting study of pathological conditions and the trend of public sentiment in murder cases in the metropolis.

HENRY I. HAZELTON.

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Having proven to my satisfaction, about fifteen years ago, that the chess player wastes a great deal of mental energy by following a wrong method of analysis, I set about observing the methods that men usually adopt to detect the right move in the game of life, and there, to my great surprise, discovered the same waste. I continued

my observations, extending them to all fields of human activity, and finally systematized my ideas and wrote the book "Struggle."

In "Struggle" a method of finding the best "maneuver" in a situation is fully described, developed and proven. An outline of the method—presented without the by-work of explanation and demonstration—is as follows: Determine first where you have the advantage and where the position of your forces is weak. Aggressive action in the former points, conservative or defensive tactics in the latter points is the right strategy from which one should not swerve in spite of allurements, traps, intimidation or bluff. For the defense, assume the position where you have the greatest choice of action, the greatest liberty of motion and where your most vulnerable points are in the safest situation. Then do not stir before being forced to action and, under all circumstances, make only the slightest effort compatible with safety. For the attack, develop all available force before striking blows, thus threatening the maximum before your movements are disclosed, then aim at the weakest point which can be assailed with slight effort, exert so much pressure there that you lessen the liberty of action, or the capacity of doing harm, of the opposition thereby, and proceed to press on the next weakness in the same manner. The various steps of the attack should be logically reasoned out beforehand. Avoid setting traps. Try to win by force, logic and justice.

That the proceeding described in "Struggle," of which the above is merely a sketch, is the best possible, is demonstrated in the book by exact and rigorous reasoning. In practicing the method one soon develops a judgment or an instinct for the right which imparts directness and forcefulness. One is never seduced to lose time by essentials or to overlook essentials, and acquires, therefore, the habit of economizing mental power. The method is applicable to every phase of life.

EMANUEL LASKER, PH. D.

Chile con Carne.

IT was within three months of the assassination of President McKinley that an Englishman of my acquaintance called upon him. In the course of the conversation he expressed to Mr. McKinley the universal regret felt here at the loss to Great Britain by the departure of that distinguished statesman, Mr. John Hay, who had resigned his position as Ambassador to England to become Secretary of State. The Englishman seemed to think that not only England but Mr. Hay was the loser.

"To be Ambassador to England is of course the greatest office in your gift," he said, conscious that there is only one England.

"No," the President replied, "it is a much greater position to be Secretary of State. He comes next in importance to the President." Here he paused and then added casually, as an afterthought which had nearly escaped him, "I mean, of course, with the exception of the Vice-President."

Three months after the Vice-President, who in the enumeration had been so nearly overlooked, took the reins of government. It was, of course, Mr. Roosevelt.—Mrs. John Lane in the Nineteenth Century and After.

* * *

It is only fair to say that I started with a prejudice against that barber. He was fat and obviously Teutonic, and he kept me waiting in the grossest way whilst he finished off a red-haired being, to whom he was gabbling in a husky whisper. I noticed that this individual was smiling like a man

well pleased, and I hated his broad, contented grin.

So I threw myself into the chair at last with some little hauteur. I felt disinclined for trivial conversation, and I resolved to keep this Teuton at a distance. But for some few minutes he clipped in silence, handling his scissors with a leisurely, almost caressing touch. He spoke at last.

"You 'ave," he murmured confidentially, "de 'air of a gifted man."

I was slightly startled, but not, I think, annoyed. The man's remark was somewhat ambiguous. Was he referring to my mien or to my hair? I sat in a pleased silence, and in a moment he had enlightened me.

"Yes," he said, half dreamily, as though confirming a first impression. "Dare is no doubt about it. Dis grip fair 'air—it can only belong to a man of talent, per'aps of genius. I 'ave noticed it so often, and I do not mistake."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked him briskly, but without undue asperity.

"I am a student of garacter, Zare," he answered. "I 'ave found dat all gifts and faults are reflected in de 'air. I tell de nature of every gendelman 'oo comes beneath my 'ands, and I am ever druthful. Dare are some 'oom I must anger, and some, like yourself, 'oom I can joostly blease."

I mused a while, and still I was not annoyed. Perhaps there was something in this man's idea—all these Germans imbibe philosophy from the cradle. I thought of the many blind unappreciative people about, and I longed to

confront them with this simple but discerning barber. I felt instinctively that the man was honest.

"You 'ave a somewhat complex nature, Zare," he resumed, in the same hoarse murmur. "You are brave, although some might gall you rash; you are gentle, and yet so strong that some might gall you sduddorn. All dis is indigated by your grisp fair 'air."

Even my great natural modesty could not hide from me the fact that this Teuton had put his finger upon traits which I had often noted in my own character. And I liked him for his simple truth—I felt that if mine had chanced to be a lesser nature he would not have hesitated to point it out to me. Such men, so careless of tips and their own base interests, are seldom met with in this callous world. My heart warmed to him; for very little I would have grasped his not altogether spotless hand.

"Tell me more about your theory," I said, pleasantly.

"Dare are many sorts of 'airs, Zare," he said, "and to de drained eye each one must dell its dale. Dare was, for instance, de red-'aired gendelman for 'oom you 'ad to wait von liddle moment."

"What did you think of him?" I asked, rather coldly. Personally, I had not taken to the man.

"Ach! zuch 'air is most instrooctive. Dose dark red gurls are like de danger signals upon de railway line. A man wid zuch 'air as dat is 'berilous to enrage. 'E will strike as soon as look. To zuch men it is well to be most civil."

"And what did you tell him?" I asked.

"I bald 'im von liddle compliment upon 'is undoubted gourage, but I 'ad to warn 'im against 'is so nasty anger.

I told 'im that vonce I gut de 'air of zuch a man as 'is, and afterwards dat man was 'anged for murder gommited in a bassion. It was my duty so to warn 'im."

It struck me that duty, to a man so simple and so conscientious, must be dangerous at times. I quite admired the restraint of the red-headed man, and I also wondered at the pleased grin which I had noted upon his countenance. These thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the Teutonic barber.

"Be'ind you, Zare, is von 'oo waits 'is turn," he whispered hoarsely. "You may gatch a glimpse of 'im in the glass if you so blease. Dare is von 'oom it is certain dat I must anger. 'Is limp black 'air dells me dat 'e is both bad and foolish. De druth is often bainful, but it must be dold. Ach! Dare is de sad difference between zuch 'air and dat which I 'ave joost ubon finished gutting now!"

I glanced at the man whom he indicated, and was compelled to agree with his sorrowful verdict. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the villain in melodrama is invariably dark. Such men as Mr. G. R. Sims are unfailing judges of character.

I gave my barber sixpence for himself, and I seemed to see a certain sadness in his eye as he beckoned the dark-haired man to approach the vacant chair. He had my sympathy in the painful task before him. . . .

But I had forgotten my umbrella, and as I re-entered the tonsorial chamber I caught a hoarse whisper from my philosopher that has puzzled me ever since.

"Such 'air broves great dalent," he was saying, and upon the face of the dark-haired man there shone a gentle smile.—From Punch.

In the Market Place.

DURING the past month the financial situation has been lifted from the level of post mortem examinations on the deceased bull market in stocks mainly through the efforts of the United States Treasury Department at Washington to relieve the high tension which has prevailed in the money markets of the world for the past year or more. The new Secretary of the Treasury, with the stigma of political chestnut gathering still upon him, has braved the criticism of those who would detect in his every act some fulfillment of a promise given two years ago, and has used his powers granted to him by recent act of Congress to the fullest extent. Nor has he made any pretext of refusing aid to the "gamblers" in Wall street and of depositing the money where it could only inure to the benefit of the rural communities, the inhabitants of which live in a state of arcadian innocence far from wrongdoing and free from the vice of trying to get as much as possible for their own share. The result of his activity has been that the money situation all over the world has been relaxed. By supplying New York with money he relieved the demand which that center threatened to execute in London. The Bank of England, no longer afraid of gold exports to the United States, reduced its discount rate from 5 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., an example which was later followed by the reduction in the discount rate by the Bank of the Netherlands. In New York the call money rate dropped to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This, however, must not be taken to mean that money has be-

come overabundant or a drug on the market. The expansion of loans reported by the members of the New York Clearing House which staggered Wall street by the enormity of its figures bears witness to the ease with which the new credits were snapped up. The low call money rate merely indicates that the demand for cash from stock exchange quarters has declined to a more normal state, indicating that there is not now under way any general or insistent speculation for rising prices. The financial situation, in other words, has reached a point where the leaders are resting and the followers are waiting for a new start.

* * *

The catastrophe of early March has, however, not yet exhausted its influence on financial affairs. While the panic itself was not accompanied by any failures, there have been since then a number of these both abroad and at home. These have been comparatively insignificant, but there is reason to believe that others are still to come, and it seems beyond question that the expectation of such failures is mainly responsible for the continued disturbances in the security markets. These seem to find a great deal of difficulty in securing their equilibrium. That dullness which generally follows on the heels of enormous upheavals in the stock markets is lacking. Instead, there are restlessness, feverish rallies, sharp breaks and other evidences that some large interests are endeavoring to extricate themselves from the debris which have fallen about them. The ultimate result is still uncertain and

depends largely upon the course of trade and the crop situation.

* * *

There seems little doubt that the effects of the money squeeze are beginning to make themselves felt now that the tightness in the money market has at least temporarily been removed. Evidences that many merchants and manufacturers are overextended are accumulating. How far the embarrassment of business men in many lines has progressed is shown by the fact that the General Electric Company has found itself compelled to extend credit facilities to many of its best customers. In fact, the entire cash surplus of the company is at present represented by promissory notes of its customers, and while the company has the largest orders on hand in its history, the profit on these orders is likely to be reduced because of the cost of carrying the customers and the inability of the company to convert its current assets into cash. A similar state of affairs exists in the case of the United States Steel Corporation. Almost the entire huge surplus of this company is invested today in the notes of railroads and large industrial concerns which gave orders for material but soon found it impossible to pay cash for the materials thus ordered. That this can hardly be called sound business will not be disputed, but the objection appears to be largely academic, as the conditions had to be met. The companies had manufactured the articles, and if the customers were unable to pay, the companies had only two choices. It could extend credits or it could put the material back into the melting pot at a huge loss in wages and time. The companies evidently selected the lesser of two evils.

* * *

The crop situation is somewhat mixed. The last government reports were favorable, extremely so. But the bulls on wheat and cotton discovered severe damage after the government report had been made up. The first two weeks in April are said to have de-

stroyed a large part of the winter wheat crop, while doing severe damage to the cotton crop. It is true that weather conditions for the past two weeks have been unfavorable. Especially trying have been the severe and sudden changes in the temperatures of the winter wheat and cotton States. Thawing and freezing frequently kills a crop or at least seriously retards its growth. It is too early, however, to base any definite opinion on the facts at hand. In view of the generally accepted idea that a bad crop year will work inestimable havoc and damage to the general prosperity of the country, it will be well to watch developments in the farming country rather closely. It should be remembered, however, that good crops do not necessarily insure good times, as any reference to the crop products of the early nineties will prove.

* * *

The influence of politics upon business in general has made itself felt again during the past month. As a result of a dispute regarding each other's veracity which was precipitated between the President and E. H. Harriman the campaign for the presidential nominations has been started unusually early, and the war which is to be waged between the factions of the Republican party is likely to aid in disturbing the equanimity of the country. The trouble between these two prominent men may also lead to a more determined prosecution of corporations on the part of the President. This would be unfortunate from the investor's standpoint for the time being, however favorably it may affect ultimately the relations between the public and the creatures of the state. The deeper the probe is sunk the further does it seem to expose the lawlessness of corporation managers during the past. The conviction of the Standard Oil Company, laying that concern open to fines which nearly equal the amounts paid to stockholders in dividends since its organization, and the expectation that still further convictions are possible, serve

as the greatest possible indorsement of the policy of the administration in prosecuting that monopoly, and illuminate curiously the passionate and the calculating arguments which have been advanced in the trust's defense.

* * *

The speculation in real estate in city and country has received a setback in some sections, but in others the activity in this direction is still unconfined. There are, however, signs that sailing is not so smooth for those who have recently engaged in such enterprises. The failure of one large concern whose holdings of improved and unimproved real estate in Long Island were extensive should serve as a warning to those who would buy real estate on small margins for speculation, as it indicates that the supply of purchasers has fallen off. Many mortgage brokers, however, report that the demand from investors for first-class risks in the shape of first mortgages on improved real estate is large, and that there is by no means any difficulty in arranging such loans. Second mortgages, especially on country property, are, however, something of a drug on the market, and as first mortgages, even with the liberal supply of funds at hand, bring 5 per cent. and more, there is little to encourage investment in inferior risks.

* * *

There have recently appeared in many of the standard publications of financial Europe, especially in Great Britain, interviews with and articles by financiers who recently visited the United States. Most of these articles are exceedingly optimistic in tone, and for this reason have attracted attention, because heretofore visitors from abroad have been inclined to look on the development of this country with more or less pessimism. This attitude of

London toward American enterprise only a few years ago was not at all encouraging to foreign investors. Time has since proved that foreign critics were wrong then, and it is, therefore, equally possible that they may be wrong at the present time. The man who only sees things after they have been accomplished and who lacks the imagination to anticipate in his vision the possibilities of the future is not the one who makes the most money nor even the one whose judgment is the best. Too much importance should, therefore, not be attached to the utterances of European minds on the American situation.

* * *

A change in the international market of permanent investment that is of some importance has been brought about by the resignation of Lord Cromer (Evelyn Baring) as the British Financial Agent in Egypt. During the administration of Lord Cromer the foreign holders of Egyptian bonds have had an assurance of integrity and intelligence in the conduct of Egyptian affairs that has made investment in Nile securities increasingly attractive. It remains to be seen whether the administration of Lord Cromer has produced sufficiently stable conditions to outlast definitely the personal influence of the man. At the present moment the native party in Egypt which is demanding a larger measure of home rule menaces the stability of affairs. Lord Cromer was accustomed to treat such agitations as but a phase of Pan-Islamism, and succeeded in discounting them largely. Should the new authorities, however, take the present unrest seriously as a legitimate Egyptian national demand, the future for foreign bondholders might not be so inviting.

EDWARD STUART.



GENERAL KUROKI.

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The Dacha-Smoker.

By CULLEN GOULDSBURY.

(From the African Monthly.)

Over across the river the world's asleep to-night,
With mealie-leaves a-quiver and glow-worm lamps alight.
Hark to the jackals howling, and the tawny lion prowling,
And the old, grey wolf a-growling where the fire-brands are bright!

Look where the white road wanders away beneath the moon;
List where the leafage squanders its wealth of slumber-tune.
The drowsy Weed has sought me with dreams that the gods have taught me,
Dreams that the Dacha's brought me—a drowsy, dreamy boon.

Am I asleep or waking?—I hardly know nor care,
Only the leaves are quaking up on the kopje there—
Fires are redly dying in huts where the men are lying,
And, over it all, the sighing of ghosts in the haunted air.

Come! let the glowing embers press down upon the bowl,
What boots it to remember the striving, and the toll
Of tears the gods require, of sacrificial fire,
They neither dream nor tire—and so, they hunt my soul.

But—I am old and weary, have buried many a wife;
And winter-time is dreary, the winds as keen as a knife—
Never a soul comes nigh me, even the children fly me,
Only the Dacha's by me to lend me a grip on life.

Nama is long forgotten—Zushe the bride is flown—
The sons that I have begotten have taken wives of their own;
By day I list to the clatter of women's pots, and their chatter;
By night—but what does it matter?—my pipe and I are alone.

The huts of the kraal have vanished, caught up in a web of space,
And the sentry trees are banished from round about the place;
Through a belt of flame and fire, still hovering ever higher,
On wings that will never tire I circle the world apace.

Even our gods are dying, fading swiftly away,
And the White Man, peering and prying, teaches us how to pray—
The spirits have lost their power, the blood in our veins is sour,
And the goddess-queen of the hour is Dacha, the Weed, I say!

Dacha, the great Dream-Mother, taking men to her breast—
What should we want with other, when we can creep to rest
With soft, green leaves to hold us, and curling smoke to fold us—
But the white-faced teacher told us his God and his creed were best?

So—let me turn to slumber, shutting out the sight
Of the ghost-trees none may number, and the silver moon's pale height—
Redly the fire's gleaming, and my brain with fancies teeming,
As I float to the Land of Dreaming on wings of the World's Delight.



Thomas Jefferson and To-morrow.

By FERGUS CRANE.

FOR more than a century freedom and America have been associated in the minds of struggling peoples. Upon the outcome of the political evolution of these United States depends the most formidable struggle yet of a people to rule themselves. That outcome will determine incidentally the title of Thomas Jefferson to immortality. Each century has its own problems and each its own proper application of principles. To insist that the application made in the early years of the nineteenth century by the man who most clearly voiced American ideals in their infancy is the political need of the twentieth century is reactionary. To stand at the grave of Jefferson is not progress. But to discriminate between the principles of a free society and the specific policies of the third President is to distinguish between the fundamental and the ephemeral elements of history.

That Jefferson himself knew the distinction was revealed in the epitaph he prescribed for his tomb at Monticello. Although he served his country as Secretary of State, as Governor of Virginia, as Minister to France, as Vice-President, as President and as the purchaser of the Louisiana territory, he would have none of these things written above his grave. For three achievements he wished to be known, and they were guarantees of civil, religious and intellectual freedom. And so he directed this inscription to mark his resting place:

"Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom and father of the University of Virginia."

The twentieth century has opened with the promise of as vexing problems as those which were settled in the nineteenth. The problems are in a new form, but the principles of self-government are unchanged. The new problems demand solutions equally new, but those solutions must be sought in the light of the same principles, because human nature is fundamentally unaltered. To leave the country a better place to live in than they found it

is the duty of the present generation. Its surest line of guidance is a twentieth century application of American political principles. In such an application may be found the relation of Thomas Jefferson and To-morrow.

"The principles of Jefferson," wrote Abraham Lincoln in 1859, "are the definitions and axioms of free society, and yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashinglly calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies' and others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. * * * All honor to Jefferson—to the man who in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and sagacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so embalm it there that to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

In the pursuit of justice and righteousness and liberty lies the legitimate mission of government. When a nation no longer hearkens to the appeal of spiritual laws, it is a ready prey to privilege, whether of birth or wealth of training, at the expense of the people generally, who must then degenerate into little more than an unthinking mass. Platitudes are tiresome, but the reiteration of fundamental truths is demanded by the proneness of men to forget ideals. A brief outline may indicate the application of the Jeffersonian political creed needed to-day and to-morrow.

The dangers of decentralization have become slight. The peril lies in the temptation to concentrate power in order to remedy more quickly undoubted evils. Popular government cannot hope to be evenly good. Give the worthy servants of the people power to become their rulers and less worthy successors cannot then be checked in corruption and oppression.

There is a twentieth century doctrine of State rights. It is not that of the nineteenth. It has no suggestion of nullification. It carries no right of secession. It does demand that the individual States shall not yield to the general government any of their reserved rights or functions. Its bearing upon phases of the questions arising from the growth of the trusts and other protected interests and upon the remarkable rise of the railroad power is clear. Its reason for existence is embodied in the following definition by Jefferson:

"The way to have good and safe government is not to trust it all to one; but to divide it among many, distributing to every one exactly the functions

he is competent to. Let the national government be entrusted with the defense of the nation and its foreign and federal relations; the State government with the civil rights, laws, police and administration of what concerns the State generally; the counties with the local concerns of the counties, and each ward direct the interests within itself. It is by dividing and subdividing these republics, from the great national one down through all its subordinations, until it ends in the administration of every man's farm and affairs by himself; by placing under every one what his own eye may superintend, that all will be done for the best.

"What has destroyed liberty and the rights of man in every government which has ever existed under the sun? The generalizing and concentrating all cares and powers into one body, no matter whether of the autocrats of Russia and France or of the aristocrats of a Venetian Senate. And I do believe that if the Almighty has not decreed that man shall never be free (and it is blasphemy to believe it), the secret will be found in the making himself the depository of the powers respecting himself, so far as he is competent to them, and delegating only what is beyond his competency by a synthetical process to higher and higher orders of functionaries, so as to trust fewer and fewer powers in proportion as the trustees become more and more oligarchical."

Not less important than the preservation of the present rights of the individual States is the maintenance of the equilibrium of the executive, legislative and judicial arms of the general government. Upon this depends the future of America as a government of laws, rather than men. The peril lies in the aggrandizement of a popular executive. If one man should hold the reins of power more than a very limited number of years, the popularity that would give him more than two terms of office would coerce the legislators of his political faith into blind compliance with his programme. That would destroy the legislative check upon the executive. If one man should remain in the White House more than eight years, he might easily have occasion to name a majority of the justices of the United States Supreme Court, and he would naturally choose men in sympathy with his legislative programme. Then the judicial check upon the executive would disappear. Therein lies the menace of the "third term" to American institutions.

In 1792, at Mount Vernon, Jefferson told President Washington "that if the equilibrium of the three great bodies, legislative, executive and judiciary, could be preserved, if the legislature could be kept independent, I should never fear the result of such a government; but that I could not but be uneasy, when I saw that the executive had swallowed up the legislative branch."

Next after insistence upon a strict construction of all powers delegated by the people to their governing representatives comes the demand for rigid economy. Only such tariff duties and other taxes to be levied as would provide a sufficient revenue to meet the cost of a decent, orderly and economical administration of public affairs—such a principle contains ample guidance as to the proper dealing with the tariff question in the present days of American industries, which can and do sell their goods more cheaply abroad than at home. Were the revenue-raising power of the government confined to its reason for existence, the trusts might need but little further regulation in order to restrain the creature trust from overshadowing and dominating its government creator. An imperium in imperio is a menace to freedom, whether that power within a power be a coterie of favored manufacturers seeking tariff protection, a fostered class of banking institutions which would develop an asset currency within its own control, a granger class which would like government advances upon crops, or a railroad monopoly that would discriminate among business men in their necessary dependence upon common carriers.

Equally important with the strict construction of all delegation of power, and with rigid economy in the administration of the public affairs, is the need for honest men in office. These three, taken together, are the soundest guarantee that freedom will survive. For honesty in public office the best insurance is the universal education of the people and the freedom of the press. Education enables the voter to form a trustworthy judgment as to his public servants, and the free press is his means of obtaining the facts he needs in order to reach such a judgment.

No better definition of the objects of that primary education which it is the duty of the State to furnish to all citizens has been framed than that set forth by Jefferson:

"1. To give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business.

"2. To enable him to calculate for himself and to express and preserve his ideas, his contracts and his accounts in writing.

"3. To improve, by reading, his morals and faculties.

"4. To understand his duties to his neighbors and country, and to discharge with competence the functions confided to him by either.

"5. To know his rights; to exercise with order and justice those he retains; to choose with discretion the fiduciary of those he delegates; and to notice their conduct with diligence, with candor and judgment.

"6. And, in general, to observe with intelligence and faithfulness all the social relations under which he shall be placed."

Of this statement James C. Carter, of the New York Bar, in an address upon the occasion of the dedication of the new buildings of the University of Virginia in June, 1898, declared:

"It ought to be written in letters of gold and hung in every primary school throughout the land and be known by heart to every teacher and child therein. It is, indeed, more than a statement of the elements of rudimentary education. It is an enumeration of the duties of every good citizen under a popular government."

It is the schoolhouse that will justify the American welcome to the oppressed of nearly every land under the sun. Were it not for education immigration would be converted from a priceless boon into a deadly peril to a free society. Not only the intelligence of the immigrant, but the manners and courage of the native born are nourished by education.

"It is the manners and spirit of a people," Jefferson wrote, "which preserve a republic in vigor. A degeneracy in these is a canker which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution."

The complement of the schoolhouse is the free press. Without the freedom of publicity education could no more hope to conserve popular government to-day and to-morrow than when Jefferson asserted that "the only security of all is a free press. The force of public opinion cannot be resisted, when permitted to be expressed freely. The agitations it produces must be submitted to. It keeps the waters pure."

"Yellow journalism" is a cause of disquiet in many patriotic, disinterested minds, but the sensationalism of the day, with all its vulgarity and snobbishness, is too shallow to have much influence for harm, compared with a subsidized or muzzled press. Leave the newspapers free and an educated free people may trust themselves to discriminate between the true and the false in the reports and discussions of the really important affairs of the time. American history has borne eloquent testimony repeatedly to the wisdom of the people, whose early leaders felt the voters could trust themselves.

The punitive purging power of publicity has given fresh evidence of its vigor in the recent New York State investigation into the business of life insurance and promises results in the world of railroad finance, sufficient to curb the tendency of public service corporations to dominate, and often corruptly, the legislatures of many States.

In the territorial expansion of American power also, the mission of spiritual laws has a place. The two greatest steps in American expansion,

the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of the Philippines, were of a character not contemplated by the makers of the constitution. Of Louisiana Jefferson wrote to John Breckinridge in August, 1803:

"The constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our union. The executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the constitution. The legislature in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties and risking themselves like faithful servants must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized what we know they would have done for themselves, had they been in a situation to do it."

The problem of organizing the government of the Louisiana territory worked itself out in a generation, and had the advantages of contiguous neighborhood and similar peoples in favor of its solution, in accordance with the principles of American political morality. The acquisition of a transoceanic archipelago, peopled with brown and yellow races, as well as the remaining white population of its more than three centuries of a Spanish ruling class, raised a new problem—how to govern the islands so that wherever the American flag flies, it shall fly as an emblem of liberty rather than as a symbol of dominion. To accomplish this mission will involve the establishment of free society under the American aegis in the Orient. No policy of "benevolent assimilation," no exploitation as of a Roman proconsular province, no transmarine domination like that of a British crown colony can do it. The strongest assurance which Americans could give themselves that they have not allowed their ideals to become tarnished would be to allow a Filipino preponderance in the administration of the government of the Filipinos. The best form of education in the use of power consists of its bestowal upon the pupil to the fullest extent that the intelligence and the character of the pupil will permit.

Finally, as for the basic principle of universal suffrage, Jefferson in retirement at Monticello in 1813 wrote to John Adams as follows:

"I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. * * * There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents; for with these it would belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, the trusts and government of society. And, indeed, it would have been inconsistent in creation to have formed man for the social state and not to have provided virtue and wisdom enough to manage the concerns of the society. May we

not even say that that form of government is the best which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural Aristoi into the offices of government? The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its ascendancy. * * *

"I think the best remedy is exactly that provided by all our constitutions, to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the Aristoi from the Pseudo-Aristoi, of the wheat from the chaff. In general, they will elect the really good and wise. In some instances, wealth may corrupt and birth blind them; but not in sufficient degree to endanger society."

There is a school of thinking at present which grants that Jefferson's confidence in universal suffrage was justified in his own time because of the comparatively homogeneous character of the population and the wide diffusion of intelligence in the early days of American independence. These observers find in the experience of the more recent decades a testimony of failure, and many of them cite the scandals of city government in proof. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, has gone so far as to prefer the government of cities by appointive commissions, and has used the results achieved by commission government in Galveston, Texas, as an illustration of the value of the remedy. Publicity and the common school education of the children of the more ignorant immigrant population of the last fifty years are, however, beginning already to uphold the contrary belief that the principle of universal suffrage will work out its own salvation. Moreover, it is not to be believed that the people will consent to any curtailment of their power. Rather are they reaching out for more power by trying to elect as representatives men who will carry out the popular will, instead of substituting therefor their own discretionary judgment. The future rests with the growth of popular intelligence as to how to instruct representatives. The American people need the Jeffersonian ideals of a free society.



Roses.

By E. MATHESON.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Gloire de Dijon and Marechal Niel,
Crimson Damask and Maiden's Blush:
All queens of beauty whose petals feel
Like silk or velvet or softest plush;
And yet I would give them all, heart knows,
For that hive of fragrance—a red moss-rose.

My hands are filled with these regal blooms,
And their scent is sweet; but my thoughts go far:
To a little garden of rich perfumes,
To a summer tryst 'neath the evening star.
For there in the dusk, from a certain tree,
Love offered a red moss-rose to me.

The spirit of gladness had touched that hour,
And a thrush still sang by his quiet nest;
The month was June and the earth in flower;
Pale fire gleamed under the opaline west;
But a moonbeam silvered the waning light
As we kissed in the shadow and said good-night.

Crimson Damask and Marechal Niel,
Gloire de Dijon and Maiden's Blush:
All odorous blooms; but the scents that steal
From a little garden—Hush! memory, hush!
Only my heart and the honey-bee knows
What sweets may lie in a red moss-rose.

The Second Duma.

By E. J. DILLON.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

AFTER a parliamentary interregnum of seven months the second Russian Duma has foregathered in the Tavrida Palace, but under auspices very different from those of last year.

This time there was no monarch to dazzle the eyes of the peasant and to welcome Russia's "best men"; there were no ceremonies except those of the Orthodox Church, no pageantry, no eloquence. Indeed, nothing so significant could well be more matter of fact and prosaic than was the meeting in the palace. The essence of the ceremony consisted in the perusal of a tamely written address by a sallow-faced official who looked as though he might have been a portrait of one of Catherine's dignitaries, who, in obedience to the waving of a magician's wand, had stepped down from the frame of a mellow canvas and appeared before five hundred individuals, most of whom could hardly realize what they had come to accomplish.

As usual, a bad beginning was made, owing largely to the shortsightedness of the government. For instance, it was understood the evening before that a member of the Right would propose three cheers for the Czar. This was known both to the Constitutional Democrats—or "Cadets," as they are termed for shortness—and to the authorities. Now the "Cadets," who dominated the first Duma, aspire to lead the second, and regard their leaders as ministers-elect, were resolved

not to stand up at the name of the emperor, not to cheer him, and even to remain seated when listening to his ukase. Foreseeing all these incidents, say those whom experience has endowed with wisdom, it was the duty of the authorities to take the matter into their own hands and to instruct Privy Councillor Golubeff, who opened the Duma, to call for three cheers for the Czar. He should have done it, not a member of the Right. That would have deprived the "Cadets" of the pretext for remaining seated which they since put forward, that it would have been derogatory to their dignity to respond to a word of command issued by their political adversaries. And if in answer to Golubeff's summons a section of the deputies had refused to rise, he might have appealed to the loyalty of the house. At present all this and much more is clear to the government, which has at least one characteristic trait in common with Epimetheus.

The "Cadets" then remained seated, and offered what has been taken as a wanton and petty insult to the monarch with whom they profess themselves ready to work. Pettiness is an unpardonable sin in statesmen and those who hope to become statesmen. The more one differs from others in matters of genuine importance, the more one should endeavor to conform to them in trifles. Even Republicans might consistently honor a king or an emperor in his capacity as head of the state. But the refusal of Anarchists to rise

was intelligible. They made no professions of readiness to collaborate with the monarch. The "Cadets'" attitude was queer and unbecoming. There was something tragi-comical in the convulsive way in which some undecided deputies among them sprang to their feet, looked round, and seeing the majority of the chamber seated, flopped down heavily on the smooth wooden chairs, then started up again and down again. The fitful movement was symbolical. If it needed an accompaniment in words, one can imagine the leaders approaching the throne from which they hope to receive ministerial portfolios one day and exclaiming dramatically: "Caesar, morituri te non salutant."

What a curious assemblage of types and individuals, tongues and races this Duma is! Cossacks and priests, lawyers and ploughmen, hewers of wood and drawers of water, Orthodox bishops and free-thinking Moslems, Roman Catholic priests, Tartars, Germans, Bashkirs, Poles, Letts, Moldavians, Lithuanians, Revolutionists, Grace-of-God Monarchists, Anarchists, Nihilists, elbow each other or sit cheek by jowl in the spacious lightsome hall. And all of them are professional legislators. Many of the brawny men of the people look as if they had been suddenly taken from the plough, the anvil, the lathe but yesterday, and had come by express to throw light upon the intricacies of the agrarian, financial and other imperial problems, and to step in boldly where learned specialists and experienced administrators had hesitated to tread. *Ne auctor ultra crepidam* was never addressed to them.

Excellent men they may be as farmers, mechanics, laborers, as husbands, fathers or sons, as Christians, Mohammedans or Buddhists; but judging by received standards they have as much vocation for making laws for the vast Russian empire as a stonecutter has to make a lady's watch. Most of them know less of the mechanism of consti-

tutional government, of the work of a parliament, of the requisites of good legislation, than of comparative anatomy or Hegelian philosophy. But the election day was their Pentecost, and they have received the spirit. The very words which will daily and hourly strike their ears in this assembly of improvised legislators awaken no ideas in their brain, conjure up no pictures in their imagination.

* * * * *

Russia is suffering from a recrudescence of revolutionary fever which political parties had the power to bring on, but are impotent to allay. A mutinous spirit permeates large categories of the nation, dissatisfaction is widespread, and unrest is noticeable everywhere. Nobody has faith in the government, whose acts appear to proceed from vacillation and to be executed by a palsied arm. No party can build plans upon its promises or trust their cause to its safe keeping. It trims, it veers, it blows hot and cold, steers north and south. Before the vanguard of the revolution, which is composed mainly of students who do not study and of workmen who are out of employment, it recoils with a mixture of awe and dread and contempt. It cherishes convictions which it relegates to the limbo of disembodied ideas; it acknowledges the efficacy of measures which it has not the courage to employ; it foresees real dangers which it would fain ward off, but only by means of a spell. It is startled by its own shrill voice, frightened by its own shifting shadow, neither trusted by its friends nor feared by its enemies. The only function it discharges at present is to maintain an armistice between the regime and anarchy until such time as the forces of the revolution are ready to be unleashed. And then it is not merely the Cabinet or the institution of demi-autocracy which will be affected; most probably the regime itself and its highest and oldest and most powerful representatives will all be engulfed together.

Viterbo: The City of Popes and Conclaves.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

ONLY recently connected by rail with the rest of the world, and that by a studiously inconvenient line, Viterbo has been left outside of the regulation tourist track. This is a matter of regret (for the sake of the tourist), for in few places in Italy are the evidences of medievalism more intact, or can more interesting historic memories be found.

This city, that stands at an altitude of over three hundred feet above the South Etruscan plain, and which is still bounded by the remains of what was once the dense Cimmeric forest, is the only Etruscan stronghold that continued to be important after the fall of Rome. Its history is, in miniature, the history of all Italy, a history of internecine warfare, of conquest by barbarians, of oppressions by Pope and emperors in turn, of liberty and tyranny, of fanaticism and culture.

If we may trust the local chronicles, it was even the first city in Italy to become an independent commune. This was in the eleventh century, just when these species of miniature republics first rose into being. In 1100 the famous Countess Matilda of Tuscany, then overlord of the town, included it in her celebrated grant to the papal see, which came to be called the Patrimony of St. Peter. In this wise Viterbo became by right a papal city. No wonder, therefore, that in the twelfth century, when the Popes and the Romans entered upon their long wars of con-

flicting interests, Eugenius III. should have migrated to Viterbo, and thus prove the first pontiff to seek an asylum amid its walls, and to install there his pontifical court. By so doing he laid the seeds of that jealousy between Viterbo and Rome which lasted for many centuries, and might be said to have survived to this hour, so reluctant were the Viterbese to be connected by rail with Rome, and so inconvenient and slow and miserable in all respects is the service that links them with the outer world.

I had long desired to see this city, famed for its beautiful fountains and beautiful women. I was scarcely prepared for so much beauty, and certainly not prepared to find it had preserved such a pronounced medieval character. To begin with, it still owns, almost intact, its Lombard walls and towers, that surround it for the space of five kilometers, broken only, as of old, at stated intervals by six gates, of which four were renovated in the sixteenth century, while two still exhibit all the majestic solemnity of twelfth and thirteenth century architecture. It is by the so-called Porta Romana that the city is commonly entered, so named because it abuts on the classic Via Cassia that connected Florence with Rome. It was inaugurated solemnly in 1653, on one of Innocent X.'s visits to Viterbo—a place he was partial to, as it was close to his favorite summer villa, and his equally favorite sister-in-law, the dissolute Olimpia Maidalchini

Pamfil. Innocenziana was the official name bestowed on the gate, but the people would have none of that, and though the door is covered with adulatory inscriptions to this Pope, Porta Romana it was named by the people and Porta Romana it remains.

What strikes the stranger on first beholding it are the marks of cannon balls upon its stately surface. These are records of the French Republican assault in 1799. And next the tall statue of a female rose-crowned saint, whose slight figure rises into the air above the topmost pinnacle. This is the image of Viterbo's great glory, her own particular patron, who figures in the Roman calendar as St. Rosa of Viterbo, and must not be confounded with St. Rosa of Lima, whose feast falls about the same date.

In St. Rosa, in her deeds, in her festival—that is honored and kept in quaint fashion to this hour—the mediæval story of the city itself is in a measure adumbrated. This young saint, who died at the early age of seventeen, was born in 1235, when the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire had temporarily wrested Viterbo from the papal possession, and furthermore, when the emperor then in power was no other than that most modern and most enigmatic figure, Frederick II. of Suabia—an Italian by birth, an Oriental at heart, an eclectic and an esthete, no barbarous rough-handed Teuton. Under his sway every heresy and opinion had freedom to make itself heard, and it so chanced that in Viterbo, a city always interested in religion and attracted to mystic speculation, the schism of the Patarines exerted widespread influence.

In vain had Pope Gregory IX. launched his anathemas against the place. His voice, his threats, were disregarded. Yet, where he failed, a tender child was destined to succeed. This mere baby, who from her birth almost had evinced a predilection for a religious life, began at the age of ten to preach in the houses and streets of Viterbo, exhorting her fellow-citizens to

lead austerer lives, to shut their ears to heretical preachings, to refrain from bloodshed and deeds of violence. She incited them further to shake off the yoke of that arch demon, the heretic Frederick, and to restore their allegiance to their legitimate ruler, the Pope of Rome.

And her words fell on fruitful ground. The city grew more peaceful, deeds of violence decreased, the moral standard was raised, and the Imperialists were openly flouted. Indeed, the latter attained such proportions that finally the political authorities saw themselves constrained to interfere. But since they shrank from the appearance of persecuting a tiny girl, and also feared the people, who adored their "little saint," as they already called her, Frederick's viceroy hit on the expedient of banishing her and her family from the city in the depth of winter when the snow lay thick on the ground.

The Cimmerian forest was in those times a spot to fear, for wild beasts and yet wilder men infested it. Nevertheless Rosa and her parents passed through all these dangers with safety, finding a temporary refuge in a small neighboring town where Rosa continued her ministry, inciting the population against Frederick, and encouraging them to lead holier lives and to close their ears to the heresies that had also penetrated into this district. When she had successfully stirred them up, she deemed it time she should carry her propaganda elsewhere. But ere parting from them, on the morning of December 5, 1250, she thus addressed them:

"Be of good cheer, rejoice much, for in a little while a great victory will be yours. For know that the mighty one who oppresses you and persecutes us is now near to his end, and the Church of Jesus is about to return to its supreme pastor."

Nor had the world long to wait for the fulfillment of this prophecy. Frederick, betrayed by his friend, Piero della Vigne, pierced to the heart by the imprisonment in Bologna of his fa-

vorite son, Enzo, distracted by the knowledge that in Germany a pretender was endeavoring to usurp the empire, after roaming the length and breadth of Italy distractedly (though ever avoiding Florence, where, according to an old oracle, he feared to die), died rather suddenly in Florentino, near Lucera, in Apulia, December 13, 1250, thus fulfilling both Rosa's prediction and that of the earlier soothsayer.

Four months after this death Innocent IV. reacquired the papal patrimony, and the Guelph party were once more in power. It was then that the people of Viterbo razed to the ground the sumptuous palace Frederick was building for himself—and what splendid palaces he could build all the world knows who has been to Apulia and seen Lucera or Castel del Monte. And such was the popular hatred of the Ghibelline, that it was decreed that the town walls be enlarged to cut right through the area, in order that none should ever again dwell upon the ground that this impious man had desired to occupy. To this hour can be seen vaults, arches, subterranean passages, half in and half out of the city walls, that mark all that is left of this great monarch's palace.

When Rosa heard of Frederick's death she at once returned to her native city, with the intention of spending her remaining years in seclusion and meditation. It is curious to learn that she applied in vain to the nuns of her parish church to be allowed to enter their order. Whether from jealousy or other reasons unexplained, her request was repeatedly refused. She then founded a little informal order of her own; but before retiring from the world she sent a message to the nuns who had refused her company, telling them that though they spurned her from them living, they would be constrained to have her among them dead; and furthermore, that she would prove a source of gain and honor to their community. Soon after, worn out with self-imposed privations and fatigues, Rosa herself

died, surviving her arch-enemy but eighteen months.

Once more her prophecy was to be verified. The body of Rosa, whom Viterbo had already acclaimed as a saint, though the Church had not yet canonized her, was laid to rest in her parish church. Five years after, Alexander IV. established his papal court at Viterbo. Soon after there appeared to him in his sleep a vision of the sainted damsel. She spoke to him, and enjoined him to disinter her body and remove it to the convent of St. Damian, where she had so desired to find herself when alive. The Pope, who regarded this vision as a dream, took no heed of the saintly injunction. Three nights after it was repeated. The Pope, however, still deemed that it was a mere hallucination.

Yet a third time was the vision repeated, and this time the saint was more emphatic and energetic in her commands. And since it appeared that his Holiness required a sign, she bade him set forth for her tomb, telling him he would find it strewn with red roses, and roses would also be seen within. The next morning the Pope, accompanied by all the cardinals at Viterbo and a large body of clergy, set out for the church where Rosa lay buried.

And the story has it that the grave was found as the vision had foretold; and when the grave was opened, the body of the young girl was seen to be uncorrupted. Whereupon the Pope caused it to be put into a richly carved urn, and four cardinals, followed by the pontiff in person, bore it on their shoulders to St. Damian. Thus the nuns who had rejected Rosa living were indeed obliged and glad to accept her dead. From that day forth the name of the church was changed to that of St. Rosa, her canonization was effected, and the Pope decreed that the record of his vision should be celebrated in Viterbo in perpetuity. And since he beheld the saint for the third and last time on the night between

September 3 and 4, this eve was chosen for the celebration.

To this day is the feast kept, and this with increasing rather than decreasing enthusiasm. At what in Italy is called the first hour of night—that is, after Ave Maria—on the evening of September 3, all Viterbo is astir, and not only all Viterbo, but hundreds who have come from far and near to be present at the fete. For some days a huge wooden shed has overtopped the high Porta Romana, sheltering the tower-like erection that on this eve is borne the whole length of the city, enclosing the effigy of the girlish saint. On the appearance of the first star in the evening sky, sixty-four stalwart men, especially chosen for the purpose, and who regard this selection as a high honor, assemble before the shed and lift the huge erection upon their shoulders to the shout of "Evviva St. Rosa." 'Tis tower-like structure, brilliantly lighted with hundreds of small oil lamps, changes its form every four years, increasing in height, elegance and splendor. The latest model is a graceful species of Gothic tabernacle, not unlike some of the frames of Trecento pictures, and encloses on each of its four sides pictured scenes from the life of the saint, while the whole is surmounted by a canopy that shelters her effigy. The bearers, all dressed in pure white with bright red sashes, literally run with the heavy mass (the present tower weighs over four tons and is fifty-two feet high) through the narrow, cobblestone-paved streets of Viterbo, never allowing the structure to sway or totter for one instant; so that, except one looks beneath, it would seem as if this brightly lighted tower moved of its own accord. Only at stated intervals, in a few open spaces, does it halt, and here the bearers cause it to gyrate upon itself—a strangely peculiar and picturesque sight.

And thus, with these brief interruptions, does the lighted tower traverse the tortuous medieval streets of Viterbo, overtopping the tallest houses, un-

til at last, with a yet quicker run, it is carried up the rough, steep incline that leads to St. Rosa's Church, where it is deposited for the night.

The spectacle is really unique, fairy-like. And a curious point is this, that though the whole show is in honor of a Church hero, the Church has no part in the pageant. It is to the strains of a military brass band that the saint's tower is borne through the city. Nor do the clergy assist at its departure or arrival. A full pontifical mass in the Church of St. Rosa on the following day is the only function assigned to the clergy. This secular character of a saintly feast is in itself a strange feature, and one of those anomalies that it would be hard to find outside of Italy. St. Rosa's story is a curious one in any case, and has some analogies to that of Joan of Arc, for, like the Maid of Orleans, she combined religious and political enthusiasm.

But the interest of Viterbo does not end with St. Rosa, or even with the, to us moderns, more attractive and sympathetic figure of Frederick II. For to the English it has two special claims to interest. In the first place, it was at Viterbo, on the piazza in front of its cathedral—a piazza that still keeps all its mediæval features, and that transports us back into the very heart of the darkest years of the Middle Ages—that occurred a notable scene. Nicholas Brakespeare, Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore St. Peter's tiara, here compelled the proud Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, to humble himself in the presence of his whole court, obliging him to hold his stirrup while he descended from his mule. It needed all the suasion of his courtiers to induce Frederick to accede to this truly haughty papal demand, and only when the precedent of Lothaire was cited to him did he consent. But even so, the Barbarossa deeply resented the injury to his pride, and never ceased to proclaim that he paid this homage not to the Pope, but to St. Peter, of whom he was the recognized representative.

The second incident connected with England occurred in the cathedral itself, an edifice that was once a temple of Hercules. Of this origin it retains only a magnificent colonnade, crowned with richly carved capitals, of which every one is different. It was at the high altar that Prince Henry of England, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., was murdered. It appears that a number of princes and nobles had collected at Viterbo in 1271 on their return from one of the Crusades, the College of Cardinals being at that moment assembled in the city in order to bring a long interregnum to a close, and to elect a successor to the chair of St. Peter. Among these nobles was Guy de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, who was killed in 1265 at the battle of Evesham. On this occasion the earl's body was dragged in the dust by the Royalists and subjected to other indignities, wherefore his son Guy, who was present, vowed vengeance against the king and all his family for this outrage. For long no opportunity to fulfill the vow occurred until chance brought the two men together at Viterbo.

On the morning of March 4 Prince Henry had gone alone to the cathedral to hear mass. At the moment when the priest were elevating the Host and all were bowed in deep reverence, Guy de Montfort rushed into the sacred edifice, followed by a troop of underlings, brandishing his naked sword and falling upon the prince. Henry, when he perceived his danger, on his part started up the altar steps, clutching at the sacred table and the officiating priest, thinking thus to secure sanctuary. But Guy was not to be withstood. He not only pierced Henry through with his sword, but also killed the two acolytes who had placed themselves before the prince to shield him with their bodies. Henry expired instantly, while Guy and his followers simply turned and walked away quietly and unmolested out of the church, saying as he left it, "At last my father is avenged." "How?" re-

plied his friend; "was not your father's body dragged in the dust?"

When Guy heard these words he returned in hot anger to the altar, and, seizing the prince's body by the hair, dragged it outside into the public square and left it lying in the mud and dust. Then he calmly turned, mounted his horse and fled from the precincts of the city. Not a soul attempted to follow. Charles of Anjou was afraid to punish him, and the excommunications of the cardinals, the indignation of the Viterbese, did him little harm. Only two years after did Edward I. of England succeed in inducing Pope Gregory X. to deprive Guy de Montfort of all his fiefs and honors. Meanwhile the heart of Henry was put into a cup of gold and placed on a pillar on London Bridge as a memorial of the outrage. Dante mentions this incident in the "Inferno," placing the murderer in that seventh circle, guarded by the Minotaur and the Centaurs, which is surrounded by a river of boiling blood in which those whose sins have been tyranny or cruelty toward mankind are punished.

"A little farther on the Centaur stopped
Above a folk, who far down as the throat
Seemed from the boiling stream to issue
forth.

A shade he showed us on one side alone,
Saying: 'He cleft asunder in God's bosom
The heart that still upon the Thames is
honored.'

A rude fresco and an epitaph commemorating the deed were long to be seen on the church's front. The wording of this inscription is reproduced in the "Chronicles of Matthew of Westminster."

It was within this cathedral, too, that Innocent III., that political genius, in 1207 assembled a Church Council, which, with great pomp and ceremonial, laid the basis of the political constitution of the Papal State—a constitution unchanged in its essentials.

What with its memories and with what it still retains of its ancient splendors, that Cathedral Piazza is really unique. It lies isolated a little from the rest of the city by a bridge of

Etruscan origin, which must even then have connected the Arx with the main portion of the city. First to strike the eye is a fantastic open loggia of rich Gothic tracery work, supported by a wide flat arch that affords glimpses of the green Etruscan plain and the volcanic group of mountains that skirt it.

Adjoining stands a stern massive thirteenth century palace, its flat nude walls broken by but a few mullioned windows, and also built, owing to the irregularities of the ground, on the top of strong wide arches, supported by massive buttresses, as can be noted if the building is approached from the back. In front it is reached by a wide monumental stairway.

Immediately opposite, and close to the elegant Campanile with its striped black and white brickwork and its Gothic lancet windows, stands a small house. This is of rare interest, for here we are face to face with an authentic domestic dwelling of the thirteenth century not yet touched by the restorer's hand. It practically consists of one story only, raised high above the ground and a double span of arches, now, and perhaps even then, filled in with brickwork to allow of the use of the space for stables. Were it not for the Baroque facade of the cathedral, there would not be a discordant note in this piazza, which is practically all of one epoch.

What excites our imagination, however, besides its beauty, are its memories, which rush in upon us as we ascend the stairway and enter the great hall. In this vast chamber, once a portion of the papal palace, were held many conclaves. Here, too, the method of holding such conclaves and of electing popes was first formulated. It happened in this wise:

It was the year 1270. The papal palace containing this vast structure had been completed four years, having been built for the popes by the Captain of the People in order that the popes might find a worthy and safe lodgment during the many occasions when they were driven from Rome owing to in-

ternal discords. For over thirty-three months had the cardinals met daily in the cathedral to elect a successor to Clement IV., but such were the dissensions among them that each day's sitting seemed to render a decision more distant and unlikely.

At last the people of Viterbo, instigated by St. Bonaventura, and urged also by all Christendom, resolved to put an end to these undignified contentions. Hence one day they proceeded to the residences of each of these factious prelates, and, taking them prisoners, conducted them severally to the great hall. This done, they drew the bolts and bars of every exit, cut off the inmates from all means of communicating with the outside world, and informed them in no measured terms that they would not be released from duration vile until they had elected a pope. And since after some days no election had been made, the Viterbese reduced the quantity and quality of the food rations, and menaced yet severer measures if results were not speedily arrived at. Nevertheless, again the days passed and no election was made.

Then the Captain of the People ordered that the roof be removed from the council room in the hope that the sun and the rain, the cold and the heat, might force the cardinals into a decision. This measure roused a very tempest among the prisoners: some of the prelates grew indisposed in consequence, and one, the Cardinal of Ostia, became so gravely ill that it was needful for the Viterbese to yield and to consent to his liberation. The document is still preserved in the Civic Library, signed by seventeen cardinals and sealed with seventeen seals, in which these princes of the Church, assembled in the uncovered hall, humbly implore the Captain of the People and the Podesta to allow them to put out this dying brother, appealing to the divine mercy, and declaring on oath that this prelate, if released, was willing to give his beneplacito to any pontifical election that might be made in his absence. It is dated "from the

roofless Episcopal Palace, June 8, 1270."

At last, seeing the Viterbese would not yield an inch despite anathemas and threats of extra-mundane punishments, the cardinals finally agreed, and chose Tebaldo Visconti to the Papal Chair, which he ascended under the name of Gregory X. This Pontiff, thus chosen, then decided that all future conclaves should be held in this wise—i. e., that the cardinals should be sequestered from all contact with the outer world, as is still done, and that their rations should be reduced in quantity and quality the longer a decision was delayed.

Thus at Viterbo was originated the manner of electing popes much as it still obtains. And various other conclaves met in this spot, all more or less stormy. Once again the roof had to be removed to force the cardinals to elect, and on one occasion Charles of Anjou incited an insurrection against the dilatory prelates, and in person broke into the assembly, followed by an armed band, in order to remove from among the priestly electors two dignitaries whom, for his own personal ends, he wished absent from the council, as he knew they would vote against his desires. On the pavement of this vast bare hall can still be seen the holes for the tent-poles that upheld the awnings that separated the habitations of the various cardinals.

Looking out of the rear windows of this hall, that commands a wide view over Viterbo and its neighborhood, we note in the Episcopal gardens the signs of a ruined room. This fragment has also its memories and its tale. For it is all that remains of the room Pope John XXI. built for himself—that "Peter of Spain," as Dante calls him, placing him among the great doctors of the Church.

This Spaniard, or more properly Portuguese, reigned but eight months. His death was due to this very chamber of his erection, for the ceiling fell in upon him and killed him. Does this not rather look as if even in those days,

whose high artistic morality some of our esthetes laud so extravagantly at the expense of our own century, the jerry-builder was not quite unknown?

This pope has been as unfortunate in death as he was in life. His contemporaries laid him to rest in an urn of porphyry, and here, in the Cathedral of Viterbo, he slept for six centuries, a quaint Latin epitaph recording his virtues and his vicissitudes. Then in 1886 the Duke of Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador to the Holy See, passing through Viterbo, bethought him of his great compatriot, and desiring to do him honor conceived the unfortunate idea to upraise to him a new mausoleum, of which the intention was no doubt good but the result less happy. Hence the old tomb has been relegated to a spot below a back staircase.

To return to the jerry-builder. It was during the reign of the next John, John XXII., that the elegant loggia, erected outside the papal palace in order that the people assembled in the piazza below could see their spiritual father and receive his blessing, after having been raised but fifty years, threatened ruin. Although the Pope commanded from Avignon that this "neglected loggia," as he calls it in his writing, be restored, nevertheless one-half fell in entirely, while the other, that facing the piazza, was maintained in existence by the clumsy device of filling in the light, graceful Gothic arches with brickwork.

In this condition the loggia has come down to us, and it was only in 1904 that, thanks to the local Inspector of Fine Arts, it has been restored to its pristine condition—yet another proof, were another needed, that the modern Italians do not neglect their art treasures, as the superficially informed tourist too hastily avers. This architectural gem shows traces that in its prime the stone was colored in gold, red and azure in the cornices, much after the manner in which the Greek temples are now supposed to have been picked out with pigments.

A series of graceful intertwined

arches of trellised tracery, rendered yet more airy by their surmounting open-worked rosettes, rest upon a number of slender double columns. On the surmounting architrave is sculptured a very epopee of armorial bearings. The Church is here represented by the double infule and the crossed keys, which was their coat of arms; the empire by the eagle with outspread wings; the crests of various citizens who had helped to rear this artistic jewel, and last, but not least often, the city's coat of arms—the lion gardant, holding the three-cleft lance. In course of time, for assistance given to the papal cause during the pontifical residence in Avignon, for the lance was substituted a palm tree.

This lion with the palm meets us at every turn in Viterbo, but nowhere does he present a qualiter aspect than in the principal square in front of the town hall, known as the Piazza del Plebiscito. Here rise two tall granite columns. On the one sits proudly a rude stone lion, the Guelph emblem, holding his lance. On the other is the same lion grasping in his jaggy paws the papal palm tree. Quaintly, too, does he present himself if we pass through the open doorway beneath the town hall and enter its courtyard, though what strikes us first perhaps in this pretty little orange-tree-filled area, besides its extensive view, are a number of life-sized figures lying upon sarcophagi in that curious half-sitting posture that is peculiar to Etruscan tombs. There is something startling and almost uncanny in this unexpected sight, and it is a relief to turn from them to the splashing fountain and to note that it is surmounted by Viterbo lions, though standing on their hind legs this time, holding up between them the symbolic palm tree, from whose leaves gushes forth the water.

The tower of the town hall, one of the finest, tallest and most impressive in Viterbo, is noteworthy as enshrining the first public clock that ever struck the time of day, older by some twelve years than that usually reputed the

first on the face of the Church of Ara-coeli in Rome.

In the town hall are now preserved the local antiquities, ill-disposed and ill-lighted, and awaiting a more intelligent disposition and a better environment. This they may soon find in the old hall of the conclaves. Some of the pictures are of interest, such as the portrait of Raniero Capocci, the bitter foe of Frederick II., the first cardinal to wear armor in battle. Also two church pictures by Sebastiano del Piombo. The one of the Deposition from the Cross, as we learn from Vasari, was painted after a design of Michael Angelo's. The other, the Flagellation, is referred to in one of Michael Angelo's letters to the same master. The painter complains that though his work has been finished over two months he cannot get his payment for the same, as the man who had commissioned it is haggling about the price. Will Michael Angelo judge between them? To this end he will send the work to Florence at his own expense. Here, too, can be seen some of the paintings by Lorenzo da Viterbo, a master hitherto known by his nickname of Pastura, and too often deprived by the omniscient art-expert of some of his finest work.

The very finest, indeed, is also harbored by Viterbo, though to see it we must quit the city walls and wend our dusty way to the huge, utterly dilapidated church of St. Maria della Verita. Here, in a side chapel, are the remains of frescoes illustrating the life of the Virgin. Best preserved is that of her marriage. Of this work Corrado Ricci, that fine connoisseur, who really knows his native art but does not blare his own trumpet like so many of the foreign art experts, says:

"Who in Italy until a few years ago knew that there had lived a Lorenzo da Viterbo, who had left behind him at his death, when only twenty-five, a painting so admirable that it merits a first place in the history of Italian art? That art before the fourteenth century can offer fewer finer examples."

And, indeed, it is a work throbbing with life, vitality and individuality in face, figure and gesture. The heads are all portraits of the notable citizens of the time, including that of Lorenzo himself, showing a youthful face that bears marks of physical suffering. As a study of costume, too, the fresco is highly curious. Since its reinstatement to fame, it has been often copied, and one of the happiest of these copies, due to a local hand, has been acquired by the British Museum.

The Civic Library, that is also housed in the town hall, and now includes the MSS. and archives from suppressed convents, should prove of immense value to historical students. Among its treasures ranks an illuminated thirteenth century Bible, annotated by St. Thomas Aquinas. Long held a treasure are two copies of an edict, one in Latin and one in Longobard characters, said to have been issued by Desiderius, King of the Lombards, dealing with the origin of the name Viterbo, which, according to this document, was bestowed by this ruler. It now appears that these two documents, that led to most embittered archaeological disputes, are elaborate fifteenth-century forgeries, proving that the art of turning out false antiques is not a discovery of our commercial age.

They manufactured myths, too, and funeral inscriptions. Outside a church in the main square stands, supported on brackets and surmounted by a Renaissance decoration, a Roman marble sarcophagus representing the Caledonian hunt. This, according to popular legend, is the tomb of the beautiful Galliana, said to have been the most beautiful woman of Italy of the Middle Ages. An elaborate Latin epitaph, dated 1138, but invented in 1549, records the fanciful event.

The story is amusing: it is told that a Roman baron, desperately enamored of the beauty of Galliana, stirred up a war between Rome and Viterbo, hoping to carry off his fair one in the ensuing confusion. But Viterbo was besieged in vain for the sake of this medieval

Helen. The Romans were defeated. Before withdrawing, however, they besought the Viterbese, as a grace, to allow them to behold this lovely damsel, if only for a brief moment. The Viterbese acceded to the request, and agreed that she should be shown them from one of the windows still existing in the gate of St. Antonio, now called the Tower of the Beautiful Galliana. But hardly had the enamored baron set eyes upon the object of his devotion than, taking up his cross-bow, he shot her with an arrow through the heart! In memory of her virtues, her charms and this treachery, the citizens accorded her a public funeral and a public monument. The only foundation of truth that can be traced to the tale is that in the twelfth century there lived and died at Viterbo a noble matron called Galliana, so noted for her beauty (and beauty is the prerogative of Viterbo women) that she was called the sixth wonder of the city.

Of course Viterbo is full of churches—what medieval Italian city is not?—and nearly all have something of interest to show, though many have unfortunately been pulled about and debased by the bad taste prevalent in the eighteenth century—that century which wrought such havoc amid artistic treasures. One of the oldest is San Sisto, of pure Longobard origin, dating from the fifth century—that abuts on the city walls, and whose apse is actually built into them. Disused, and now only preserved as a national monument, is the Church of St. Francesco, full of lovely bits of Gothic work, though all so fragmentary and disconnected that no general impression of its earlier state can be obtained. It is noteworthy now chiefly as containing the tombs of two Popes.

Here after many vicissitudes rests Clement IV., that terrible Frenchman who exterminated the last descendants of the Swabian emperors. His tomb is a fine piece of marble and cosmato work, due to the hand of that famous "Peter, the Roman citizen," who erected the tomb "of speckled marble"

that enshrines the body of King Henry III. in Westminster Abbey. This Pontiff's tomb and body were removed several times from its original site, for it was supposed to work miracles, wherefore different congregations tried to obtain it by force or by fraud, in order also to obtain the emoluments that the possession of a miracle-working relic brought with it. Again and again successive Popes had to issue Bulls to prevent its renewed removal from some church in which it had found a temporary resting place, and at last profane hands were laid upon it by the French revolutionaries when they invaded Viterbo in 1798. Only in 1885, after yet other migrations, was it definitely placed by the Italian Government in this church, and skillfully and tastefully restored.

By one of fate's little ironies, flanking it is the tomb of Pietro di Vico, the Roman Prefect, Clement's fiercest foe. This fiery Ghibelline, who drew down on his head various papal excommunications, commanded in his will that his corpse should be divided into seven pieces, as a sign of his detestation of the seven cardinal vices, to which he naively confesses that he was greatly prone in life—an eccentric and truly medieval form of death-bed repentance. The original site of his tomb was, strangely enough, by the side of Clement, and by the side of Clement he rests once more, for the church in which he was originally laid has been desecrated into barracks. Apparently neither in life nor in death could these bitter foes keep apart.

A yet finer sepulchral monument is that of Adrian V., a very gem of medieval art, a structure of many-colored marbles, of twisted columns and rich mosaic, due to the hand that reared the exquisite cloister of St. John Lateran in Rome.

But side by side, and almost over

and above its stock sights, the streets of Viterbo teem with interest, so wonderfully have they in large part preserved their medieval character. Everywhere there are objects to hold and attract the eye. The Gothic, the Romanesque, the Renaissance, are all mingled together in picturesque entirety. Palaces of rusticated stone, their doorways set in massive arches, houses that, obviously for the sake of defense, could be approached only by steep outside stairs obstructed midway by heavy protecting portals, richly carved corbels, projecting parapets, sculptured friezes and cornices, wrought-iron balconies and antique cresset lamps, meet us at every turn.

There is one quarter, indeed, that has been left quite intact. With its tortuous streets, many of them blind alleys, or ending in subterranean passages, obviously for defense and for evasion, with its tall houses whose projecting eaves darken the streets below, with its arches that span the road at every few steps throwing dark shadows of their own on the pavement, with its stern gloomy towers that rise in confined proximity one above another, there is here preserved in this corner of Viterbo a genuine bit of old-world life.

In this spot it is easy to reconstruct in fancy the lugubrious sanguinary scenes that must have occurred here, where the fratricidal strife that rent all Italian cities of the era raged in full vigor. The labyrinthine character of the whole, so full of corners, of excrescences, of recesses, would seem the construction of some madman, did we not remember that these irregularities were imposed by the military architecture of the epoch, and by the exigencies of the contemporary methods of defense and attack.

Miss Primrose and the Patient.

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE.

(From the Idler.)

I WAS out in the garden snipping roses and pursuing the slugs, that were also snipping the roses, in an ardent anxiety to keep the lovely spot in perfect order during my temporary stewardship while the Youngloves were in Scotland. And because on this particular morning the air seemed permeated with the very essence of distilled summer, and because I felt that I looked like a Kate Greenaway illustration in my pink gown and garden hat—I sang:

“Alas, that Spring should vanish with the
Rose,
That youth’s sweet-scented manuscript
should close—

Here an illusive slug caused me to lose the melody, and just as I captured the enemy and prepared to begin again—a mellow baritone voice from beyond the garden wall took up my song and finished it—

“The nightingale that in the forest sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again—
who knows?”

I dropped my shears in astonishment and stared hard at the wall, but there was nothing to be seen—just vine-covered wall.

“It must be the Monster,” thought I to myself. The Youngloves always referred to their next-door neighbor as “the Monster,” and I had a distinct memory of the list of crimes he had committed:

Item: Built a wall and shut off the view.

Item: Built a stable on the edge of the Youngloves’ garden.

Item: Used a motor that noisily came in at all hours of the night.

There could be no reasonable doubt whatever that the perpetrator of these outrages must be an unsuitable acquaintance, and yet, it seemed too bad to waste the Kate Greenaway effect on the desert air. I snipped towards the wall and tried again softly:

“I sometimes think that never blows the
rose so red—
As where some buried Caesar bled.”

Here I effected a dramatic pause, but there was no response. He had retired, whoever he was—some friend of the Monster’s possibly, for the Monster was old, and that voice was young—ergo—it was not the voice of the Monster.

There is something tantalizing about a wall. It gives curiosity a fillip, it makes Peep-Johns of the most sedate. I felt distinctly annoyed at the height and thickness of this wall. I got up on the wheelbarrow and looked over boldly. It was lovely—so lovely that I said “Oh!” involuntarily.

“You like it, then?” said an amused voice.

I started guiltily. Under an arbor of vines there was a man lying in a steamer chair with a rug over him. He smiled at me, and I conquered my first impulse to drop off the wheelbarrow. He was not an old man.

“I like it very much,” I said; “it’s too bad to shut it in.”

"It shuts prying people out."

"Not always," I replied.

"Not always, I'm glad to say," he added civilly. "Won't you descend? I'll get you a ladder."

"Don't think of it," I protested. "I only wanted to see what kind of a Monster inhabited this preserve."

"Monster?"

"Yes. The old man who owns this place."

"Oh, that old man! What kind of Monster did you picture him?"

"Well, a good deal of growl, and some tail and hoof! I was a trifle surprised when my song was snatched away."

"Oh, you didn't expect a singing Monster, then? I'm afraid I'm a disappointment—I'm not up to——"

"You? I don't know anything about you—I only know about Peabody, the Monster."

"Indeed? And would it be impertinent to ask what you know about Peabody, the Monster?"

"You see, I'm just spending a month here while the Youngloves are in Scotland, and before they left, Mrs. Younglove warned me against slugs, and the Monster."

"How nice of her!"

"Yes. She said he was a person who thought he owned the universe; that he kept dogs, horses and puffing motor cars."

"Poor old Peabody. Sort of village nuisance, eh?"

"In short, I was to beware of him as the plague!"

"Whereupon you climb upon his wall and peer into his lair."

"I always like to look before I beware! Why do you visit this horrid, man-eating Monster?"

"Why do I visit—Oh——"

Whereupon the stranger broke into irrepressible laughter that shook the leaves overhead.

"That's the question I've been asking myself. Why do I spend so much time with this tiresome, boresome old Peabody? You've no idea what a relief it is to see a new face."

"Haven't you any other friends?"

Again he laughed. He seemed very easily amused.

"A few, but I can't get away from old Peabody. You see, I've been ill—quite ill for a long time. That's why I look like an escaped convict," he added, taking off his cap and showing his close-cropped hair. "Old Peabody has put up with me, and humored me——"

"That's the only decent thing I've heard of him. Are you better? How long have you been out?"

"This is only my third day out, which accounts for my not rising when you came to call."

"Oh, but I didn't come to call," I said indignantly.

"You see, I'm so ridiculously shaky yet; typhoid is so thorough-going that it leaves one bankrupt of everything except breath."

"Well, that's the only really essential thing."

"I beg your pardon, but are you as tall as the wall, or are you standing on something, Miss—Miss——?"

"I'm standing on a wheelbarrow," I answered indignantly. "As tall as the wall, indeed!"

I'm sure the wheelbarrow is not comfortable standing; can't you be induced to——"

"No, I must go back to the slugs."

"Happy slugs!"

I began a careful descent.

"Oh, I say, Miss—Miss—Miss Primrose——" he called. I smiled on my side of the wall.

"Yes?"

"Would you—could you—I'm having tea at five, all alone. Could you——?"

"Certainly not," I answered haughtily, and dropped off the wheelbarrow. I thought I heard a faint laugh as I went back to my slugs, but I may have been mistaken.

At five o'clock I happened to be wandering about the garden. There was nothing strange about that; five o'clock is a lovely time to be in a garden! I thought I heard voices beyond the wall; probably the Monster

and the Wounded Knight were having tea. I wandered quite close to the wall, to tie up a vine, when a tinkle above me made me look up. A tray with a cup of tea and some dainty cakes miraculously appeared upon the wall. I had to laugh, it looked so Arabian Nighty, and then I stood on tiptoe and slipped the tray off, and sat on the wheelbarrow and sipped the tea. I picked my whitest rose and put it on the tray before I slid it back to the wall again.

"It's a most unsocial way to take tea, isn't it?" said a voice from the other side.

"Oh, dear," I said, "I didn't know you were there. How did you know I was here?"

"Thou Wall—oh Wall, oh sweet and lovely Wall,
Show me thy chin to blink thro' with mine eyes!"

"How did you know I was here?" I repeated.

"Oh wicked Wall, thro' whom I see no bliss,
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

This was too much; I got upon the wheelbarrow straightaway.

"Are you going to quote the entire prologue?" I demanded.

"Ah! now this is something like! The loaf of bread, the jug of wine we have at hand, we only need the—Thou!"

"How did you know I was here?"

"Dear me, Miss Primrose, there is a oneness of purpose, a sad repetition in your conversation——"

I scowled fiercely at him, and that sobered him, all but the corners of his mouth. He leaned forward and looked at me solemnly.

"I said tea at five, so, of course, I expected you."

"Oh!" I said, aghast at his insolence, and then he actually—actually laughed at me. Whereupon I forgot myself; I seized the white rose and threw it at him with all my might, and jumped down from the wheelbarrow.

"Many, many thanks, Miss Prim-

rose!" the horrid thing called after me.

For two days the garden was neglected; and the slugs had a perfect debauch. The third day I decided that I was making too much of a concession to my impertinent neighbor, so I armed myself, basket, shears, and all, and sallied forth.

I worked for an hour or more silently, though I was horribly tempted to sing. As I bent over a rose tree, a sunflower, flung by an unseen hand, struck me on the head. I started up, expecting a truant boy to appear, and then I saw a white paper tied to the stem.

I opened it and read:

Dear Miss Primrose—

I prostrate myself at your feet; I become as a slug beneath your shears! These three days of punishment have caused a relapse. Couldn't you take pity on a very lonely man, and make the day brighter, by looking over the wall?

I sat down on the wheelbarrow and thought it over. It really was a nice note, the tone of remorse seemed sincere; after all, one must humor the sick, so I climbed up. I will say he looked pleased; he seemed to have grown better looking, too.

"Angel of Mercy!" he cried and half rose.

"Sit still," I ordered. "You don't deserve it."

"I deserve nothing but rebukes, and I rely on your charity not to administer them."

He was really diplomatic—the creature—and the rose I had thrown at his head was beside him in a vase, looking a little the worse for wear.

"You look better," I said.

"I am well—now. Have you any idea what twenty-four hours of eating, sleeping, and looking at the sky can mean to an active man? Yesterday I thought I would go mad. And when I realized that you had deserted me forever——"

"Where is Mr. Peabody? Doesn't he amuse you?"

"Amuse me? He merely bores me, and he watches me all the time."

"Watches you? Why?"

"He's a woman hater, and if he should find out about you——"

"I'm not afraid of him," I remarked, in a tone of bravado.

"He's out this afternoon, exercising hoof and tail."

"Well, I'm glad you're rid of him. Why don't you read?"

"Doctor won't allow it; eyes are too weak, he says. Books and booklets everywhere, and not a word to read! If you knew of any one who could read aloud——"

"It does seem to be some one's Christian duty," I admitted.

"It does, but there are so few Christians these days."

I reached the top of the wall, just as he rose to his feet.

"If you don't sit still, I won't come."

He sank back at once, and I vaulted over and marched toward him. He rose and waited for me. I sat down quickly, for I was rather surprised at his height and looks and all—and perhaps he was surprised, too, for he stared, rather.

"Ochesterton — Pater — Stevenson — what are you going to choose?" I said, in a businesslike tone.

"You choose."

I read some Songs of Bohemia that tingle with summer.

"How delightfully you read," he said.

I read the Stevenson Essay on Idlers. It was very satisfactory to have him like all the points I liked. Time flew; I read more. We discussed and argued and disagreed—and agreed. All at once a sound came from the direction of Peabody's house.

"The Monster!" I cried, springing up.

"Well, what of it?"

"If he should find me here," I said, making for the wall. He came after me.

"But you said you weren't afraid of him," he asserted, helping me up.

"I'm not," I said promptly, from the vantage point of the wall-top. "But I—I——"

"Miss Primrose, it has been per-

fect," he whispered. "I'll slip a note into the vines here, to let you know when the Monster is out again! Thanks—thanks so much."

I dropped into the garden, and ran into the house, for there were indubitable sounds of the fire-breathing Monster's return.

* * * * *

From that day on, two or three times a day, the vine on the wall needed attention. It was a satisfactory vine, it fairly blossomed white flowers in cocked hat shapes. But beyond the wall I ventured not again, in spite of appeals from my Wounded Knight, until at last, in despair, he invaded my realm, and most of his waking hours were spent in my "Garden of Enchantment," as he called it. There was always the delightful necessity of outwitting the Monster, and the servants, for we didn't want to be spied upon, so we plotted like children, and time wore away.

One white moonlight night, when it was indeed a garden of enchantment, I spied among the vines in vain, and all at once it came to me what a fool's paradise I was living in; how all my days were one thought of him, my nights one dream of him. And who was this Wounded Knight, who in four short weeks had stormed the stout citadel of my heart? It was absurd—it must stop, I must see no more of him——

"There is such a whiteness in your garden, Miss Primrose, that I can't be sure whether you are you, or only a white rose!" said a well-known voice.

"No, I am not I," I said bravely, right out of my thoughts, "I am a Strange Person whom you do not know."

He vaulted the wall and bowed.

"Then, Strange Person, may I introduce myself? I am——"

"You must come in the front gate, with a letter of introduction, or else the Strange Person will not admit you."

"I don't want her to, I shall not like

her. What has become of Miss Primrose?"

"She awoke—and went away."

He walked beside me silently, and we sat down on a garden seat. The moon shone through a soft white mist that shut off all the world beyond. My Knight leaned elbow on knee, looking to me, and there was that in his eyes which made it hard for me to breathe.

"Primrose, dear Primrose," my Knight said, and laid his hand on mine, "it is all over."

"Yes, I know," I said, and started at my own sob.

"The Monster has found us out!"

"The Monster? How could he? And what if he has? What right has he to interfere with us?"

"Just the right of—being the Monster. Just because he knows how little worthy I am to be your Knight—the Knight you've healed and made whole, only to wound again so sore."

"Wound?"

"Yes, in his heart of hearts!"

"My poor Knight," I said, and placed my hand on his arm.

"Don't; I know your divine pity, but to-night I've had it out with Peabody. He has reminded me how selfish I am, how little used to women and their ways, especially to a flower-

woman like yourself; how I worked on your sympathy, through my illness, how I took advantage of your youth and sweetness; how I allowed myself to love you this way, when I had no right——"

I sprang up and stood before him.

"How dared he?" I cried. "How dare that execrable, interfering old Peabody say such things to you? Oh, my Knight—my Knight, you didn't take advantage of me, I knew the danger the first moment I looked over the wall, and I risked it—I—I——"

My hands were caught in his.

"Primrose, my blessed Primrose, did you let yourself care, too? Did this madness come to you?"

My hands crept up until they met behind his head, and then my Knight kissed me. Ages passed—and all dreamed-of things—and then at last I said:

"I'm so happy that I can almost forgive the Monster—but not quite. I must meet him and tell him——"

My Knight laughed, rose, and bowed before me.

"Behold the tamed, the humbled Monster, minus tail and hoof and growl!"

"You mean—you M-E-A-N—?"

"Sweet Primrose, the Monster and your Knight are one!"



Is Literature Dying?

By HERBERT PAUL.

(From the *Contemporary Review*.)

TO say that the age of literature was dead would be to parody Burke, and to caricature the truth. Yet it must strike the most superficial observer that great writers disappear and leave no worthy successors behind them. If this were merely an accident, it would hardly be worth considering. Just before Spenser, and not long before Shakespeare, began to write, Sir Philip Sidney lamented the decease of poetry, as if it were final. But I suppose no one will deny that the twentieth century, so far as it has gone, is in the old sense of words unimaginative, preferring facts to fancies, and exalting substance over form. Of course, I do not mean or wish to suggest that literature is mere style, though even so exquisite a critic as Matthew Arnold seems to have fallen into that paradox when he glorified Bolingbroke. The Elizabethan age, like the Augustan, was teeming with thought and splendid in action. As anger makes verse, and rage supplies arms, so ideas will find expression for themselves, while no mastery of expression can fill the place of ideas.

The decline of literature cannot be due to any want of verbal clothing. It must be connected with some phase, permanent or ephemeral, of the human mind. Materialism is a good, mouth-filling word, upon which anyone in search of an explanation may seize. What, it might be asked, can you expect of a generation which

speaks of the British flag as an "asset"? Who would now reject even a small portion of the world for fear of losing his own soul? But we must not confound the magnitude of wealth with the worship of it. Because there are more millionaires than there ever have been before, we must not assume that the spiritual element in man has decayed.

Suppose that a miracle happened and that another Shakespeare arose tomorrow. Is it certain that he would not be recognized for what he was? In the history of English literature the reign of Anne is often coupled with the later years of Elizabeth for literary renown, although the opening of the eighteenth century was materialistic enough. There was not much romance in Swift and Pope, or even in Addison and Steele. There was, to be sure, no vulgarity. Bigness was not mistaken for greatness. There was no sensual idolatry of mere size. Perhaps there is not room in the same world for the German Emperor and a man of genius. That singular missionary of empire seems to crush sentiment with his mailed fist as Hercules strangled serpents in his cradle. He is the Philistine incarnate, and the Socialists had no David to send against him. Impervious to ridicule, and blind to notions, he stands for the crassness of unidealized prosperity.

The eighteenth century has been called the age of reason, and reason saved it. The greatest Bishop of the

English Church (for Berkeley was of the Irish) said boldly that by reason alone could man judge even of revelation itself. Whether reason was destroyed by the Christian revelation, or by the French Revolution, or whether it still lurks in the recesses of obscure minds, no one would now call it a formidable enemy either to literature or to anything else. *Laudatur et alget*. At least the second verb is appropriate. Ours is not the intellectual materialism of Hume and Gibbon. It is the repudiation of other than material tests, the cult of the obvious, the demand for large profits and quick returns. Eccentricity is popular enough, but there is nothing original in eccentricity. It is only a variation of the commonplace, and most attractive to the commonest minds, as perfect simplicity is to the rarest.

One great writer, Count Tolstoi, survives, not accessible to most of us in his own language, but in French or even in English, precious, massive and splendid. Tolstoi belongs to an old world, to the Russian aristocracy of Crimean days. But in reality he is much older than that. He is often called a Socialist, and Socialism is supposed to be new. Socialism is not new, and Tolstoi is not correctly described as a Socialist. He is a primitive Christian, born out of due time, a remnant of the past, and not a harbinger of the future. As a man of pre-eminent and incontestable genius, he belongs to the ages, not to the age. No other novelist has quite such a power of crowding his pages with perfectly unmistakable characters, all different, all consistent, each as finished as any solitary portrait. The art of "Anna Karenina" is consummate. The moral force of "Resurrection," the beauty of the girl's nature which cannot be degraded even by vice, are more wonderful, as they are more noble, than any art. But Tolstoi is following the gleam, and passing from our ken. He is at war with modern society, out of all sympathy with its idols, and entirely contemptuous of its passions. It

may be that in the far distant future he will stand out as one of the few landmarks of the nineteenth century. But he had nothing in common with it, except the accident of birth.

It is at least a plausible view that education fosters mediocrity. Education levels up. Does it also level down? Dean Gaisford, in his celebrated sermon on verbs in *Mi*, observed that classical scholarship had no greater advantage than the pleasure of looking down upon those who lacked it. We have travelled far from Gaisford, and nothing is now more despised by the intellectual high-fliers than the scholarship in which he revelled. But they cannot share all his enjoyment, because there is not quite the old gulf. The schoolmaster has been too long abroad in the land. You can almost head the scratching of his pen. The broad and general results of his activity are beyond all question beneficent.

Pope was the last man who ought to have said that a little learning was a dangerous thing, for he had very little himself. He did not drink deep, he tasted the Pierian spring, and yet his literary reputation, if not so high as Milton's, is a good deal higher than Bentley's. In the works of a greater even than Milton we read that there is no darkness but ignorance. And though we must not attribute to Shakespeare the casual sayings of those who mocked Malvollio, this particular phrase seems to bear a personal stamp. It makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number that elementary teaching should be universally diffused. But the greatest happiness of the greatest number has nothing to do with genius. What sort of education had Keats?

There is a familiar law in physical science known as the conservation of energy, according to which the amount of force in the world is always the same, though it is differently distributed at different times. Can the same or a similar principle be applicable to the human mind? Did the production of "Comus" require that there

should be a number of mute, inglorious Miltons, who never found their meaning out, but died with all their music in them? Or is criticism unfavorable to originality? Our last great literary critic, Matthew Arnold, happened also to be a poet, not perhaps a great poet, but a true one. There never was a greater critic, there has seldom been a greater poet than Goethe. Unless criticism be mere fault-finding, in which case it is worse than useless, it must be improved by sympathy, and sympathy is fostered by experience. Here, however, we are dealing with masters of the art.

It does not follow that a large number of small critics, reading books to find out the mistakes in them, are favorable to the growth of literary genius. The one indispensable quality for the appreciation of genius is reverence, and unfortunately reverence is the last thing taught in the sixth standard. Reverence is the other side of humor. Wit has only one side. I do not think that anyone would call this a reverent age. Cynicism is not necessarily irreverent. The cynicism of Rochefoucauld is really the indignant protest of an outraged sentimentalist, disappointed by the baseness of mankind. The cynicism of Swift is misanthropic, horrible, tragical, but not contemptible or vulgar. What does militate against all nobility of mind or soul, against all possibility of even realizing greatness, is the cheap cynicism that sees fun in everything and humor in nothing, that finds its highest expression in the wearisome monotony of the mechanical jester. Burne-Jones in one of his letters explains what he calls the "three laughs of the fool. He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand."

Nothing degrades public taste more than this perpetual giggle, this irrepressible grin. With real humor it has no relation at all. When Polonius says to Hamlet, "My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of

you," Hamlet replies, "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal," and we smile in easy amusement. But what follows? "Except my life, except my life, except my life." Then we see what humor is, how deep it goes, how closely it is bound up with the most serious things.

Carlyle was a true humorist. Was he the last? His most eager disciple, Ruskin, not a humorist of any recognized type, was an eloquent preacher of reverence so long as his mental powers were unimpaired. Where is Ruskin's successor? His style may have been sometimes too rhetorical, his prose too poetical, his descriptions too pictorial, his eulogy and invective too unrestrained. But in his way he was great. He had the note of distinction, largeness of purpose, breadth of view. Quando ullum inveniemus parem? May not the decline of literature, or at least its general levelling down, be associated with the combined decay of reverence and humor? There is wit enough, and to spare. Much of it, indeed, is mere flippancy, as boring as dullness itself. Some of it is of a very high order indeed. M. Anatole France is almost as witty as Voltaire. The salt which keeps M. France himself sound and wholesome is his passionate love of truth and justice. But the school to which he belongs, the skeptical and mocking school, is not favorable to genius. It conduces rather to parody, the monkey's elysium. A good parody of a bad poem is amusing enough. A bad parody of a good poem is the most loathsome depth to which literature can sink.

If ever a man kept up the dignity of literature, it was Tennyson. But though Tennyson has not been dead fifteen years, he seems almost medieval in his remoteness. I do not mean that his best poetry is dead, or can ever die. It is his conception of his task that seems obsolete. Although he made good bargains with the book-sellers, he did seriously devote his whole life to the highest literary pro-

ductions of which he was capable. Morbidly sensitive to criticism as he was, he felt also that genius had its duties as well as its rights, and conscientiously discharged them. We have no Tennyson now. What should we make of him if we had him? Reverence is the keynote of "In Memoriam," as is humor of the "Northern Farmer." Browning, too, a subtler thinker, though a less melodious poet, had both qualities in abundance. What has become of poetry? It has not disappeared. A very large quantity of very good verse is turned out in English between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. It is good, but it is not great.

Do we miss the greatness? That is the point. In the history of all civilized communities there are periods destitute of great literary names. Our peculiarity is that we seem to get on so very well without them. That emptiest of all shallow catchwords, *nil admirari*, which never yet, in spite of Horace, either made anyone happy, or kept him so, is an attitude of mind fatal to originality of genius. If philosophy begins in wonder, criticism ends in lack of admiration, and the strongest proof of mediocrity is always to give moderate praise. To say that literature is lowered by criticism may be to put the cart before the horse. But, on the other hand, the two phenomena may have a common cause. Flatness and stagnation may go together.

Most critics, if asked who was the best writer of English now living, would probably answer, "Mr. Goldwin Smith." But Mr. Goldwin Smith is advanced in years, and has long made his home in Canada. Who is there now that can write like Froude? Of Froude's historical reputation this is not the place to speak. What made him great was his mastery of style and thought. We have plenty of excellent writers. Indeed they are too numerous to name. Respectable stature is common enough. It is the giants that have departed. The symptom is

not peculiar to England. It is true of France, of Germany, of the United States. There is no Hawthorne, no Mommsen, no Victor Hugo.

Some people put it all down to democracy. The obvious retort is that Athens was a democracy, and that to Athens Western literature traces its source. But the Athenian democracy was a very aristocratic one. It consisted of citizens who were also soldiers. It rejected mechanics, as well as slaves. What has to be proved is that modern democracy does not respect mental distinction. The evidence is the other way.

Some, again, contend that the decline of faith accounts for the decline of literature. It certainly was not so in the days of Voltaire, Hume and Gibbon. But for my part I do not believe in the decline of faith. The fall of dogma is a very different thing. But a theological discussion would be irrelevant here.

More profitably might one ask whether the reign of literature is over, and the reign of science begun. Readers of that fascinating book, Mr. Francis Darwin's life of his father, will remember that the illustrious naturalist at the close of his career was unable to take any interest in literature at all. Even Shakespeare no longer gave him any satisfaction. Was this merely a matter of individual temperament, or did it imply that science is enough, and that the world is tired of verbal exercise? In favor of the first interpretation may be cited the case of Sir Isaac Newton, who abandoned science in middle life for theology and the interpretation of Scripture. But science in Newton's time was an infant compared with science now, and the scientific future is full of exciting possibilities, for which mere literature can offer no equivalent. A scientific professor was once asked whether there was any hostility between science and religion. He replied that there certainly was not, but that modern science was so comprehensive as to satisfy men's minds, and make them inde-

pendent of "metaphysical aid." The splendid edition of Bacon's works for which James Spedding was chiefly responsible contains a preface by a young man of singular gifts, Leslie Ellis, who was soon afterwards removed by death. He concluded his essay with these striking and beautiful sentences:

"The tone in which Bacon spoke of the future destiny of mankind fitted him to be a leader of the age in which he lived. It was an age of change and of hope. Men went forth to seek in new-found worlds for the land of gold and for the fountain of youth; they were told that yet greater wonders lay within their reach. They had burst the bonds of old authority; they were told to go forth from the land where they had dwelt so long, and look on the light of heaven. It was also for the most part an age of faith; and the new philosophy upset no creed and pulled down no altar. It did not put the notion of human perfectibility in the place of religion, nor deprive mankind of hopes beyond the grave. On the contrary, it told its followers that the instauration of the sciences was the free gift of the God in whom their fathers had trusted, that it was only another proof of the mercy of Him whose mercy is over all His works."

Noble and stately as this passage is, it reads as if it belonged to a time already remote. Bacon's greatness was not the greatness of pure science, in which, according to Harvey, he was an amateur. He was a philosopher, a statesman, a consummate man of the world. The thoroughly scientific intellect, at least in these days, is self-sufficing, and believes, or tends to believe, that the questions which cannot be answered by science cannot be answered at all. Hence agnosticism, the creed of Huxley, not of Bacon.

My subject, however, is not religion, but literature and its decline. Mill, as we read in his "Autobiography," was haunted at an early age by a strange dread, which he quaintly compares with the conviction of sin, that

musical combinations might be exhausted. Music is science, and therefore, I suppose, inexhaustible. Literature is not, whatever history may be. The scientific spirit seems now to dominate everything. The world is in future to be governed from the laboratory. It used to be said by those of old time that science had a definite province, within which no doubt all unscientific ideas were intrusions, beyond which was the realm of literature, conduct, imagination, faith. Modern science seeks to remove the boundaries, to claim all knowledge for its province, and to say that what it does not know is not knowledge. *Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.*

Demands like these, perhaps not consciously put forward, would still, if formulated, be set aside by the bulk of the human race. But then do the bulk of the human race count? Or is the future with the select band who are competent to arrive at scientific truth, and care for nothing else? Do the highest minds gravitate by slow and sure degrees from the shadows and fancies of art to the facts and conclusions which alone are sure? When Tyndall lectured on the scientific use of the imagination, he was wittily told that he meant the imaginative use of science. The criticism, so far as it was not merely verbal, admitted that the former things had passed away, that the ancient distinction had broken down.

Darwin rejected literature, it may be said, because his imagination had been starved. A man of science would explain the phenomenon in precisely the opposite way. Here, he would tell us, is the deepest thinker of his age, the man who by his patient researches has transformed our conceptions of the universe. To assume that such a man has no imagination is ridiculous. Yes, his imagination is the true one, because it was set going by experiment, because it arrives at certainty, because it rests upon fact. Literature may be an elegant amusement, but, after all, it is only permutations and

combinations of words. Have we not had enough of it? What is the need for it, except to make the conclusions of science intelligible to the masses? Is it possible to carry the art of expression further than Plato carried it more than two thousand years ago? Are we likely to see a greater poet than Shakespeare? There is no progress in literature. There is nothing else in science, for there is no limit to discovery. If these arguments are sound, they may suggest a reason why literary genius is not unquenchable, or is even being quenched.

Philosophical or theological controversy stimulates literature. It is otherwise with scientific controversy, if indeed controversy be admissible in science. Every scientific proposition, except an axiom, is capable of proof, and with proof all dispute must end. The man of letters says, "I think." The philosopher says, "I believe." The man of science says, "I know." He often adds, perhaps unconsciously to himself, "What I don't know is not knowledge."

Oh, what a dusty answer gets the soul,
When hot for certainties is this our life.

That is the language of the poet, of a poet still with us in advanced and honored age. If you want certainties, says science, I am the way. I may not be able to tell you everything, but at least I will tell you nothing that I cannot prove. If my paths are not always paths of pleasantness, they are never paths of illusion. If I cannot teach you to deceive others, I can at least teach you not to deceive yourself. This is not a new message. There is nothing new under the sun. When Lucretius glorified Epicurus in verses which have survived for centuries the scientific theories they embalm, he celebrated the triumph of science over mythology. Sublime poet as he was, he valued his art, if indeed he was conscious of it, simply as an instrument for making more Epicureans. It is true that his expectations have been reversed, that Lucretius is read now

for his poetry, not for his science. Why? Because, the physicist will say, there is development in science, and not in literature. The ideas of Epicurus are as remote as a cuneiform inscription. Lucretius could write poetry better than anybody can write it now.

The art of expression is a mere trial of ingenuity, and how can any one ever be more ingenious than Pope? Let the dead bury their dead. Science is alive. Of course people want new books. They always will want them. They read to amuse themselves, to pass the time. Books must be written, as chairs and tables must be made. The world must go on. Average minds have no need to trouble themselves about such things. There will always be plenty for them to do.

But if literature is to be in the future what it has been in the past, it must retain its attraction for men of genius. Will the highest intellects concern themselves with insoluble problems, with windows that exclude the light and passages that lead to nothing? Or will they be drawn, are they being drawn even now, into the more fruitful methods of experiment and exactitude? A definite answer to such a question would be most presumptuous. The query is only offered as a tentative solution of apparent facts. It is easy to reply that science and literature are not necessarily or naturally opposed; that Darwin wrote a good style, and Huxley a better; that Tennyson was fascinated by scientific progress; that things can only be explained by words.

Original minds, minds of the highest order, will not always be content with a secondary place. When, if ever, science is finally enthroned as the goddess of reason, the one source of real truth here below, the arbitress of human destiny, the dictatress of the world, literature must gradually subside into a tale of little meaning, a relic of the past. The legendary mathematician's comment on "Paradise Lost," "A very fine poem, but I don't quite see what it all goes to

prove," may have shown him to be in advance of his age. For though "Paradise Lost" probably numbers more readers than the "Principia," it has not extended the boundaries of human knowledge.

Nature, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light.

Does that neat couplet illustrate the true connection between science and literature? Is poetry destined to be a *memoria technica*? Men of letters have exhausted their eloquence on the inestimable value of literature as a luxurious form of mental entertainment. They have added nothing in modern times to what Cicero said in the "De Archia" before the foundation of the Roman Empire. Cicero can be read with as much pleasure by us as by his own contemporaries, and that is immortality in the eyes of a mortal. Long and nobly has literature struggled for its rightful place in human history. Is the struggle coming to an end? Is science acquiring an absolute dominion over the minds of men?

On such a subject one can only be hypothetical. Supposing that such a process were going on, its effects would be first seen on the highest plane. If there is ample scope in science, and in science alone, for the fullest and deepest operations of the mind, literature would no longer enlist the best minds in its service. By science I mean physical science, the investigations of natural phenomena. When professors say that history is a science, they mean something totally different, and that controversy would be out of place here. Perhaps history will henceforth be a collection of tabulated and analyzed facts.

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry passing hence!
In the common deluge drowning old political common sense.

History and poetry do not receive a very high compliment by being classed with heraldry. Nor is the common deluge very clearly defined. The flood

of science may overwhelm us all. Or it may be a more accurate metaphor to picture ourselves as worms unable to escape the roller. The Positive, or Positivist, philosophy was once defined as Catholicism without Christianity. Is not the scientific school becoming quite as dogmatic as the Church of Rome? *Extra scientiam nulla salus*. The charm of dealing with certainties has often been described. Walter Bagehot in one of his essays represents the voice of the Church to which he did not belong welcoming the tired traveler to many fields of human speculation, and inviting him to the haven where all such matters were settled long ago. An excellent refuge for those who believe the Church.

Science you cannot disbelieve. You cannot get outside your own reason, the only faculty with which you can judge of revelation itself. Butler had to fall back upon probability as the guide of life. The man of science despises probabilities. With him as with the Church of Rome it is all or nothing. Scientific agnosticism does not merely say, "I am not sure." It says also, "You can't be sure." "The rest may reason and welcome," Abt. Vogler exclaims; "'tis we musicians know." But then there is, I am told, a subtle connection between music and the higher mathematics, which accounts for the confidence of Abt. Vogler. Herbert Spencer, at the close of his life, was haunted with a kind of philosophic nightmare. Man did not understand the universe. What if there existed no comprehension of it anywhere? There was a time, not very distant, when men of science would not have assumed to know more about it than other people. Even now they have not accounted for creation, or explained it away. But less and less every year are they disposed to compass their knowledge with bounds, to lay down any time or limit at which they must stop. That is the supreme attraction of science. Its possibilities are infinite.

In literature, in metaphysics, the

best that can be has been done. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in any philosophy, ancient or modern. To the student of natural phenomena any discovery is possible, even the principle of life, the ultimate origin of things. Scientific enthusiasm to-day is not what it was in Bacon's time. It is no vast and vague idea of co-ordinating knowledge. It is a belief in the unlimited power of patient research, combined with a Newtonian or Darwinian imagination. Argon, and radium, and wireless telegraphy may be trifles compared with what the future has in store. I am not arguing, I am not able to argue, that this unbounded confidence in scientific progress is justified by facts, or even that it will last. It may be a temporary phase. My point is that it will serve to explain the apparent failure of literary genius.

Men are not born literary or scientific. In most cases the bent of their minds is shaped by accident. The highest minds have the loftiest aspirations, which poetry and other forms of literature have satisfied hitherto. If science can be proved to hold the key of the universe, complete satisfaction cannot be sought elsewhere. As for everything which does not enlarge the bounds of knowledge, what is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns? If all science, except natural science, be science falsely so called, the human intellect must inevitably be drawn away from what cannot yield tangible results. History cannot yield them. Let bygones be bygones. Why seek ye

the living among the dead? There is enough poetry in the world already. It must be waste of time to make more. Science is to literature as life to death. To become really scientific is a resurrection.

If these views are widely held, more widely every day, the question at the head of this article must be answered in the affirmative. It may be a euthanasia, a gradual and easy decay. But it is as certain as it is gradual. The very fact that the name of science is often misapplied, that men claim the epithet scientific for things which it will not suit, is itself a proof of the despotism to which the unscientific world submits. Literature may be more tempting than most forms of illusion. Other verse besides Sir David Lindsay's may still "have charms." Science alone is real. The prevalence of that creed, or of that superstition, does not seem to produce scientific genius, though it has doubtless raised the level of the scientific intelligence. Its negative effect upon literature is more obvious, and the effect is not, of course, confined to the literature of any single country.

Just as motor cars are superseding horses, so is science superseding humanism. At least, so it would seem. Even science may disappoint expectation, and the door which no man living has yet entered may remain inexorably closed. Among other discoveries it may be discovered that there are bounds to the discoveries of science. At present the trend of opinion is the other way. The pursuit of what Bacon called secondary causes is the most dangerous rival that literature has ever encountered.



Afar in the Desert.

By WILLIAM C. SCULLY.

(From the *African Monthly*.)

THIS is the story of a boy and a girl who met in a South African wilderness under strange circumstances more than thirty years ago. The girl was desert-bred; her feet had never trodden those paths of convention which, in the aggregate, are called civilization. A chance medley of unusual happenings drove the boy forth from the haunts of men, but the absorbing spell of the wild fell upon him, and to him the "call of the wild" was ever afterward an imperative command.

It is a love story; but Love revealed the shining wonder of his face to these two for less than one fleeting day, the while Death hid close behind him.

Some of that which is here related is true.

I.

The boy went down to the lower camp from his lonely tent, that was pitched on one of the terraces near the head of the Pilgrim's Rest Valley, for the purpose of buying his meager supplies for the following week, for it was Saturday afternoon. Night was falling when he started homeward, and it was dark when he reached Slater's Claim and the Big Rock. Just there he stumbled over a man who was lying, sleeping the sleep of intoxication, across the path.

"The Boy"—he was known from one end of the creek to the other by that designation—struck a match and examined the man's face. He recognized it at once as being that of Dan the

Reefer, a gigantic yellow-bearded Californian—the camp's most celebrated prospector. Next to the sleeper lay a new blanket tied up in a neat bundle.

A cold wind was searching down from the frost-dusted peaks which stood, lofty and clean-cut, against the early winter's sky; so the boy untied the bundle, and, after placing the head of the man in a comfortable position, spread the blanket over him and tucked it in. In doing this his hand touched a leather pouch. After considering the risk he was running, the boy opened the pouch and found that it contained about ten ounces of gold in a chamouis leather bag. He transferred the bag to his pocket and went home.

Next morning the boy went down to the Reefer's tent and handed over what he had taken charge of. The Reefer was profanely thankful.

"I'll do you a good turn for this," said he, "— me if I don't."

"Take me out prospecting with you," said the boy at a venture.

"Can you hold a rifle straight?"

"Yes; but I haven't got one."

"Oh, that's all right; I have. You'll kill meat and I'll strike a reef that'll make our fortunes."

Here was a piece of luck; the very thing he had longed for hopelessly was thrust upon him. To go prospecting with the Reefer was an honor sought by many.

"Let's see," said the Reefer, "this is Sunday; sleep here Wednesday night and we'll start Thursday."

So the boy packed up his few belong-

ings, stored them in the tent of a friend, and put in an appearance at the Reefer's tent at the appointed time. The Reefer was not at home, but he turned up, more or less drunk, in the middle of the night.

All preparations had been made; a month's "tucker" for two had been provided. This included flour, tea, a little sugar and salt, and a few simple remedies for use in the event of sickness. The goods were scientifically packed in two "swags"—that of the Reefer weighing about ninety pounds and that of the boy about thirty. The Reefer carried a pick, a shovel and a pan, in which the limits of combined efficiency and lightness had been reached; the boy a lifting-block, rifle and a hundred cartridges. Each too, besides, a water bottle, a cooking "billy," a blanket, a spare flannel shirt and two pairs of thick woollen socks.

Their course led down the valley of the Blyde River, through the loveliest imaginable scenery. Down and down the valley seemed to sink among the convoluted mountains that are so rich in forest, crag and sounding waterfall. After crossing a divide the deserted site of the village of Ohrigstad was passed. Here was the scene of a tragedy. The township had flourished; the land was fertile; the surroundings a hunters' paradise. All went well for a time; then came fever; within a few weeks all the settlers went down. The majority died; the survivors were rescued and removed to a healthier locality, where they founded the town of Lydenburg. In blue-books published years afterward, the abandonment of Ohrigstad was erroneously attributed to fear of the Bapedi—natives located in a neighboring mountain range.

The Reefer was a silent man, who was obsessed by one idea—the finding of gold where none had previously been found. The one and only thing which gave him pleasure was to make a "strike." But the discovery once declared and made the object of a "rush," the thing immediately lost its charm. Then he would sell out, usually for far

less than the value of his claim, and once more follow the rainbow. This man's life had literally been spent on the prospecting trail. He had made several rich strikes of gold, not alone in Africa, but in America—North and South. In those days the Klondyke was unknown, but the Reefer had trailed to what he called "the head waters of the Arctic," and had found rich gold in the Yukon district, from which he was driven back by the pitiless cold. He knew every creek and placer in the alluvial fields of California.

The boy was nineteen years of age, but did not look it. He was lithe, small-boned and tall, with fair hair, blue eyes and a face that gained him the good graces of some women. Thrown on the world when quite a child, he had known phases of sin and suffering not usually experienced by the young. It was a strain of idealism and an inherent passionate love of nature that enabled him to save his soul alive. In his ear the voice of the wilderness was ever sounding. Whenever he managed to save enough money to buy sufficient supplies he would wander away into the vague, unknown country lying east and north of the fields, in search of gold, hunting and adventure. The first he never found.

Down and down still sank the valley toward its junction with the Olifant—studded throughout its enchanting length with dark green patches of virgin forest, strung like emeralds upon the chain of a crystal stream. The summer rains had been heavy, so every ravine cleaving the hills on either side was vocal with impetuous water. The wild creatures gazed at them from the high ledges or crashed unseen through the underwood at their approach. The chanting call of the brown falcons wheeling among the crags sounded like a trumpet bidding them go forward into the unknown, where dwelt fortune and romance.

They camped each night under trees centuries old. How the leaping flames lit up the groined boughs spreading

from hoar-ancient trunks, revealing depths of mysterious shadow in the greenery! When the flames died down, how the restful darkness closed in, full of rich suggestion! These nights were so full of rapture that the boy could hardly sleep: it seemed a sin to waste such hours in unconsciousness. Often the dawn would find him watching and praying with that best kind of prayer—the uplifting of the heart to the plane of nature's most exalted harmonies. Then he would sink into an hour's dreamless slumber, to be awakened by a shove from the Reefer's friendly foot, and to find a steaming pannikin of tea ready at the side of his couch.

II.

The sound of a violin in one of the gorges of the Olifant's River valley seemed very incongruous, indeed. The source of the music was hidden behind some large trees. Beyond these stood a tent wagon. On the box sat a tall, dark, bearded man plying the bow industriously, the music being a reel played in very quick time. His clothing was of brayed skin; his muscular arms were bare to the elbow. An immense lion-skin lay drying, the fleshy side being uppermost, upon the "tent" of the wagon. The black hair of the mane was protruding over the back of the tent, and the tufted tail dangled close to the face of the musician. At the side of the wagon was a small "lean-to" of coarse calico. Meat, in various stages of the process of drying, hung festooned among the trees.

The musician laid down his instrument, leaped lightly from the wagon and advanced with outstretched hand.

"Welcome, welcome," he said, speaking in Dutch; "put down your bundles and rest. Look what your uncle has shot." Here he pointed to the lion-skin. "You fellows are after gold, I suppose; but what has a hunter to do with gold? Come and drink coffee. Anna, is there any coffee ready?"

The concluding words were addressed to a girl who, followed shyly by a small boy, emerged from the lean-to and

silently shook hands with the strangers. She appeared to be about eighteen years old. Her oval, slightly freckled face had beauty of a distinctive type. Her eyes were dark and had an expression of sadness. Health glowed through and enriched her skin. But the glory of this girl was her hair; its wealth of bronzed auburn, thick and waved, was full of changing lights. She was dressed partly in male attire.

Somehow this did not seem incongruous to the boy. He was by disposition unconventional to a degree. His eyes appraised the girl admiringly; the shapely figure was almost too sturdy for grace, but it had the strength his lacked. Nature, who always schemes for the mating of contrasts, made these two goodly and desirable in each other's eyes.

The boy's appraising glances followed the girl as she went to the tail-board of the wagon and busied herself with the coffee arrangements. The play of her strong, full arm was good to watch; the inartistic veldschoen could not hide the symmetry of her feet. A loose, blouse-like garment of linen permitted glimpses of a neck strong and fine, and dazzlingly white below the area of sunburn.

The coffee was a pleasant variant from tea—the prospector's only prepared beverage. They sat on the sward and talked. The Reefer had no Dutch, so the boy acted as interpreter. The owner of the wagon was a Boer named Dirk Fourie. He had a farm in the Lydenburg district, but spent most of his time in the hunting field. Fourie was a widower with three children. Accompanied by these and an old Hottentot he had undertaken this trip, intending to reach the low country in the vicinity of the nether reaches of the Letaba River. But he found that the rains had there fallen late, so, dreading fever, decided to remain for a time in the valley of the Olifant. To avoid risk of "bush sickness" he had sent the oxen back to the farm in charge of his elder son and the Hottentot, with orders that they were to be brought

back after six weeks had passed.

Fourie's manner was characterized by a kind of yearning friendliness; the advent of the strangers seemed to afford him very sincere pleasure. He neither knew nor cared anything about gold, so the Reefer soon found the conversation irksome and wandered off to examine the formation. The boy just then cared for nothing so much as hunting, so he and Fourie sat and discussed game and the slaying thereof. The lion skin was pulled down and admired. A graphic account of the downfall of the great marauder was given. It appeared that Fourie's father had been killed by a lion, so the Boer carried on a lifelong vendetta against the whole lion species. The death had been amply revenged, for twenty-two of these animals had fallen to the long-barrelled roer which hung in the wagon, and nine to a more modern rifle—a Westley-Richards musket—just then standing against the wheel.

Fourie went back to his violin. His repertoire seemed to consist solely of reels, all of the very liveliest kind. The boy and the girl gravitated toward each other. But conversation was difficult; they were full of embarrassment. They wandered together for a short distance along the hillside. He told her of his life on the gold and diamond fields and of those far-off towns she had heard rumors of. The ocean and the great ships were to her the most wonderful of all things. Had such not been mentioned in the Bible, she would not have believed their existence possible. She had been taught to read, but the Bible was her only book. With her large, lustrous eyes fixed on the boy's face she listened, gravely interested, to all he told her.

Of herself and her experiences the girl could hardly be induced to say a word. Her ignorance of the world beyond the farm and the scenes of her father's different hunting trips was almost fathomless. They returned to the wagon, and soon afterward the Reefer arrived, carrying a haversack full of quartz.

"I think we'll stay and see what's to be found about here," he said.

Next morning the Reefer disappeared on his endless quest of the rainbow. Fourie and the boy went for a tramp after game. The somewhat vague and unpractical mien of the Boer disappeared when on the hunting spoor; he became cool, alert and capable. The lore of the wilderness was to him as an open book. The boy had somewhat prided himself on his skill as a hunter, but he soon saw that compared with Fourie he was the merest novice. Signs and tokens invisible to him before were pointed out and deduced from unerringly. Fourie was generous, giving his companion opportunity after opportunity to lay low koodoo, sable and tseessabi. The spoil was handed over to the "Balala"—"the people who are dead"—wretched outlaws or wafes of annihilated clans, who wandered, weaponless and without clothing, over the veld. As a rule they lived on roots, grubs, snakes and other unspeakable things. Like wine flies when one opens a bottle of wine, the Balala would suddenly materialize from the void whenever meat was in evidence. They would be given the bulk of the carcass for their own use, and told to convey the choicer portions, with the skin, to the camp. This they never failed honestly to do.

The abject submissiveness of these people was pathetic in the extreme; it must have been the result of a terrible course of hopeless suffering. They never spoke unless first addressed; then they answered in low-toned monosyllables. A weird deftness and intelligence characterized all they did. At the camp they would silently set down whatever had been given into their charge, and as silently vanish. As an instance of their honesty it may be mentioned that once, when the boy lost his hunting knife, it was found by the Balala and returned to him. It was sticking in the ground, close to his head, when he awoke one morning. And what a priceless possession the implement would have been to the finder!

Evidences of a once-teeming human population abounded over the whole country side, which was covered with groups of low, circular stone walls, indicating where thousands of kraals once stood. But the exterminating raids of Tshaka had swept it bare. Now its only human dwellers were a few creatures so wretched and so reduced that the very beasts of prey were said to despise them.

Thus passed many halcyon days. The boy had now become almost a member of the little family to whose hearth in the wilderness he had drifted through so strange a chance. The Reefer was hardly in evidence; he had struck a small leader which bore gold, and was endeavoring, with infinite pains, to trace this to its connection with the parent reef. The spot where he was working was about half-an-hour's walk distant. Thither he went every morning early; thence he returned at dusk every evening. When hot on the scent of gold the Reefer was not a man to be lightly interfered with. He had made it clear to the boy from the beginning that his help was not required, or even desired, except toward filling the pot with meat. Thus the two had little or no intercourse.

The boy was more and more struck by the individuality of his new friends; they were so utterly unlike any others of their class that he had foregathered with. As the intimacy grew Fourie told more of the details of his history. It appeared he was not quite orthodox in his religious views, and had had in consequence a serious quarrel with the pastor of his church. This had happened years back. One result was that Fourie was under a kind of ban among his own people. His wife had shared his views. The children, or at all events the two elder ones, having natural strength of character, and being cut off from intercourse with other young humans, developed on lines of their own.

Fourie had strains of idealism, and even of philosophy. He loved his violin, but his musical ambition never,

alas! soared beyond reels. Like a child in everything appertaining to social mankind, this Boer was almost supernaturally wise in interpreting the laws governing forest, field and sky. He had a naturally kind heart and a deep love for nature. Thus he only killed ordinary game when meat was required. Solitude and the despitful usage of his fellowmen had not soured his disposition. His only foe was the lion; and the lion, which he pursued constantly and implacably, he met and vanquished in fair, open encounter.

As time passed the girl and the boy became more unconstrained toward each other. The girl had much innate refinement, and was very intelligent. Between her and the boy there was little articulate speech; the silence of the wilderness had invaded their souls. When the wilderness unveils the fullness of its beauty to a human being speech becomes largely superfluous. For although the wilderness is full of clear indications, it is mostly inarticulate, and those who dwell there must interpret its dumb alphabet or perish. Between these two human creatures signs gradually took the place of words; glances became eloquent; a gesture often conveyed more than a sentence.

The girl could hold a rifle straighter than most men; her frame was tireless; she could endure hunger and thirst without wilting. She had often been her father's hunting companion. When Fourie now planned a more than usually extended expedition she decided to take part in it.

The Boer absolutely lusted after lions to slay, but no spoor was to be found anywhere within a day's walk of the camp. However, away down near the junction of the Olifant and the Letaba was a locality which he had previously visited with satisfactory results. So thither it was decided to go. The Reefer remained behind; with him, Fourie's little son.

So one still, cool morning, when a transparent haze filled the valley and hung like the shadow of a dream over

the forested plains that stretch from the foot of the mighty mountains to the far-off Lebomba, the boy, the girl and the Boer started on their adventure. Their course led along the southern bank of the Olifant. The mountains were soon left behind, and then, on the plains, the boy—for the first time in his life—saw large game in true profusion. All day long as they advanced could be seen the varied population of the wild melting before them into the gloom. For the forest, although continuous, was not dense except in the immediate vicinity of the river. Thus the eye could range for a couple of hundred yards on every side.

Owing to the late local rains the pasture was good, so all the game from the surrounding arid spaces had flocked in. Occasionally the landscape resembled a kaleidoscope, so dense and varied were the manifestations of animal life. Buffaloes would hurtle through the undergrowth, swerving to avoid the tree-trunks with the agility of cats. A black rhinoceros, its wicked-looking head low near the ground, would dash fiercely away, its horn dividing the tangled brushwood after the manner of the cut-water of a boat. Families of wild pigs, their tufted tails held straight up, trotted off with swift quaintness. Herds of gentle giraffes, disturbed at their browsing on the high branches, swayed out of sight, their long necks undulating from side to side. Quaggas, sleeping in the glades, sprang up at their sentinel's warning stamp, and fled, waking thunders with their hoofs. Pierce-eyed gnus swiftly ambled away. Antelopes, from the hartebeeste, big, awkward and ungainly, to the little russet impala, the very embodiment of sylvan grace, crowded the ever-opening vistas.

All day long they tramped without firing a shot, for ammunition had to be husbanded. Just before camping at sundown the boy shot a tsesabi, the flesh of which is among the very best the wilderness affords. To their astonishment several of the Balala appeared on the scene. One of these was a little,

elderly man who appeared to be a sort of leader, and who seemed to have attached himself to the boy.

They camped on the river bank amid scenery more lovely than any pen could describe. The clear stream, eddying and whirling among great grey rocks, was nearly three hundred yards wide. Groves of splendid trees, dark green and luxuriant, lay in an almost continuous chain along the water's edge, only separated from each other by little spaces of green sward. On one of these they camped. Across the river a long, even wall of sheer cliff hung like a rampart over the flood. It was about a hundred feet high. Along its summit giant trees were silhouetted against the sky; masses of variegated creeper fell like cataracts over its face.

III.

Day passed swiftly after day, each like a cup full to the brim of joy. The hunters went to sleep soon after dusk, leaving the tending of the fire in the hands of the Balala. Every morning in the grey dawn the girl would steal away to bathe in one of the secluded reaches of the river. The boy would watch for her going and then set about preparing coffee. This would be ready by the time she returned, with her waved, glossy hair drying on her shoulders and the brightness of the morning shining from her face. Then he would go to bathe and the girl would prepare breakfast.

Silence, more eloquent than speech, enmeshed these two more and more in mutual comprehension. An idea took root and grew in the mind of the boy that he had found the environment best suited to him; that a life spent in this teeming wilderness, with the girl at his side, would be good. What part had he in civilization—in that society of conventional men and women which had lured him on, almost to his ruin, and flung him contemptuously aside when he ceased to amuse?

Before being an agriculturalist, man was a hunter. This explains the cir-

cumstances that for many the hunting instinct—the lust to kill for the sake of killing—when once indulged in becomes so haunting and dominant that all other pursuits pall. Atavism is a curious and an awful thing; an influence may rise through the dark detritus of inconceivably remote time, take our lives in its shadowy hands, and shape them to strange ends. Under the spell of the wild, the boy reverted to the stage of primeval man.

Here, then, was his paradise. Why not, therefore, take this deep-bosomed Eve to mate, and enter into his inheritance. But at this stage was it love that he felt for her? He was not sure. She attracted him strongly, but there was also an occasional feeling of slight repulsion. He had always been moody and changeable. Little, undefinable contraventions on her part of that code of conventionality which he affected to despise, but which is always ineradicable in those whose childhood has been passed in a refined home, jarred on his sensibilities.

The present—yes—but what of the future? The girl was innocent and modest. A spice of coquetry in her would have completed his subjugation; but she was absolutely direct and natural. The forces of love held all the approaches to his heart; the out-works had fallen, one by one, but the citadel was still held by a few obstinate doubts.

As a lion hunt the expedition had so far not been a success. Every night the low rumbling, occasionally changing to a snarl, of the great beasts of prey could be heard in various directions. Fourle and the Balala, who were now in good condition and equal to any amount of work, went out indefatigably on the spoor day by day. Many lions were thus followed to their lairs in dense patches of reeds and grass, but they always managed to escape unseen. The vegetation was too green to kindle. The full-fed lion is usually a coward; it is when hungry that his courage rises and he becomes terrible.

They were but three days' easy walk from the wagon when it was decided to return. On the morning they started the first lion fell. Just before dawn they heard the unmistakable sound of a kill, so when day broke they stole to the spot where it took place, which was about a mile away. They found four lions eating the carcase of a quagga. Three fled at once; the other, a magnificent brute with a great coal-black mane, would not surrender his meat, so he dropped on his belly and faced the intruders.

The underbrush was scanty; nevertheless the lion, for all his size could scarcely be seen. Just the top of his head and the ridge of his back were visible. Fourle stepped forward to within forty paces and took careful aim. The great tail began to wave from side to side, striking the ground with the force of a flail. With the shot the hind quarters of the lion heaved mightily into the air, and fell forward toward the hunter. After a few convulsive struggles the limbs loosened; then the great helpless creature rolled over on its side and lay still. The bullet had grazed the top of the head and buried itself in the spine, between the shoulders.

That night they camped just below the enormous gates through which the Olifant breaks to reach the low country. The mighty, sheer, table-formed masses, arising from dense forest, bulked huge against the stars. The cataract-speech of the river filled the sounding gorge with softened thunder. To the boy it seemed as though Immensity stretched forth a finger to touch his brain and counteract the spell of sleep. He tried vainly to rest. The rich, slow, beauty-burthened hours went by. Canopus wheeled high over the Cross. A sense of the imminence of something strange thrilled him; his soul seemed to stand tip-toe upon the summit of expectation and stretch forth its hands.

The fire had dwindled; he built it anew, and the crackling flames shot up high through the windless dark.

The boy glanced to where the girl lay, near her father. Her eyes were open. The boy beckoned to her. She sat up and hesitated for an instant; then she arose and came to his side.

He took her hand and led her away into the gloom. He kissed her on the lips and the kiss was returned. The voices of the gorge swelled to a warning dissonance as a breeze from the west gathered their thunders into a sheaf and hurled it to the plains below, but the lovers heard it not. The roar of a killing lion and the scream of its stricken prey startled the forest creatures for miles around, but the sound of the tragedy passed over these two, unheeding. The mystery and the wonder of the desert, the lust of the spoiler, the terror and anguish of the victim—each blindly following the awful law of its being—was around them, but Love lent wings of flame that bore them to the stars, and stayed with his wonder-working hand the running of the sands of Time.

Dawn stole, virginal, from the sea and sought their transfigured faces. The splendor of morning, which had its habitation for a space on the mountain crags, found its counterpart in their eyes. The cataracts shouted with their joy; the falcons chanted it as they soared into the sunshine.

They had no thought for the future; the present was all-sufficient. The wilderness was theirs, and the fullness thereof. Here was a fair kingdom in which they reigned as victorious king and gracious queen, without the tiresome superfluity of subjects.

* * * * *

That day, for the first time, they planned to be alone together on the march. With feet made languid by excess of joy they lingered whenever a locality of more than usual beauty was reached. At midday Fourie, who had got somewhat far ahead, was wondering at their laggardness.

A distant shot, followed by two others in quick succession, recalled them to practical realities, so they hurried forward on the spoor. When they

reached Fourie he was sitting under a tree regarding with satisfaction a large lion he had shot, and which three Balala were engaged in skinning. Tied to a shrub close by were two young lion cubs.

"See, Anna, what I have caught," cried he; "have a look at the little brutes before I kill them."

"No, no," said the girl, "they are too young to kill. Let them go. Where is their mother?"

"That is what I cannot understand; I have never heard of such young cubs being left behind by their mother. But I'm not going to let them go, perhaps to kill some one, as my father was killed."

The girl's soul revolted from the idea of slaughtering these innocents. So full of new-found happiness was she that the taking of life or the infliction of pain was abhorrent. But she knew her father's implacable hatred of the whole lion race.

"Let me take them back to camp," she begged; "I will tame them."

After advancing many objections Fourie gave a grudging consent. The little animals could be fed on soup until the camp was reached, then on meal and water. They were evidently only a week or ten days old, and resembled yellow cats with abnormally large, solemn faces. They showed no vice when handled, and seemed quite contented with their lot. The girl carried one and the boy the other, the three Balala being unable to do more than carry the skin of the animal just killed.

The halting place for the night was an open, circular space surrounded by high trees. The boughs met overhead; it looked like a green-domed temple. The ground was almost clear of brushwood. In the center the fire was lit. The river was only about two hundred yards distant. Supper was over, and the cubs, being hungry, were complaining in queer, guttural tones. They had been coupled together by means of a reim, the loop of which was fastened to a protruding root.

The boy took the only cooking utensil and started, a live firebrand in one hand and his rifle in the other, for the river to fetch water for the soup. When he reached the fringe of low bushes which surrounded the camping place he stopped for an instant and looked back. Fourie had removed the block from his rifle and sat oiling it near the fire. The girl was bending over the cubs, trying to soothe their impatience. She looked after the boy with a smile. His last sight of her face showed it lit by the flickering flame, and radiant with an aura of love and happiness.

When the boy, returning, got within about fifty yards of the fire, his desert-tuned ear caught a sinister sound of low growling. He dropped the vessel of water and the firebrand, and rushed forward, bursting through the fringe of bushes. There, full in the firelight, crouched a great, tawny lioness, roughly pawing the cubs. In an instant his rifle was at his shoulder; the lioness sprang into the air and fell back dead, shot through the heart.

The boy and the fire were the only living things in the firelit circle. Fourie was lying, his neck terribly lacerated, in a pool of blood. The girl lay on her face, absolutely still. The cubs had been mangled to death through the efforts of the mother to set them free.

He could not believe the girl to be dead. Thinking she had fainted from terror, he lifted her in his arms. Her head fell back, horribly limp. Her neck had been broken by a stroke from the lioness' paw.

* * * * *

When the boy awakened from his swoon a figure was standing near him. It was that of the old man of the Balala. The boy sat up and tried to think. Then, with a lamentable cry, he sprang up and lifted the corpse of the girl in his arms. The head again

fell back, the loosened wealth of burnished hair flowing like a cataract to the ground. The old wail of the desert stole silently away.

Later the old man returned, this time accompanied by two others. He touched the boy, who sat stupidly gazing at his dead, on the shoulder. The boy looked up with haggard, deathlike face, and the wholesome human sympathy of the old man's regard loosened the frightful tension of his soul. He fell into a paroxysm of tears.

After a while the old man again touched him on the shoulder and pointed westward, in the direction of the camp. Then, with a sweep of the hand to indicate that he would return, he melted into the darkness. The two other Balala remained behind, close at hand, and tended the fire.

* * * * *

It was noon when the Reefer arrived. The ground was soft, so it did not take his practiced arm long to dig a deep grave. In this they reverently laid the bodies of the girl and her father. At their feet were placed the dead cubs, for showing mercy to which such dire requital was dealt by that inscrutable power which so often chastises men for their virtuous deeds, and rewards them lavishly for their sins. Heavy stones were carried from the river terrace close by and placed in such a way that the resting place could not be disturbed.

* * * * *

A few days afterward the oxen returned, so the wagon, with its sad passengers, went back to the dead man's farm. The boy accompanied it and, after relating what had happened (which was regarded by all in the neighborhood as the direct and unmistakable judgment of Heaven upon irreligion), he wandered forth once more, this time to be forever a stranger among the sons and daughters of men.

The Hybridization of Orchids.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

(From the *Cornhill Magazine*.)

THE "Catalogue of Orchid Hybrids" lately issued by Messrs. Sander is the first compilation of its sort offered for public sale. Amateurs and nurserymen have made lists at various dates upon such information as they could collect; the attempt was most praiseworthy, seeing that so much of the work has been done by private individuals and no register exists. But for the same reason they were necessarily imperfect even at the moment of issue. Mr. R. H. Measures has been recording the hybrids of *Cypripedium* since 1890, and he kept up his manual till lately; but it deals only with a single genus, and it is privately printed. Mr. Rolfe, editor of the "Orchid Review," is preparing a "Studbook" which will give not only the list of hybrids and their parentage, but also the names of the gentlemen who raised them, the date of their first appearance, and a reference to publications where each is described or figured. But meantime Messrs. Sander's catalogue is invaluable. The task has long been urgent. Fifty years have passed since Dominy produced the *Calanthe* which bears his name—first of artificial hybrids—and now they are a host, something like two thousand in the genus *Cypripedium* alone. And every week brings additions. Hearing of new triumphs continually perhaps one is apt to exaggerate the number of persons engaged in this fascinating pursuit. But if the great operators all over the world

are but a dozen or less, a very large proportion of the amateurs in this country have begun to experiment in a modest way. Their orchids carry pods, and with just pride they show a pan or two of seedlings. But all these worthy folk are anxious to know what others have done, if only to escape repeating an alliance already effected. Hitherto they have looked in vain for a complete or authentic guide.

It may seem hasty to write upon this theme when the discussions of the great international conference on plant-breeding, which occupied four days at the Horticultural Hall last summer, are still unpublished. But my article is not designed for the scientific. We have still to wait some months before the proceedings of that learned assembly are issued; even then they will not be accessible to the public at large; nor will the general reader be much enlightened in any case by the study of profound speculations dealing with theory rather than practice.

In the hybridization of orchids a variety of odd and puzzling questions arise, some of which must be noted; but I am not qualified to go deeply into them even if this were the place. I hope, however, that the subject will be found interesting, although treated superficially. Most readers of the "Cornhill" have looked through Darwin's work probably and remember something of the wonderful contrivances whereby nature tempts insects to approach the flower of certain

orchids and then compels them to pollenate it. We have still to ask why these complicated arrangements should be necessary; why the fertilization of these plants should not have been made as easy as in the rose, for example.

The number able to impregnate themselves is scarcely perceptible among the hosts of orchids known—perhaps 12,000. Darwin was acquainted with ten species of this class; a good many have been discovered since, but they are still reckoned by units. The rest depend upon moths, beetles and other insects which are attracted by their scent, sometimes by their stench, and by the honey which most secrete. Such visits are mere chance, not always nor perhaps generally successful when they occur. We want information on this as on many other points from persons who see the epiphytes at home. Mr. H. O. Forbes, in West Java, could find but one capsule of seed on a plant of *Cymbidium stapelioides*, and one for every sixty flowers on *Dendrobium crumenatum* and *Calanthe veratrifolia*. Vandas also had but few. On the other side of the world, the extreme rarity of seed-pods among the millions of *Odontoglossum crispum* imported furnished one of the arguments urged formerly by those who could not believe it would ever be hybridized by man.

Darwin's book set many orchid growers thinking. The foremost of amateur hybridists has told how he read it on a Sunday afternoon; visiting his greenhouse afterward he examined a *Cypriped* in bloom, verified Darwin's report of the structure, and tried the experiment of fertilizing it—with a lead pencil. To his astonishment the ovary swelled, and continued to swell; in due time, ten or twelve months perhaps, it formed a great pod of seed. Thus Mr. Norman Cookson was tempted to begin hybridizing. With a lead pencil, or an instrument as rude, man is able to disconcert all the elaborate machinery which Nature has designed to check the reproduction of orchids. If new to the

business he may still be puzzled for an instant to find the pollen masses or the stigma in a species hitherto unexplored. But it is only for an instant, and when the organs are discovered a touch completes the operation. All the arrangements, however, are so different from those of other plants that one can understand how nurserymen and gardeners failed to grasp them for generations. The first exotic orchids grown in this country of which we have report were *Bletia verecunda* and *Cypripedium spectabile* in 1731, next a *Vanilla* in 1739, *Cypripedium parviflorum* in 1759—all in the Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea. No others had been introduced apparently when Linnaeus published the "*Genera Plantarum*" in 1763. In a few years, however, the number increased to twenty or more, chiefly through the enterprise of Sir Joseph Banks, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century it had risen to 326. But Dominy, earliest of hybridizers, did not begin to work till 1853.

Botanists already understood the structure of orchids, well enough at least for practical purposes, but they were not likely to instruct the nurseryman. New and beautiful flowers do not console the majority of savants for the confusion of species which is the result of hybridization; if their protests are seldom heard now it is perhaps because despair possesses them. The feeling of botanists at an earlier time was pleasantly illustrated by Mr. James Bateman in a speech at the Orchid Conference. He said:

"I was brought up with the very strongest abhorrence of hybridizers. I fell into evil hands early in life. My first orchid-growing friend was Mr. Huntly. When I paid him a visit at his snug rectory in Huntingdonshire he pointed out his cacti and his orchids, and said: 'I like those plants—in fact, they are the only plants I grow, because those fiends (meaning hybridizers) cannot touch them.'"

We are told that when *Calanthe Domini*, the first hybrid to flower in England, was shown in triumph to Dr. Lindley, the great savant exclaimed:

"You will drive the botanists mad!" That was the first thought suggested by the marvel. To such heat did the feeling rise in that day.

But there are always traitors in the camp when good men band themselves in a holy cause. Dean Herbert of Manchester, a botanist, a man of science, actually suggested the hybridization of orchids in the "Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society." He had done something of the sort himself, and boasted of it. Here are his words in an article styled "On Hybridization Among Vegetables," published in 1847:

"Cross-breeding among the Orchidaceous plants would, perhaps, lead to very startling results; but, unfortunately, they are not easily raised from seed. I have, however, raised *Bletia*, *Cattleya*, *Herminium monorchis* and *Ophrys aranifera* from seed; and if I were not, during the greater part of the year, absent from the place where my plants are deposited, I think I could succeed in obtaining crosses in each order. I had well-formed pods last year of *Orchis* by pollen of *Ophrys*, as well as of other species of orchids which had been forced; and if I had remained on the spot I think I should have obtained some cross-bred Orchidaceous seed. An intelligent gardener may do much for science by attempts of this kind if he keep accurate notes of what he attempts, and does not jump at immature conclusions."

It would seem, therefore, that Dean Herbert was the first of mortals to raise exotic orchids—or any other probably—from seed.

Six years later, Mr. John Harris, surgeon, of Exeter, revealed the sacred mysteries to Dominy, Messrs. Veitch's foreman—showed him where to find the pollen-masses and the stigma, and explained to him that though the construction of orchids differs fundamentally from that of other plants, the principle of reproduction is the same. I should like to know more of this thoughtful surgeon, who must have both practical and theoretic knowledge of the subject, gained perhaps in foreign service. Dominy was quite competent to use the hints thus acquired. In 1853 he began hybridizing, rather promiscuously as it seems; but the conditions of success are only half understood now, and then they had all to be

discovered. However, Dominy obtained a quantity of seed-pods at the start, and even a good proportion of seed—which does not follow by any means. For, to begin with, the swelling of the ovary is not proof that the stigma has been impregnated. So sensitive is this organ, so eager, we may fancy, to fulfil its purpose, as if conscious of the difficulties which Nature has put in the way, that it will hail an unsuccessful attempt, and simulate all the processes of gestation. In the case of *Cypripediums* it is not necessary even to offer the means of impregnation—a touch with a stick or a leaf may set all the machinery working. Everything seems to be correct; after many months the seed-pod ripens and splits—but there is only fluff inside. Too often the same maddening result follows when the operation has been perfectly successful. Plants so dependent on a lucky chance for fertilization must needs be very prolific, or they would not survive. The seeds in an orchid capsule should be reckoned by the hundred thousand, not to say million, but in our greenhouses if we find scores we have great reason for thankfulness; and if one in ten "comes up" that is notable good fortune. "The seed of hundreds of capsules has been sown without yielding a single result," says Mr. Veitch. "In very many cases only a solitary plant has been raised from a capsule that must have contained thousands of seeds."

I cannot learn that botanists or collectors have made observations bearing on this matter; but it may be assumed that in the lands where orchids grow wild, the pods are duly filled with living seed. Why is it so scanty with us, even though all the processes required for a successful issue have been carried out? The rarity of sunshine and the dullness of our skies explain much. Mr. Veitch made a calculation: *Cattleyas* of the *labiata* group, for instance, live in valleys of the Cordilleras, 2,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, between the second and the tenth parallel of north latitude. There the sun rays fall

perpendicular, or at a small angle, the year round, whereas an angle of 28 degrees is the best we enjoy, says Mr. Veitch, and that only for a few days at midsummer; at Christmas it is 75 degrees. But we have many cloudy days in summer and few sunny ones in winter. That is not all. When light falls perpendicularly one-fifth is absorbed or intercepted by the atmosphere. At an angle of 50 degrees one-fourth, at an angle of 75 degrees one-half. Thus on a bright day of winter, rare as it is, we get no more than five-eighths of the sunshine these *Cattleyas* receive at home; and what shall be allowed for fogs and smoke? The marvel is that every pod does not rot off.

But Dominy got seed—what was he to do with it? Mr. Harris probably could tell him no more than he knew—that epiphytal orchids grow on trees, sometimes on limestone rocks. This information might well put him on a wrong track. We scarcely know even yet the conditions under which orchid seed survives at home; but the proportion must be very small or every tree would be bristling with plants—which is to say that the conditions are rarely found. Some of them we understand. Evidently the grains which live must be carried by the wind to some nook very warm and very damp, but perfectly sheltered against sun and rain. The number of our seedlings which perish shows that this is not all. So nice is the adjustment of circumstances in the case of *Odontoglossum crispum*, familiar to everybody, that a plant is never seen below an elevation of thirty feet from the ground nor above forty feet—so collectors report. Dominy could not know how intricate was the problem before him—intricate to the degree that, although of late years a solution has been found, thoughtful men are still dissatisfied. Dominy had all to learn, and he made experiments. The seed was sown on blocks of wood, on stems of tree-fern and strips of cork, on the mossy surface of pots in which orchids were growing—actually anywhere that

seemed to offer a chance of success. I believe there is no record of Dominy's failures—indeed, the record of his triumphs in this early time is meager. The enterprise must have looked so speculative, in a business point of view, that perhaps no one took it very seriously except himself. It occupied a lot of time also, and time means wages. If the truth were known, Messrs. Veitch may often have felt inclined to stop these eccentric proceedings—and no blame to them.

The best method of raising seed is a question of such obvious importance that I must dwell on it. Whatever their experience hybridists are always eager to hear what a competent person has to say upon the subject, and if I myself have no claim to offer an opinion I am allowed to express the views of experts.

In the first place the seeds should be thoroughly dried in the pod, for if planted fresh they are apt to damp off. A space of two or three weeks is recommended in summer; in winter, of course, they will rest till February. As for the sowing, most authorities agree that the best results are obtained, upon the whole, by scattering the tiny grains over pots in which orchids are already established and growing; Mr. Cookson thinks indeed that this is the "only" way to get a satisfactory return in the case of *Cypripeds*, *Odontos*, *Phajus* and *Calanthe*. On pots also the germs take care of themselves and they are more likely to sprout. But the seedlings are not so easily and safely dealt with afterward, and therefore the grains of most species are strewn over coarse linen, where the elaborate arrangements necessary for this mode of culture are provided. A small pan must be filled with live sphagnum, of which the heads have been cut off to check growth. Upon this the linen is stretched tight, and the operator, taking up a little seed on a knife, puffs it lightly over the surface. The pan is deposited in a glazed case, and it receives constant attention. But one who cannot bear the expense of such com-

veniences should remember that he may do quite as well without them—sowing upon pots as I have noted. Some short time ago the gardener of a leading amateur, Mr. Colman, secured a quantity of precious *Odontoglossum* seed. Having filled a number of pans with it, according to the best rules of art, he found there was a good deal over; this he threw anyhow upon some pots of established orchid. Not a grain germinated under the scientific system, but multitudes on the rough peat. These, however, had not been labeled, and the result is that Mr. Colman now possesses a fine collection of hybrid *Odontoglossum* seedlings of which, unfortunately, he does not know the parentage.

I am told that M. Vuystekke, a very well-known grower of Belgium, uses no system at all. Discovering that in a certain corner of his greenhouse *Odontoglossum* seed springs and flourishes as if by magic, he just shakes a pod there and confidently anticipates a crop. It is true that the harvest will be a jumble of hybrids beyond identification except by guess, but that he does not mind. An American amateur, Mr. D. S. Brown, avowedly treats his *Cypripedium* seed in this manner. There is a rockery along the wall in one of his greenhouses, covered with ferns and moss; here he throws it down, and it grows as a matter of course. But the vagaries of orchid seed are a theme for endless stories. So light is it that currents of air hardly perceptible will waft it any distance. There was a curious example on view for many years at St. Albans. An orchid seedling made its appearance on the woodwork above a door in one of Messrs. Sander's houses. In due time it resolved itself into a *Catasetum*, and grew and grew until, after ten years perhaps, it flowered, proving to be *C. tabulare*. But no *Catasetum* had ever borne a pod in the establishment; it is not a genus which any one would hybridize.

Doubtless the grain of seed had clung to some imported plant, surviving through all its adventures, had taken

flight on entering that greenhouse, and sped to the opposite door, alighting on the painted woodwork, and there, finding itself comfortable, thrived. It is quite a common incident to discover a crop of seedlings upon the underside of a stage, or of a grating on the floor, when moved. Also seed falls or gets washed into the tanks and floats there until picked up in a watering-can and deposited heaven knows where. Mr. Cookson once declared to me: "My experience is that we obtain as many seedlings from pots on which we have sown no seed as from pots on which seed has been sown;" now he writes: "With the increased care bestowed on orchid raising it is no longer so." But I suspect that the rule still holds good for most amateurs.

I must not overlook the curious theory developed by M. Noel Bernard in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences last year. This gentleman has satisfied himself that orchid seed will rarely germinate unless in contact with a species of microscopic fungus (*Endophyte*). It seems likely to him that the leading genera of the family have each a fungus peculiar to itself; but of the broad fact he is quite assured. It is the absence, or the rarity, of these organisms which accounts for the very small number of seeds that germinate among *Odontoglossa*, in special—certainly not one in 100,000. Also it would explain why they germinate so freely, by comparison, when sown upon a pot in which an orchid is already growing, for the *Endophyte* would be established there. M. Bernard has already identified and cultivated several varieties of the fungus. The theory is still young, but I understand that a good many experts strongly incline to accept it.

Dominy made his first attempt with *Cattleyas* apparently. What species he used is unknown, and the products did not long survive; but they flowered and they received the name of *C. hybrida* and *C. Brabantiae*. *Cattleya* seedlings will not reach the blooming stage until three years after germina-

tion now; while the best treatment had still to be discovered the time was vastly longer. Thus the first seedling that rewarded his pains was a *Calanthe*, a genus very much quicker of growth. This was *Calanthe Dominii*, offspring of *C. Masuca* and *C. furcata*, still in cultivation. One of his greatest successes in after years was *Calanthe Veitchii* (*C. rosea*—which used to be called *Limatodes rosea*— \times *C. vestita*), a universal favorite and parent of such favorites as *C. bella*, *Clive*, *Victoria Regina*, to name only three among the group. Dominy's first hybrid *Cypripedium* was *Harrisianum* (*Cyp. villosum* \times *Cyp. barbatum*), gratefully named after Mr. John Harris. We need not pursue the story. The father of hybridization retired in 1880, and Seden took his place—a worthy successor.

I am not without hope that this little dissertation may persuade some amateurs who have not thought of hybridizing to try the experiment. There is plenty of room for them. The 3,000 crosses enumerated in Messrs. Sander's list may seem a formidable number; but in view of the possibilities it is insignificant. How many species of orchid have we under cultivation? Estimates vary, but twenty-five hundred is a moderate allowance. If any and all of these could be induced to pair, the number of hybridizations possible would be reckoned in millions, I suppose. That cannot be, though I shall report some crosses presently which seem almost to suggest that there is no limit. Still, we cannot hope that *Dendrobies* and *Cypripeds*, for instance, will ever make fertile seed. Even in species nearly allied, a small difference of structure will check impregnation, as when the grains of pollen are too small to produce tubes long enough to reach the ovule of the flower to which they are introduced.

And in the practical point of view a large proportion of the crosses possible are not worth making, because the result would not repay the trouble. After all allowances, however, the

residuum is enormous. Moreover, the hybrids already established can be hybridized among themselves, and are; also with other species. Hundreds of varieties at the present time have hybrid parentage on either side; they represent the union of four species. And they themselves are still being hybridized with other hybrids—but, it must be owned, with increasing difficulty among *Cattleyas* and *Laelias*—which is to say among the orchids most widely tested. It seems likely that the limits of hybridization have nearly been reached here. The instance of L.-C. Henry Greenwood is typical. This superb variety is the product of L.-C. Schilleriana \times C. Hardyana, of which the former is a natural hybrid of *L. purpurata* \times *C. intermedia*, the latter a natural hybrid of *C. aurea* \times *C. Warcewiczii*. Thus L.-C. Henry Greenwood represents the third generation of hybrid parentage. Messrs. Sander tell me that they have crossed it, not only with other fine hybrids but with species, times beyond counting. They have obtained more than fifty seed-pods, but only in a single instance did one contain fertile seed. Examination of the pods at different stages showed that the germs perish gradually. It would seem, therefore, that hybrid *Cattleyas* and *Laelias* lose the power of reproduction after a few generations. But we have still much to learn—ours is a very young science.

How long will the amateur have to wait for a tangible result? A good long while, it must be confessed—time enough to forget the existence of the seedlings if his enthusiasm be not deep. Disas are quickest of all—hybrids have been known to bloom in eighteen months from the date of sowing; but a year and nine months may be the average. Next stand *Calanthes*, which take two or three years; but the hybrid *Cooksoni* not only flowered but won a first-class certificate at the R. H. S. within two years. It is to be noted that terrestrial orchids generally are quicker of growth from seed than epiphytal; *Calanthes* do not properly be-

long to that class, but they run so close to it that every one grows them in soil. Dendrobies need four or five years to mature. Cypripeds are variable; cases where they have flowered in three years are not uncommon; but the average perhaps will take six months more. The Earl of Tankerville has made a record lately by flowering a *Cypripedium* hybrid at eighteen months old. With *Phalaenopsis*, *Masdevallia*, *Chysis*, *Phajus*, *Zygopetalum* and *Lycastris* it is much the same. *Sobralias* and *Cymbidiums* require four years, *Epidendrums* two to three. The times has shortened generally, as knowledge and experience grew. Ten or twelve years used to be the space allowed for *Cattleyas* and *Laelias*; four to five is about the average now. But when the seed-bearing parent, which may be called the mother, is notably less strong in constitution than the pollen parent, or father, there is a great difference in the length of time needed.

Opponents of hybridization can be found easily enough, even among enthusiastic orchidists. Some raise the old objection that it obliterates Nature's landmarks, so to say—the distinctions of species and even genera—thus confusing the science of botany. Such views are entitled to respect, but it is a little difficult to treat them seriously at the present day. We know—that our forefathers did not suspect—that Nature is hybridizing all the time. There are indeed certain classes so carefully protected against accident that they remain pure; but in most genera probably, if we fail to recognize a hybrid it is because we do not yet possess sufficient knowledge. One example of a foreign strain, however, in one species, would suffice to demolish the argument, for it would show that Nature herself does not regard her distinctions as sacred. And I could give a hundred examples among *Odontoglossa*, *Laelias* and *Cattleyas*. Let us be specific. Turning to Sander's "Orchid Guide," I find 137 species of *Odon-*

toglossa, not counting varieties. Eleven are styled positively "natural hybrids" and fifty-three more "supposed natural hybrids," leaving only seventy-three of purity assumed—but not always unquestioned. The same cautious phrase "supposed" was applied to the eleven formerly, but one by one they have been proved "natural."

The process of verification began sixteen years ago, when Leroy, gardener to Baron Edmund de Rothschild, at Armainvilliers, delighted orchidists by showing the progeny of *O. crispum* and *O. luteo-purpureum*, the first hybrid *Odontoglossa* ever raised. And it proved to be the familiar *O. Wilckeanum*! No one was astonished, however, for upon internal evidence that "species" had long been assigned to the accidental union of *crispum* and *luteo-purpureum*. Next, I think, came *O. excellens*, produced artificially from *O. Pescatorei* × *triumphans*, as also had been anticipated. And so with the others.

But in three cases out of four at least *O. crispum* itself, the most popular of orchids, is a hybrid. Nature made that loveliest of flowers pure white, and in this instance it may be allowed that hybridization cannot improve upon the type. But a pure white *crispum* is comparatively scarce; nearly always it has specks or dots or blotches of color. Every one so marked betrays alien blood, assimilated at a time more or less distant, perhaps, in proportion to the size and number of the stains. Interesting questions of the practical sort arise in considering this matter, but I remember dealing with them at some length in the "Fascination of Orchids" published in the "Cornhill," December, 1905.* The point is that Nature makes hybrids in abundance; to protest against man doing likewise is unreasonable.

It should be noted, however, that the original purity of *crispum* is denied by some eminent authorities, who suppose the florescence to have been highly colored in the beginning. It follows,

*Republished in The Eclectic Magazine, February, 1906.

according to this view, that the spots represent traces of the former colorization, vanishing fast now.

Another class of objectors will not admit that the artificial flowers—so to call them—which we raise are superior to the parents; or, if they allow a few exceptions, insist that these prove the rule. To argue upon matters of taste is proverbially futile. I shall not attempt it; every one may judge for himself. But there is a consideration which all who grow orchids must recognize as supremely important—nearly always hybrids prove to be stronger than the natural species, harder, more vigorous of growth, and more floriferous. Mr. Cookson writes: "I have no doubt that home-raised seedlings are more robust. This is proved by my experience of hybrids, but it applies also to the seedlings of species, which we have raised sometimes to increase our stock of some rare variety."

One would not have expected this, but when the fact has been demonstrated to find an explanation is easy. I have pointed out that in the winter months, even when the sun shines, New Granadan *Cattleyas* receive only five-eighths of the light they would enjoy in their native country. And most other tropical and sub-tropical orchids suffer equally or more. But want of light is only one item of their martyrdom in our houses; if they were not the most patient of living things, most cheerful in adapting themselves to circumstances, they could not survive, much less ripen their seed. But the hybrids, born here, are unconscious of a happier fate. The artificial conditions in which they have been raised are natural to them, and they thrive as their parents did at home. This stoutness of constitution is already affecting the import trade. There will always be a demand for certain species, as *O. crispum*; but it is no longer worth the trouble and expense to employ collectors generally. Messrs. Sander's large staff has been reduced to four, and I believe that no other firm has even one.

Native speculators are doing what is done in that line, consigning the result to Europe. But as robust hybrids become commoner and cheaper it seems likely that imported plants, feeble by comparison, will steadily fall in price, when, as most people think, the others are far more beautiful.

I have said that orchids in general are the most patient of living things, cheerfully putting up with adverse circumstances. But the remark does not apply to all, of course. Many species of the rarer sorts are delicate and whimsical. The value of hybridization here is patent. For if a plant of good stamina and easy growth be allied with one of these valetudinarians it has always proved hitherto that the seedlings inherit more or less of the stronger constitution. There is a change in the flower, no doubt, but the special virtue of both parents will be represented. Scarcely any have yet succeeded in keeping alive the two beautiful *Phajus* from Madagascar, *Humboldtii* and *tuberculosis*, more than very few years. But the former has been crossed with *P. grandifolius* and *Wallichii*, the latter with both of these and *P. Blumei* besides—tail and vigorous species every one. I need not name the products, which rank among Mr. Cookson's special treasures, but all are sturdy as beautiful.

For another illustration it is pleasant to cite a lady's triumph. *Vanda Hookeriana* is the loveliest of its lovely group, but unwilling to accommodate itself to our methods or to flower. Miss Joaquim mated it with *Vanda teres*, and the hybrid, named after her, gives no trouble. Another service of the same class may be mentioned. Not a few orchids carry flowers of the greatest beauty upon stems so short that much of the effect is lost and, besides, they are unfitted for cutting and for ladies' wear. In particular I may mention *Cypripedium concolor*, *bellatulum*, etc., which have been crossed with *callosum*, *Lawrenceanum*, *villosum*, *venustum*, and *nitens*, always to their advantage in this point of view, though

much remains to be done. Exquisite little *C. niveum* is not in such bad case, but its short stem has been lengthened by alliance with *Lawrenceanum* and *Mastersi*.

The aspect of hybridization most interesting to science I have left to the end, in order to obtain the latest reports. This is the effect of crossing different genera. In theory the operation cannot produce any result. Even species are not fertile with each other; for if they be, the fact shows that they were wrongly classified as different. All definitions of the term agree on this point; I may quote De Candolle's: "A species is the association of all individuals which mutually resemble one another, and from whose union proceed fertile offspring which again reproduce themselves in successive generations, so that their descent from a single being may be inferred." Different species may produce offspring, as an ass and a horse. But it goes no further—a mule cannot breed. This is the supreme test—fertility of the offspring. But Messrs. Sander's Catalogue enumerates more than three thousand hybrids, of which the greater part are the product of species classed as different—and every one of them which has been tested proves to be fertile, though not indefinitely; I have mentioned the case of *L.-C. Henry Greenwood*. It would seem that the classification of orchids needs readjustment.

The discovery is startling for botanists. But there is much more. Crosses between different genera should be doubly impossible; the pollen of one could not impregnate the other. But a score of such hybridizations have been made already, the product has flowered, and in some instances has consented to be hybridized again. Here is a list of such bi-generic unions enumerated in Messrs. Sander's Catalogue.

Brassia tuberculata has been crossed with *Cat. intermedia*, and the hybrid of this with *L. elegans*. *B. Perrinii* with *guttata*. *B. fragans* with *Cat. intermedia*, *Cat. Mossiæ* with *B. fragans*, *Cat. Schroderæ* with *B. glauca*.

Bollea has been crossed with *Chondrorhynca*. *Diacrum bicornatum*, which we used to call an *Epidendrum*, with *Laelia*.

Epidendrum aurantiacum has been crossed with *Cat. intermedia*. *E. Parkinsonianum* and *E. Costaricense* with *Cat. Gaskelliana*. *E. radicans* and *O'Brienianum* with *Cat. Bowringiana*. *E. O'Brienianum* with *Cat. Claesiana* and *guttata*. *E. radiatum* with *Cat. Bowringiana*. *E. vitellinum* with *Cat. guttata*, and *E. radicans* has been crossed with *Sophronitis grandiflora*.

Crosses of *Epidendrum* and *Lelia* number seven:—*Cooperianum*, *radicans* and *Wallissii* with *L. cinnabarina*. *E. ciliare* with *L. pumila* and *L. anceps*. *E. macrophyllum* with *L. harpophylla*. *E. radicans* with *purpurata*. Also *Loelia* has been crossed with *Leptotes*.

Odontoglossum cirrhosum and *Vuykstekeoe* have been crossed with *Cochlidoda Noetzeliana*.

Calanthes vestita, *Bryan*, *masuca*, *gigas* and *Veitchii* have been crossed with *Phajus grandifolius*. *C. masuca* with *P. Humblotii*, *C. Veitchii* with *P. Wallichii*. *Oakwood Ruby* with *P. Sanderianus*, *C. Baron Schroder* with *P. Wallichii*.

Cymbidium giganteum has been crossed with *Phajus grandifolius*.

We have eighteen crosses between *Sophronitis* and *Cattleya*, nine between *Sophronitis* and *Loelia*. *Zygopetalum crinitum* has been crossed with *Batemanii Colleji*; *Z. Gauteri* with *Aganisia lepidæ*; *Z. brachypetalum*, *maxillare*, *crinitum*, and *intermedium* with *Colax jugosus*; but these are scarcely bi-generic. At the fortnightly meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society on May 1 last year Messrs. Charlesworth made a sensation by producing a hybrid of *Loelia tenebrosa* and *Epidendrum prismatocarpum* and another of *Loelia purpurata* and *Epidendrum macrochilum*, both in flower. They were perfect unions beyond dispute, showing the influence of each parent in growth, leaf and bloom. Unfortunately the interest was purely scientific, for beauty they had none.

Hybrids of *Cattleya* and *Loelia* I do not include, because the difference between them, though real, is not generic. They number 537.

It must be remembered that in all the cases cited seedlings have been raised and flowered—which is to say that new "species" have been created. Further, of bi-generic seedlings, healthy, vigorous, well grown for several years, which have not yet proved their character by flowering, reports beyond suspicion of bad faith, almost of error, give *Anguloa* × *Lycaste*, various *Brassavola* *Digbyana* × *Sobralia*, various *L. autumnalis* *atro-rub* × *Epidendrum falcatum*.

But there are rumors—something more than rumors indeed—of marvels far greater. The parents of all those hybrids named belong at least to the same hemisphere—American or Asiatic, as the case may be—though divided perhaps by thousands of miles and living under quite different conditions. But some audacious hybridists, defiant of all laws and probabilities, have mated showy flowers without regard to geography, or structure, or anything else. And from such unnatural unions they have raised plants which are as healthy as could be desired.

But none of them, so far as I can hear, have flowered; and while that consummation is delayed, we cannot be sure that the parents have made a real match. The case of the American *Cypripeds* is a warning. They are termed, merely for convenience, *Selenipeds*, but in character and anatomy they do not differ from the Asiatic members of the family. Both cross without the smallest difficulty among themselves. It might have been predicted with confidence that they would be equally willing to cross with one another. So in fact they are, but no flower comes of it—or none has come so far. Dominy united several *Cypripeds* and *Selenipeds* quite successfully, as he imagined. The seedlings grew and grew. They were sixteen years old, as I remember rightly, when shown

at the Orchid Conference in 1885; they have gone on growing ever since, but none have flowered. And that has always been the result as yet, I believe, of crossing American and Asiatic *Cypripeds*, with one exception. Messrs. Sander have crossed *Selenipedium Sargentianum* with *Cypripedium Rothschildianum*; but the product was *Sargentianum* pure and simple, to all appearance. At the same time Mr. Rolfe does not doubt that our British *C. calceolus* and *S. Spectabile* of the United States, both hardy of course, would produce a true hybrid. It is rather curious that no one has tried the experiment.

I find those gentlemen who have made "impossible" crosses unwilling to talk about them. They expect to astound the universe one day—if their calculations prove exact they will not be disappointed. Messrs. Charlesworth made a good beginning the other day, as I have noted, with their hybrids of *Loelia* and *Epidendrum*. In those cases the union was complete; the influence of each parent showed itself. But lovers of the marvelous must fear that the fruitful alliances more extraordinary still, of which there is talk, will prove to be counterfeits mostly. If the progeny can be brought to bloom it is too likely that they will be mere reproductions of the stronger parent. There are instances of this already. *Zygopetalum* is the standing example. All its species have been crossed scores of times, if not hundreds.

I trust I have made it clear that hybridization is a fascinating pursuit. More than a hundred and fifty new hybrids have been registered this year—five bi-generic. The first *Coelogyne* cross has flowered—*C. × Brymeriana* (*Dayana* × *asperata*). Memorable also is the blooming of *Brass. Cat. Mrs. J. Leeman inversa* (*B. Digbyana* × *C. aurea*), which represents *B. Digbyana* as the seed-parent, first born of a family which will be the largest among hybrid stocks, no doubt. A marvel of tender loveliness it is.

A Ride Through Bosnia and the Hercegovina.

By ELLINOR F. B. THOMPSON.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

THE tourist who "does" Bosnia from the railway sees, it is true, a good deal of what is most worth seeing in the country. His train passes the mediæval castles of Doboi, Malai and Vranduk on the Bosna; he stays at Sarajevo—which, in spite of some veneer of European civilization, is still, with its fascinating bazaar and its venerable mosques, purely Eastern at heart; he sees Koinica, and Mostar, with its exquisite single-span Roman bridge and picturesque Turkish quarter; he traverses the fine gorges of the Nerenta and passes through the Hercegovina, condemning the barrenness of the scenery, down to Ragusa, and so on to the better-known cities of Dalmatia. Or, it may be, he hardens his heart and journeys back up the railway to Jajce (that wonderful town rising above its great waterfalls to the last fortress of the Bosnian kings), and then he drives—for the railway inconsistently comes to a stop at Jajce—along an admirable road through the romantic defiles of the Vrbas River northward to Banjaluka, where he finds a train once more, which will, in its own good time, bring him on to Agram, and so back to civilized Europe.

It is perhaps as well that the conventional tourist attempts nothing further, for at Mostar, Jablanica and Jajce he has stayed at the three best hotels in the country; and if he goes further afield, he must be content at times with

rough quarters and poor fare, and for means of transit perhaps a dilapidated carriage or a humble packhorse. The country inns, which are usually kept by Austrians, are not, however, in any sense impossible; there are excellent carriage roads between all the more important places, and Bosnian horses, though they often look wretched enough, always manage to reach their destination in surprisingly good time and with surprisingly few disasters. For those who think that the real pleasure of travel begins when the railway is left behind, the few drawbacks are outweighed in Bosnia a hundred times by the varied charms of the scenery, the glimpses of primitive peasant life which such a journey brings before the traveller, and the interest of the problems—political, racial, economical, religious—which Austro-Hungary has to face in the Occupied Provinces.

It was my good fortune to spend last summer in these regions under specially favorable circumstances. Through the courtesy of the Austro-Hungarian Finance Minister, Herr von Burian, in whose charge the government of the Provinces lies, I was accorded an "open order"—a request, that is, to the officials and gendarmes of Bosnia and the Hercegovina to afford the traveler such help and facilities as may be needed. "If you do not have an open order," I had been told before I left England, "you will be allowed to go nowhere and to see nothing. But, then,

if you do have the order, you will still see nothing, for the officials will escort you everywhere, and let you see just what they think fit, and so in either case you will come back no wiser than you went out." Nearly four months of unhampered travel, chiefly on horseback in the remote parts of the Provinces, and almost always alone, amply disproved the truth of this warning—at least, as far as opportunity of seeing the country and of talking freely with people of every class and creed is concerned. Not the least pleasant and instructive parts of the journey were the conversations with the "Herr Kreisvorstehers" and "Herr Bezirksvorstehers," who are responsible for the local government of the Provinces, or the rides with the gendarmerie officers, who generally know every stone of their difficult districts.

The northern stretch of Bosnia, the rich land drained by the Save, is English in character, an undulating country divided by hedges and enriched with woods. South of this tract the mountains begin to rise; here and there the valleys that mark the course of a river widen into a fertile pojie, or field, studded with homesteads and orchards, the river itself bordered by a line of silver willows; here and there a stretch of plain, such as the rolling expanse of Podromanje, or the bleak plateaux of Gatzko and Nevesinje, and, to the west, of Kupres and Livno, opens between the ranges. But these strips of level country are only incidents in the tangled mass of mountains which extends with scarcely an interruption southward to Greece itself.

The finest and widest mountain view I saw was from a lovely upland meadow, starred with myriads of narcissi, that sloped steeply upward to a sudden knife-edge. The spot—called by the peasants *Svezda*, the Star—where our horses stood was scarcely three thousand feet in elevation, but it was open and treeless, and beyond the narrow plain below us, as far as the eye could see, range after range, rising in height as they receded into the distance,

crossed the landscape, now wooded, now rocky in outline, stretching eastward to dark heights in Stara Serbia and Macedonia, westward to the white cliffs of Bielastica, near Sarajevo, and, south, to the bare peaks of the Hercegovina, away to the snows of far Dornitor, highest of Montenegrin summits, some sixty miles distant.

The heights of Bosnia, ranging as they do only up to about seven thousand feet, bear no comparison in scale with those of Central Europe, but the deep and narrow gorges of the Drina, the fantastic pinnacles that outline the walls of the Sutjeska Pass, and the gaunt precipices of Maglic and Todorac have a grandeur of their own that is intensified by the loneliness of their surroundings; and it is difficult to imagine anything finer than the confluence of the Tara and the Piva, where the two Montenegrin rivers, blue as the wing of a kingfisher, come through their deep wooded defiles to join their waters beneath the towering cliffs of Stjepanstiena. The Slav names—Serbian, especially the long-drawn dialect of Bosnia, has been well called the Italian of Slavonic tongues—*Lelia Planina*, *Mramorja Suma*, *Jahorina*, *Studena Gora* (the cold mountain), have an almost Carib wealth of full soft vowels, and not less expressive are the descriptive names "*Ranjen*" (wounded), where the range is cleft and torn, or "*Volujak*" for the rugged mass that forms part of the wall of Montenegro.

The wolf, the bear and great birds of prey still haunt the remoter mountain fastnesses, but a price is set on every head that is brought in and every egg that is collected, and already wild life is far less abundant here than it is in Albania or Bulgaria. I saw six baby wolves which had been brought in by a peasant to meet their doom, but I was a day too late for a drive for a bear which had killed several animals in a mountain village. A practiced eye may sometimes detect the movement of chamois among the rocks or near the mountain tarns, and we often startled a fox or a roe-deer in the forests.

Nothing can be more lovely in the early months of summer than the high Alpine pastures, when the trees stand back round a level lawn or a steep slope of marshy meadow, rich with a wealth of flowers—pink and yellow lillies, giant orchises, snowflake, Solomon's seal, gentians and the great yellow-globe ranunculus. Many flowers are familiar in England—pansies, veronicas, vetches, polygalas, yellow flax and lupins—but here they are larger and more intense in color in the perpetual moisture and clear air of these high regions. I remember one chair or livada (the Turkish names have a music of their own), a little space between somber enclosing fir trees, that seemed to sing with flowers—sheets of tall blue campanula, pale meadow-sweet and pink ragged robin.

It is to these Alpine pastures that the peasants from the Karst plains, tall, swarthy Hercegovinans, splendid in their red jackets and defiant red caps, have been accustomed from time immemorial to bring their flocks for the three months of summer, climbing up by the same stony tracks worn by their ancestors centuries ago. The "Prekl," or "Guzni Put," the near or narrow way of the peasant, is a thing to be remembered in the Hercegovinan mountains, giant steps or slides in the rock, and below a steep drop of hundreds of feet, down which it seems the horses must inevitably hurl themselves. But the "Prekl Put"—the peasant often apologizes for this "weakness," a Servian euphemism to describe an unspeakably bad road—is, on the whole, more desirable riding than the Kalderma, the old Turkish road, some three meters wide, made of cobblestones which time has worn to every possible level and polished to the slipperiness of ice. The Turks made their roads for all time, because travelers seldom attempt to face their perils, as the tracks proclaim that are worn down on each side of the deserted stone causeway.

Sir Harry Blount, who traveled through Bosnia in 1634, described it as "a hilly country, cold, not inhabited,

and in a manner a continued wood, mostly of pine trees." It is still possible to ride for days through magnificent primeval forests, both in the region about Vlasenica and in Western Bosnia; but twenty-five years hence, when the timber firms which are now at work there have finished their contracts, the finest trees, many of them of two or three centuries' growth, will have disappeared, and great tracts of country, unless forest laws are carried out with the utmost rigor, will be laid bare to the bone. A certain amount of felling was, of course, necessary for the preservation of the forests, and it is true that millions of young trees, self-seeded, are springing up in the moist fertile soil, so that the process of re-afforestation is, to a certain extent, a natural one; but how will these young plants fare when they have lost the protecting shade of the great trees, and, with their loss, a change of climate has come about? It is no easy task, moreover, to safeguard these great natural nurseries against the attacks of cows and goats (the forester's worst enemies), which vie with the peasant himself in the recklessness of their depredations. The Karst of the Hercegovina is a warning to Bosnia, and the exploiting of the chief riches of a country for decades, if not centuries, in advance is on many grounds a questionable policy.

The limestone or Karst of Bosnia is still clothed with magnificent forests of beech and oak and fir; in the Hercegovina and Montenegro it stands revealed in absolute bareness. Dante might well have used the Karst region as a setting for a Ring in his *Inferno*. Sometimes it is like a desert, where sand has congealed into stones, or a landslip of rocks, arrested suddenly in their fall; or, again, it is like the bed of a prehistoric ocean that has rolled away and left these barren layers exposed; or the surface of the sea, swollen with the great rollers of a subsiding storm, petrified as they heaved and then scarred with a myriad indentations. It is the coldest, most cruel, most hopeless landscape in Europe—a

grey, unfriendly, forbidding land, in which human beings have no part or lot; a land to which man sold his birth-right when the shipbuilders of Ragusa deprived it of its natural covering of protecting forest. And yet, here and there, a peasant builds a stone-walled, stone-roofed shelter, leaving scarcely space for an eyelet window to look out on the dreary waste around, and painfully raises a scanty crop in the little hollows, sometimes scarcely two yards across, where the rain has washed down a few inches of unfruitful soil.

The journey from Gatzko to Trebinje—a twelve hours' drive—traverses one of these monotonous tracts, rising and falling in ridges, each of which is crowned, toward the Montenegrin frontier, by an Austrian fort, while to the west the stony landscape stretches away, as far as the eye can see—treeless, lifeless, featureless. That July day of scorching sunshine when I passed through it, it was indeed a weary land, where there was no shadow of a great rock. For long hours we met no human being till we came on a blind man, with fixed unseeing eyes, alone, marching along the dazzling white road with sure and rapid steps toward some unknown goal. His lonely figure added another touch of strangeness to the scene.

Where the Karst rises into a mountain range its bleakness becomes impressive. Sometimes all the lines of stratification are visible for miles, so level and parallel that they seem to have been ruled by some gigantic hand, sometimes tilted at every angle and broken up in wild confusion. A bitter wind blows over these high regions even in summer; cairns of stones twenty feet high at each turn of the road, as it descends over wall after wall of rock, serve as landmarks in the winter, when the deep snow has blotted out every feature of the country, and here and there a cross or turbaned pillar shows the resting place of a peasant, who sank into his last sleep in some winter storm.

But the Karst, because of its very

bareness, is more sensitive to changes of sky than a country where cultivation and trees afford of themselves color and light and shade. The white precipices of mountains like Orufa and Prenj in brilliant sunshine against a blue sky assume an almost transparent fineness of outline, and there is a charm even in the monotony of the great plateaux which, though it is difficult to define, is sensible enough.

I remember one picture that had the delicacy of an old silverpoint engraving; a narrow valley, running back into the Baba Planina, and midway, on a rocky height of its own, a ruined castle, rising above a Turkish village, with its minaret and decaying mansions; a little vague cultivation in the hollows, and the rest, mountains, castle, valley, all stones, stones; but everywhere pale wreaths of mist—it was not long after sunrise—curled, and hung, and broke into foam, softening the outlines of keep and rock and precipice into a mysterious uncertainty. It was a harmony in grey, in which a note of color would have jarred.

Beyond the castle—Kljuc (the Key), as it is called—on the face of the encircling cliffs is the entrance to a deep cavern, from which issues one of those strange rivers characteristic of the Karst. The waters fall into the valley, only to vanish again into the ground six hundred paces away. Tradition says that Sandalj, who was the most powerful of the independent rulers of Chlum (not yet called Hercegovina), blocked up the subterranean passages, and so flooded all the surrounding valley, and for three years defied the Turks in his island castle.

These old rulers of the land are still great heroes of the peasants, and Serb and Turk alike delight to pour out endless stories of their doings. The old Turk who had climbed with us into the ruined keep told us, with great wealth of detail and much reported conversation between Sultan and Prince, how Duke Stephen—for the Emperor Frederick the Fourth had in 1440, in return for Stephen's recognition of his suzer-

ainty, bestowed the title of Herzog on the ruler of Chlum—took to himself the bride who was destined for his son. The son fled to the Sultan, who received him kindly and gave him an army to avenge his dishonor, and thus the Turks were for the first time brought into the land. The version of the story that history seems to have accepted says that this son of Duke Stephen was taken as a hostage by the Turks when they conquered the country, and that he became a Mohammedan and eventually married a daughter of Sultan Bajazet the Second.

Here at Kljuc and again on the banks of the Drina (this time overthrown and hidden by bushes), I saw great stone seats, ornamented with a single line of simple carving, where the peasants said Duke Stephen was wont to sit and dispense justice; and the magnificent peninsula of rock between the Tara and Piva, now Montenegrin territory, is still called Stjepanstiena (the wall of Stephen), while the strip of fertile land below is Stephen's Field. All the castles in this borderland that are not Stjepangrads are Yelena or Yerengrads.

Who was this Yelena of the peasants, whose summer home was the wonderful castle of Samobor, "the lonely height," which was built, they say, with stones handed from man to man, by peasants standing in a chain from the little town of Cainica, three hours away; who raised the stately watch tower that guards the rushing waters of the Lim, and the yet more remote Hissarlik, far in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, and many another little-known, almost inaccessible stronghold? Was she the sister of the Servian Czar Urosh, who married the Bulgarian Czar Michael, or the wife of the great Dushan; or was she Helen Comnena, wife of Herzog Stephen, himself a castle builder? Possibly there is no need to connect the "Prokleta Yelena," the cursed Helen, "the Greek," as they call her, who flung her lovers from the terrace of her castle at Zvornik into the river Drina below, with the St. Helena

who died a nun and whose wonder-working tomb is still shown in the celebrated church at Detchani (though the transition from sinner to saint was easy and not uncommon in those days), and many of these Yerengrads may have been built by the Romans long before Slav times.

Even more unique in interest than the romantic castles in which Bosnia abounds are the strange groups of vast stone monuments which are supposed to be the burying grounds of the obscure and persecuted Bogomiles. All that is known of this heretic sect, which appeared in Bosnia almost with the introduction of Christianity itself, comes through the medium of the prejudice and passion of their persecutors. There seems little, however, in their life or doctrine to justify the violence with which they were pursued by the Byzantine Emperor Alexius, no less than by successive Popes of Rome and Kings of Hungary. "This filthy people," "worse and more horrible than demons," "imbued with the cunning of the Old Fiend," "Basil, the deluded founder of the wretched Bogomiles"—such are the epithets which prepared the way for boiling cauldron and fire and sword.

The Bogomiles held the doctrine of the Two Principles of Good and Evil. All matter was the creation of the Evil One, and as such they rejected the Old Testament, the symbol of the Cross, and the Sacrament of Marriage; they repudiated all earthly possessions, and, as even their enemies allowed, they practiced humility and asceticism. The heresy took deep root in Bosnia, and the zeal of the orthodox ultimately defeated their own ends. It was the persecution of Rome, not less than the desire to retain their possessions, that must account for the wholesale conversion of the Bosnian nobles to Islam at the Turkish conquest.

Nothing now remains of the Bogomiles beyond these lonely graves, some of which each day's ride brings before the traveler. Sometimes it is a solitary tomb, half-hidden by long grass and

creepers, more often a group of six or seven roughly shaped blocks of stone, apparently thrown at random on the bare hillside, or hardly to be distinguished from a natural outcrop of rock of some little knoll or crest; sometimes—as in the great plain of Podromanje, where the only life seemed to be in the flocks of wheatears as they flitted from tomb to tomb—the whole landscape is one vast cemetery. The “great stones,” as the peasants call them (many weigh, it is said, from ten to fifteen tons), are usually uncarved blocks, wider above than below, sometimes resting on a yet larger flat slab. Occasionally a mystic symbol of star or crescent, or wand, or a hand grasping a scimitar may be detected on the surface; more rarely the rude figure of a knight or a conventional row of dancers; now and again there is a line of inscription. In the Gilaoursko-Polie, “the strangers’ field,” some six hours from Sarajevo, I saw a group of tombs, one of which especially shows rich and elaborate carving, geometrical designs, trees, horses, stags and hawks, knights in armor, and houses, which are evidently the prototypes of the Bosnian dwellings of to-day.

Listen to one or two of the inscriptions, with their unfamiliar cadences, fraught with the acute melancholy, the hopeless pessimism, of the Slav. “Here lies Vlatko Vladjevic. He had neither father nor mother, nor son nor brothers nor sisters, nor any one else, only his sins.” Or to this, with its strange assumption of the first person, that startles the ear almost as with a voice speaking through the silence of the centuries: “Here lies the good Volvod, a son of the good house of Obrenovic. At this age I had not yet made myself to be hated, neither by the good nor yet by the bad. Those who have known me have pitied me. I desired to be a brave hero, but death has cut me short in this. I have left my very mournful father, and have gone upon my strange and lonely journey to a new alliance. Early have I gone away to that other world.”

But it is not only for the monuments of the past that Bosnia is interesting. The actual peasant life of to-day, which, with its old-world customs and its widely differing ideas and ideals, contrasts so strangely with the conventional officialdom of the towns and the military routine of the garrisons, offers an ever varying series of pictures and studies to the traveler. One of the most curious features of peasant life is the survival here and there of the Zadruga, the house community, “one of the oldest institutions,” Sir Henry Maine calls it, “of the Aryan race, probably with the exception of the family the very oldest.” The tendency of recent years, in spite of the undoubted prosperity of well-managed Zadrugas, has been toward the dissolution of these agglomerate families. I suspect that young women who marry into a Zadruga do not always find it easy to adapt themselves to the rule of the house mother, or to the company of many sisters-in-law, and it may be that female influence, even in Bosnia, can effect social changes. All property is held in common, except clothes and jewelry, but I noticed that when I wanted to buy an embroidered collar from a girl in a Zadruga, all the community consulted together as to the possibility of selling it.

In one of the Zadrugas that I visited I found the huge family of fifty persons at breakfast. A Bosnian hut, two-thirds of which is conical, grey shingled roof, marks the quickest and most natural transition from growing trees to a human habitation. The interior consists usually of a single room, dark and not over cleanly—for the peasant, though he never fails to enumerate pure air and pure water as the chief charms of his village, is as a rule careful to exclude both from his house and his person. This Zadruga consisted of a group of four or five huts and as many barns perched on an isolated spur of the mountains. The men of the party, five brothers and their sons and elder grandsons, were seated on low stools round a sofa or table about

twelve inches high; at a smaller and still lower *sofra* sat boys of the next age, while at a third sprawled the babies—there seemed at least a dozen of them. Directly the meal was over, the men went off to their work; one brother started on a two days' journey with pigs to sell at Sarajevo, another for a distant pasture in the hills, while the little boys of six and seven were sent off, not without tears, to watch the goats, and three, a few years older, started equally unwillingly for the district school some two hours away. The women, who had waited on the men and taken their own meal later—breakfast for all had consisted of a paste made of maize flour, which each kneaded and dipped into a central bowl of leeks boiled in water—then set to work methodically at their needles, their looms and their cheeses.

If the Slav peasant may be sometimes accused of laziness, his wife atones for it by her ceaseless industry. She does not spend time in cleaning her house, it is true, but she spins, she weaves, she dyes, she prepares all the household food, she makes all the household garments; she knits or spins as she walks, bent under her load, to the bazaar; the front of her rough chemise is the receptacle for her elaborate embroidery—a sealed pattern exists, as a rule, for each village, and varies in color and design with every mile of the road; and there is no field labor of which she does not do the lion's share. Small wonder that a Bosnian woman is seldom as good looking as her tall, well-formed, fair-haired husband! There was an order, a cheerfulness, an alacrity about this *Zadruga* rarely met with in Eastern Europe. The members of a *Zadruga*, who from their mode of life learn necessarily consideration for the feelings of others, are generally distinguished for their fine manners and courtesy, and it was pleasant to hear from the district *gendarmierie* that the members of this community, which is known to have existed on the same spot for several hundred

years, are everywhere respected for their industry and honorable dealing.

I chanced this year to witness a curious scene which illustrated another side of peasant life. It was in a monastery church near Plevlje, one of the three garrisons in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, where Turkish and Austro-Hungarian troops, in equal numbers, sit and watch one another from their respective camps. Four peasants, with their wives, had come to swear before the monk that they had not injured a horse belonging to a neighbor, who had evidently accused them of the ill deed. The monk, a venerable old man with dark flashing eyes, charged the headman with passionate vehemence and many references to saints and prophets, to speak the truth; he repeated his abjurations over and over and always more fiercely, while the peasant, trembling and crying, implored to be allowed to kiss the Book. It was so solemn and agitating a scene that one would not have marveled greatly had the peasant fallen dead like Ananias; but he had evidently spoken the truth, and the little group left the church with wonderful relief shining in their faces.

It is more difficult of course to learn much of the family life of the Mussulmans. The great Beys, who trace their descent back to the Slav nobles of the middle ages, live either in their town houses or in dilapidated mansions near their half-ruinous *kulas* or watch towers. The government has attempted to introduce European ideas among the ladies of the harems, but it has to deal with a conservatism that is unequalled in any part of the Turkish Empire. The most conspicuous object in a Bosnian landscape is generally a Mohammedan woman, crouching in a simulated agony of nerves with her back to the passer-by; but if I was alone out of doors, working or reading, Turkish women and girls would often come and sit beside me, dropping their veils and talking with the simplicity and innocent curiosity that marks all peasant conversations.

From a handsome Turkish boy, who, when we first met, was moving his hay with a graceful nonchalance delightful to see, I learned that Turkish courtships are after all very like other courtships, except that they must be carried on with great circumspection. I saw a Turkish girl-school, kept by an old hodjah, who evidently ruled his pupils a good deal by the rod he always carried. The girls—they varied in age from a little creature of six or seven in wide trousers to tall young women, with henna-dyed hair and rouged faces—sat on the floor on each side of a form, looking in their bright dresses and veils like a bed of gaudy China asters. They read, or rather recited, passages from the Koran, two at a time, swaying gently as they sat, their voices rising and falling in that same curious chant which echoes through the aisles of St. Sofia as the young mollahs, seated by the pillars, take up in turn the sacred words that float eternally through the mosque.

But beyond the picturesqueness of life and landscape in Bosnia lie problems of government and policy which are not only interesting in themselves, but which have a direct bearing on the future of the Balkan peninsula. "The provinces of Bosnia and the Hercegovina will be occupied and administered by Austro-Hungary." So runs the article of the Berlin Treaty by which the Great Powers transferred a million Slavs and nearly 20,000 square miles of territory from the Turkish to the Austrian Empire. A second paragraph, couched in more ambiguous terms, provides for the government, the garrisons and the roads of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. It is impossible to appreciate the situation with which Austro-Hungary was confronted in 1878, or the way in which she has dealt with it, without a glance back at the history of this ancient vilayet of Bosnia, which had by a stroke of the pen become an Austrian province.

In the far past the Servian settlers in these lands were ruled by their zupans and bans, first under the suzer-

ainty of the Byzantine Empire, and later of Croatia and Hungary. Stephen Dushan, the greatest of Servian Czars, included Bosnia in his short-lived empire, and there was a kingdom of Bosnia for ninety years of the fourteenth century, a troubled time of rival claimants for the throne, of religious persecutions, and of growing danger from the Turk. In 1463 when the Turkish armies swept over the land, they met with little resistance. Seventy strongholds fell into their hands in a single week, the King was executed before his castle of Jaice, and the nobles almost immediately accepted Islam, and accepted it, moreover, with all the fanatic zeal of converts.

The effect of the Turkish conquest on the Bulgarians and the Servians of Serbia was for four centuries paralyzing, almost obliterating. In Bosnia, on the other hand, the effect was rather to crystallize existing conditions of life. The nobles, by their change of faith, were able to retain their possessions and carry on their traditions and customs unmolested; they lived in their watch towers and castles, hawked and hunted, and waged war among themselves, recking little of the Sultan in far Stamboul or of his lieutenants at Travnik and Mostar, or of the Ottoman officials, whose chief employment was the collection of taxes. Mahmoud the Second, the "Glaour Sultan," and his Vizier Jelaluden—the one friend of the Christian peasant the dark records of Bosnian history reveal—attempted to curb the power of these lawless Kapitans and Spahis, and their allies the Bosnian Janissaries, the proudest and most powerful of that legion, were massacred by the Ottoman troops in their citadel of Sarajevo.

From 1851 onward, the turbulence of the Beys seems to have subsided, but the condition of the kmet, the Christian peasant, which under this combination of Turkish rule and feudal system had always been terrible indeed, remained unaltered. The State claimed from the kmet one-tenth or one-eighth of the yearly produce of his fields in addition

to taxes on houses, land and exemption from military service, and the method of collection often doubled the amount that was legally due. When the State exactions ceased, the landowner's began. To him the kmet must give not only one-third of his total produce, but an indefinite amount of unpaid labor; moreover, his honor, his property and his life were virtually at the mercy of his lord, from whom he could never hope to obtain protection or redress in a Mussulman court of law. The cruelty with which the Beys and Zaptiehs enforced their exactions drove the kmet at last to open revolt, and it was this insurrection of Hercegovinan peasants that led ultimately to the Russo-Turkish war.

The solution of Bosnian and Hercegovinan troubles devised by the Powers at Berlin did not appeal to the people of the provinces, who for a few months had dreamed of a national independence. The Austro-Hungarian troops fought their way into possession at a cost of five thousand men and two hundred officers, and the history of the first four years of the Occupation is little more than a chronicle of engagements with so-called robber bands, the murders committed by them, and their gradual extermination, ending with a general amnesty and the advent of Count Kallay.

Count Kallay has passed away so recently, and the fascination which he exercised on the press of Europe, not less than on most of his own colleagues, is still so powerful, that an impartial estimate of his work is yet to be made. A man of great administrative talent, of unremitting and infectious industry, his enthusiasm and his belief in his task sometimes led him on too quickly for the state of development of the country, and induced him to embark on a system of advertisement, not for himself, but for the provinces he governed. The introduction of horse-racing and pigeon-shooting—the latter an amusement peculiarly repugnant and painful to the Mussulman susceptibilities—and the sumptuous enter-

tainment of foreign learned and municipal bodies were designed to bring visitors and call attention to the progress of Bosnian civilization; but the experiments proved as unsatisfactory as they were costly. The veneer, the *poudre aux yeux*, which formed part of Count Kallay's system, served to conceal not only the darker side of Bosnian affairs, but the solid underlying achievements which were due to his initiative during his twenty years of rule.

The situation that faced the Dual Monarchy called emphatically for a strong hand. Here was a territory, two-thirds the size of Scotland, entirely destitute of the ordinary advantages of civilization; the debris of a corrupt and feeble government; a fanatic Mussulman aristocracy to whom the nearest parallel would perhaps be the nobles of Japan before the feudal system was abolished; an ignorant peasantry, embittered by centuries of oppression, and now, after their revolt, encouraged to hope for relief and for freedom; religious difficulties of peculiar bitterness; and for neighbors, two free States of the same Servian race, Servia and Montenegro, which were now tasting for the first time the joys of recognized independence. Nothing was wanting to complete the familiar picture of a Balkan State except a mixture of races; for here the population, Mussulman, Roman Catholic and Orthodox alike, was exclusively Servian. How has Austro-Hungary acquitted herself of her task, during the quarter of a century that has elapsed since the Treaty of Berlin?

Last summer saw the publication of a colossal official report on the government of Bosnia and the Hercegovina, and a few figures taken from its pages will give, as far as figures can tell anything, some answer to the question. The population rose from a million in 1875 to over a million and a half in 1895. There are now 1,510 kilometers of railway and nearly 7,000 kilometers of roads, as against some 900 kilometers of roads at the time of the

Occupation. The revenue from taxation has increased greatly; the collection of the tithe in 1905 brought in 8.7 million crowns, as against 5.5 million crowns in 1880, and the land tax, during the same period, rose in much the same proportion. The house tax and income tax in 1905 were three times what they were in 1880; the tax on sheep and goats had nearly doubled itself; and the tax on exports—the most important exports being cattle, timber and tobacco—is more than twice what it was. The increase in taxation is, of course, partly due to better methods of collection.

Great progress has been made in the matter of education, which before the Occupation had existed only on a confessional basis, and the government has apparently solved the problem of religious instruction by allowing the Musulman hodjah, the Roman Catholic priest and the Orthodox pope each an opportunity of teaching the scholars who belong to their respective flocks. The upper grades of education are well provided for, and there were in 1905 352 recognized primary schools, with a total of 35,700 scholars. It is interesting and surely not unfair to compare the school statistics of the provinces with those of Bulgaria and the Bulgarians of Macedonia. Bulgaria, with a population less than three times that of the provinces, has more than twelve times as many primary schools, and the Bulgarians of Macedonia, who number about 400,000 less than the inhabitants of the provinces, had in 1904 more than double their number of primary schools. But the Bulgarians, who differ not a little in character from the Serbs of Bosnia, have always known the value of education, and in Macedonia education goes hand-in-hand with political propaganda. Still, the proportion of schools in Bosnia is certainly low, and the small attendance at country schools, which might tap a wide district, goes to show that the educational methods pursued are scarcely in touch at present with the needs of the people.

In other directions, again, much has been done; there are hospitals and government doctors, agricultural schools and government stock farms; there is a fund from which the peasant may borrow on easy terms for definite agricultural purposes; and Austro-Hungarian engineers have done excellent work in certain places by irrigation and the installation of a water supply, as well as by road making.

Many of the charges brought against Austro-Hungary by her critics are not peculiar to her administration here, but refer to the usual adjuncts of European civilization wherever it penetrates. The increase of drinking habits and immorality is probably inevitable, though it is specially to be regretted when it affects Mohammedans and an honorable peasantry; small native industries must always suffer with the advent of factories and monopolies, whether they be in the hands of the State or of private foreigners; censorship of the press and post office and restrictions on liberty of speech, however repugnant to British ideas, are thought necessary by most continental powers.

More special are the accusations brought by the Serbian or Orthodox section of the population. The Orthodox outnumber the Roman Catholics by two to one, and their political aspirations, fanned by Servia and Montenegro, form the most serious internal menace that the government has to face, and the official attitude to the Serbs is no doubt affected by this consideration. The Orthodox peasantry, who form the bulk of the kmets, are naturally the most discontented portion of the community, for the kmet, under the present agrarian system, still suffers from some of the disabilities of serfdom, and it is on him that the burden of taxation falls most heavily.

This agrarian system has always been at the root of all Bosnian troubles, and it is strange that Austro-Hungary did not at the outset take advantage of the free hand that was given her here to deal effectually with the situa-

tion. In her anxiety to respect existing rights and institutions, she hesitated to change the old system of land tenure, and she continued the Turkish plan of taxation. The greater part of the revenue is still derived from the tithe. Theoretically, there is much to be said in favor of the tithe, with its sliding scale that varies with a bad or a good harvest. But its collection presented many difficulties. The collector could not cover a large district, to assess the value of crops at the moment most convenient to each peasant, and the crops were frequently ruined while they waited for his coming; his visits and assessment, again, were often regulated by the *baksheesh* the peasant could afford to pay.

To avoid these objections, a system is now being gradually introduced by which the land is assessed, on a carefully drawn-up scheme of valuations, for a period of ten years, the assessors being peasants elected by their fellow-villagers and controlled by an official. There seems no reason why this system should not work well in a country where there is an accurate land survey and the officials are honest and capable.

The peasant sums up his present position rather in this way: "Well, yes, it is better now, for we are safe everywhere by day or by night, and there is justice for every one in the land. But in old days we could go to the mountain and cut wood or feed our animals where we liked, and we might fish where we pleased, and all the wild game was ours; now that is all forbidden. And under the Sultan we paid no taxes on our vegetables, but only on our crops; now we must pay on every leek that grows, and all in money; and that is hard, for the tax collector fixes the value beforehand, and then later on we often have to sell our produce at a low price, and so we lose on our harvest. It is good for our young men to serve the Kaiser as soldiers; they learn some evil, but they see the world and to *e fino*—that is fine"—the Serb's highest expression of

admiration. It is officially estimated that, at the present rate, within some twenty or thirty years all *kmets*, who in 1895 formed about one-half of the total population, will have bought themselves free; and if this calculation proves true, it ought to discount some of the savage attacks made periodically on the administration, which describe the Bosnians as living in a hopeless state of slavery.

The other grievances of the Serbs are educational and religious; their schools and churches are, they allege, persecuted by the Roman Catholic faction. The Dinaric Alps have always formed a kind of boundary between Eastern and Western Christianity, but the Franciscans have from very early days had settlements in Bosnia, and carried on an active propaganda there which, even under Turkish rule, was protected by Austro-Hungary, and in recent times the zeal of Roman Catholic prelates has admittedly proved an embarrassment to the Government. But religious friction seems outwardly reduced to a minimum. Mohammedans and Christians will exchange greetings on the road, and it is a perpetual source of surprise to a traveler familiar with conditions of life in Macedonia to see mixed groups of Serbs and Turks on their way to the bazaar. The Turk may speak confidentially of his Servian neighbors as "*schlechte collegen*," and I noticed that my Turkish guides were wont to hail a Christian peasant with an uncereemonious "*He! you Serb!*" whereas imagination fails to picture a *kmet* addressing a Mohammedan with "*He! you Turk!*" I remember the accents of spiritual pride with which a ragged little Roman Catholic tender of goats, some eight years old, speaking of her Orthodox companion of the same age, who was also clad in a single garment, informed me, "*She is a Serb, but I am a Christian.*"

Equality before the law and absolute security of life and property—these are the great benefits that the Occupation has conferred on the Provinces, and last summer, when the river *Lim*

carried down to Bosnian waters the corpses of Christian peasants, the victims of some border affray between Albanians and Serbs in Turkish territory, and every week brought news of murder and massacre from Macedonia, it was possible to appreciate more fully the miracle that Austro-Hungary, by means of her admirable gendarmerie, has wrought for Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

The Occupation is, it must be conceded, primarily a military one. The great garrisons, the ring of forts along the eastern frontier, the fine military roads, the new railway to Vishegrad, a triumph of engineering skill, and the large sums of money these works represent—all this is suggestive of permanency—though the mere word annexation is almost enough to create active disturbances—and suggestive, too, of an eventual advance Salonica-wards; but, assuming that the motives of Austro-Hungary were in the first instance no more disinterested than those of any other power desiring a peaceful frontier and an extension of territory seawards, it must still be admitted that she has succeeded in bringing what was the most backward part of the Sultan's dominions more or less into line with the rest of Europe. There is, there always must be, an under-current of discontent, of irritation against the foreigner who rules with a strong hand, the governing class that is separated from the governed by race, religion and sympathy. Is it otherwise in India, or in Egypt, or in any other occupied territory?

Servian newspapers have not been slow to point out that whereas Great Britain has already granted a constitution to the Transvaal, which she won by force of arms five years ago, the inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegovina are still, after thirty years of peaceful occupation, denied a direct voice in the government of their country, and are reduced to that Oriental and least satisfactory means of protest, the filing of endless petitions; and, more than this, all discussion of Bosnian affairs in the Delegations is said to meet with strong official discouragement. On the other hand, Bosniaks sit on the municipal councils, and about a quarter of the 4,000 officials who administer the provinces are said to be of Bosnian origin, though at present these Bosniaks are to be found chiefly in the lower grades of the service.

It may be better, in the abstract, for a people to work out its own salvation, but the most confirmed believer in national independence must admit that the provinces are not ready for self-government, if, indeed, self-government could ever be a possibility here, while the inhabitants remain thus divided among themselves. In the meantime, till the war which, sooner or later, must break out in the Balkans has effected changes impossible now to foresee, the present Bosnian administration, with its high proportion of capable and conscientious officials, seems on the way to deal successfully with many of the problems bequeathed to it by its Turkish and Austro-Hungarian predecessors.



The Brownie in Literature.

By THOMAS BAYNE.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

IN "Sir Richard Calmady," Book II., chap. I., the author gives some account of the literature that had an early influence on the character of her hero. His fancy was stimulated by wealth of nursery lore, and he was specially interested in one quaint figure whose mythological dignity is of comparatively recent date. He rejoiced in the ballad of "Aiken Drum," appreciated the "mixture of humor, realism and pathos" presented in its elaboration, and tried by a series of portraits to realize in some measure the aspect and bearing of the weird creature delineated by the poet. Lucas Malet describes the mysterious figure at the heart of the myth as "that 'foul and stalwart ghaist,' the Brownie of Badnock." This will probably puzzle readers of the novel who are not experts in poetical folklore. "Aiken Drum" is an attractive and promising name, but it is not the title of a familiar ballad of fancy, and it will not be found in the accredited anthologies. Nor will any table of contents divulge the literary hiding-place where one may hope to discover the "Brownie of Badnock." The quotation, however, of the phrase "foul and stalwart ghaist," taken in connection with "Aiken Drum" as title of a striking tale, helps toward a definite issue.

It so happens that Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," introduces into his essay on "The Black Dwarf's Bones," what he calls "the following poem on Aiken Drum," which

he straightway proceeds to quote under its correct title, "The Brownie of Blednoch." His reference to Chambers's "Popular Rhymes" as the source on which he draws seems to be a mistake, for, although there is in that work a section devoted to "The Brownies," there is no allusion to the particular member of the family that stirred the youthful enthusiasm of Sir Richard Calmady. As Brown, however, gives the ballad in a fairly accurate form, the source of his information is only of secondary importance, and it seems quite likely that Lucas Malet owes her knowledge of "Aiken-drum" (for such is the form used by the author) to the essay on "The Black Dwarf's Bones."

In any case, the "Brownie of Blednoch," not "Badnock," is he who is otherwise denominated "Aiken-drum," and it is he who is described in the course of the ballad celebrating his personality as "a foul and a stalwart ghaist." He is the creation of the nineteenth century, and constitutes the culmination and the final glory of the family to which he belongs. Dr. Brown's appreciation was effective in giving him fame and popularity, and he is probably the only product of his author's genius that has ever gained more than local or professional attention. Let us see for a moment who and what a Brownie was, and then briefly illustrate his literary course till we find him in the form of the Blednoch representative.

The Brownie, as a domestic sprite willing to labor for order and cleanliness, may be a late representative of the Roman household gods. Gervase of Tilbury, writing at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and drawing upon early records, describes him or a similar factor in his strange and industrious "Portunus." This was a willing drudge, *senili vultu facie corrugata*, of aged aspect and wrinkled features, who was prone to be obsequious without displaying any tendency to work mischief. He could get through an immense amount of work, preferably by night, and he accomplished his task "with more than human facility." He might occasionally indulge in a practical joke, being prompted thereto by no malicious motive, but simply from enjoyment of the confusion and perplexity resulting from his pranks. This readily connects Portunus with Robin Goodfellow, the echo of whose hearty laughter rings down from the seventeenth century ballads. This is the merry fellow whose valuable services as the immortal Puck are chronicled with engaging fidelity in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Here his extraordinary ability in the art of bamboozling the awkward and unwary is in keeping with the description given of him in the old lyric, "The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow":

Sometimes he'd counterfelt a voice,
And travelers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
And lead them from their way.

The sprite and his reputed activities prompted the attention and criticism of theological writers, who had a lively suspicion of the motives by which he was animated. In his "Obedience of a Christian Man," Tyndale says, "The Pope is kin to Robin Goodfellow, which sweepeth the house, washeth the dishes and purgeth all by night; but when day cometh, there is nothing found clean." Thus this serviceable attendant is discredited as merely an apparent helper and in reality a trickster and a mocker of those whom he captivates with his

wiles. Similarly James I., in his "Demonologie," writes of the domestic spirit of his native land. This professedly helpful being, he holds, is merely Satan himself in one of his manifold and subtle disguises, cleverly scheming to gain his own baleful ends under pretense of conferring benefits. The old Serpent, practicing incessantly from the time of his successful devices in Eden onward, is capable of anything, and is quick as thought at perceiving and grasping a good opportunity for his machinations. "In time of Papistrie and blindness," reflects the royal author, "he haunted divers houses without doing any evil, but doing, as it were, necessary turns up and down the house; and this spirit they called 'Brownie,' in our language, who appeared like a rough man; yea, some were so blinded as to believe that their house was all the sonsier, as they called it, that such spirits resorted there." Thus the Author of Evil, argues the theological monarch, apparently rendering substantial service under an uncouth and somewhat forbidding disguise, gradually prompts appreciation and gratitude, and thereby easily insinuates himself into the hearts of his ingenuous victims. The hypothesis accords with the rigid Puritan attitude, and the conclusion reached is the inevitable inference from all the existing evidence.

It is, however, in his character of worker and not of sinister demon that Robin Goodfellow resembles Brownie. What Scott in the "Discoverie of Witchcraft" says of the one might be repeated as almost a precise description of the other. A bowl of milk, he states, was the reward given to Robin Goodfellow for his labors, and he adds, "he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any clothes for him, besides his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee." In Rowland's "More Knaves Yet," circa 1600, reference is made to the good deeds of Robin,

Who comes a nights and would make
kitchens cleane,
And in the bed bepinch a lazy queene.

His aspect must have awed casual observers, for he had "eyes as broad as saucers were," and his elusive movements with their portentous results added to the mystery of his haunting presence. The domestics, however, appreciated him, and the poet shrewdly surmises that his association with the miller prompted in that functionary the nimble practice of "tolling thrice" with expert thumb. Robin had the reward of "some good cheare" for his valuable attentions,

And that was all the kindness he expected,
With gaine (it seemes) he was not much infected.

The voluntary laborer's disregard for anything but necessary refreshment is further illustrated in "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," 1628:

'Tis not your garments, new or old,
That Robin loves; I feele no cold.
Had you left me milke or creame,
You should have had a pleasing dreame.

Milton refers to the cream-bowl in the well-known passage of *L'Allegro*, where he describes the drudging goblin as threshing in one night with his shadowy flail an amount of grain that would have taxed the strength of ten day laborers. After this achievement he quaffs his refreshing draught from the dairy,

Then lies him down the lubber-fiend,
And stretcht out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

To this may be added, as an illustrative contemporary reference, a sentence from "The Anatomy of Melancholy." "Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows," writes Burton, "would in these superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudging work."

In the literature of northern folklore there are significant records of Brownie, the counterpart of the indus-

trious Robin Goodfellow. These connect his activities with the fortunes of families at various points from the Borders to the Orkney Islands. The Vale of Wear has its legend in "The Cauld Lad of Hilton," in which Brownie was reluctantly driven from his haunts by the mistaken kindness of a new proprietor. "Offer Brownie," says Kelghtley in his "Fairy Mythology," "a piece of bread, a cup of drink, or a new coat and hood, and he flouted at it, and perhaps, in his huff, quitted the place forever; but leave a nice bowl of cream and some fresh honeycomb in a snug private corner, and they soon disappeared, though Brownie, it was to be supposed, never knew anything of them." Illustrations of his idiosyncracies, given from various parts of Scotland, all reveal the same general characteristics. Small, with a shaggy coat of brown hair, perhaps wearing a cloak and hood, he was of repellent aspect and shy habit. Lonely and weird, diligently plying his nightly toil and retiring in the daytime, he was easily perturbed and put to lasting flight. Apparently he was somewhat lacking in stability of purpose, and would thus, presumably, prove himself but an ineffectual viceregent of Satan, who is not generally credited with being easily diverted from his object.

Martin, in his "Western Isles," and Brand in his "Description of Orkney, Zetland, &c.," both detail particulars of the presence and influence of Brownie in those parts of the country. These accord generally with the legends current on the mainland. A curious and apparently exceptional development of the myth is prevalent in the county of Aberdeen. In this district, according to the tale, a couple of Brownies, presumably man and wife, once attached themselves to a household, and practically manged all its affairs. Brownie did the drudgery appropriate to his character, while his skillful consort domineered within the family circle. At length the day came when the male attendant, receiving a premature reward, disappeared in

orthodox fashion, his female associate meanwhile dropping quietly out of the record. This is lacking in artistic unity, and is not without suggestions of kinship with modern allegorical satire. At any rate, as it presents a singular divergence from the normal tradition, it somewhat fails in its effect.

On the Borders the legends have the fullest and most romantic character. There is, for instance, a captivating story, telling how the domestic spirit of Dalswinton attached himself to Miss Maxwell, the laird's daughter—"the comeliest lass in a' the holms o' Nithsdale"—and how he rendered her very efficient service when she had settled in a home of her own. One lively series of adventures in which he is the protagonist is distinctly suggestive of the madcap humors attributed to his southern relative, Robin Goodfellow. To the district brightened with the stories of this lively goblin belongs the legend of probably the greatest among traditional Brownies. He was long attached to the family of Leithen Hall, Dumfriesshire, which thrived under his fostering care, but the offer of refreshment and livery drove him irresistibly from his familiar haunts to new quarters at Bodsbeck, in the neighborhood. He departed with this ominous chant:

Ca', cuttee, ca'!
A' the luck o' Leithen Ha'
Gangs wi' me to Bodsbeck Ha'.

Another version of the legend reverses the fortunes of the two houses, but this, the more generally received form, has the higher value, both from its traditional persistence and from its having prompted in modern times the title of a well-known tale. In the Introduction to the "Border Minstrelsy," Scott says that the Brownie of Bodsbeck, "a wild and solitary spot near the head of Moffat Water," was the last of his kind in Ettrick Forest. An old lady, scandalized by his presence, "lured him away" with a porringer of milk and a piece of money.

When thus summarily dismissed, concludes the editor of the "Minstrelsy," "he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, 'Farewell to bonnie Bodsbeck!' which he was compelled to abandon forever."

There are occasional references to Brownie in the early Scottish poets. Gavin Douglas, for example, finds him useful for an illustrative purpose in the first prologue to his translation of the "Aeneid," where he delivers his exhortation to his readers. After sharply handling Caxton's prose version of Virgil, and showing that in certain features it is no more like the original than "the owle resemblis the papyngay," he ventures to predict that his own work will be found faithful, and he hopes that it will be regarded as adequate. Should his readers, however, conclude after perusal that his attempt is not worth at least three of his predecessor's, he makes them welcome to "warp it in the sea," or pitch it into the fire, or "rent it every crum," viz., tear it to pieces. He protests at the same time against being charged with literary envy—he does not rejoice because his adversary (an Englishman) has written a book—for his candor is due to perfectly legitimate critical indignation. It is his love of Virgil that moves him to complaint, not his desire to mar the reputation of a previous translator. He knows that it is perilous to belittle or despise another, seeing that he himself lives in a glasshouse:

I nald ye trust I said this for despise,
For me list with na English buikis flyte,
Na with na bogli na browny to debat,
Noder auld gaistis nor spretis deld of lair,
Nor no man will I lakkin (deride) or
despise,
My weirkistill authoreis be sic wyse.
But touching Virgil's honor and reverence,
Quha ever contrarie, I mon (must) stand
at defense.

This is a good display of effective dialectics. Douglas achieves his purpose—he vehemently asserts that the work of a predecessor is worthless, and commends his own treatment of the previously bungled theme; and he skill-

fully protests his unwillingness to dispute with what has no earthly footing or recognition. The bogle and the brownie, which the poet associates in the illustrative portion of the argument, are not infrequently mentioned together in passages descriptive of folklore. It will be sufficient, meanwhile, to refer to Polwart's "Last Flyting against Montgomery," one of those curious poetical duels that were for some time fashionable with Scottish bards. Here Hume of Polwart (whoever he may have been) heaps loads of abuse on his rival, frankly charging him with plagiarism, and urging him to avoid subjects altogether beyond his powers. One of his admonitions runs thus:

Leave Boggles, Brownies, Gyre-carlings,
and Gaists.

The bogle probably represents the mischievous side of Robin Goodfellow's character, and is still the Scottish name for a scarecrow; the gyre-carling is one of the various grades of witches, and is sometimes asserted to be Hecate herself; and the gaist or ghost is the perturbed spirit that will not rest. When Ruddiman in 1710 edited Douglas he grappled with Brownie, and his account of the species is often quoted. "They were," he says, "a kind of ghosts, of whom the ignorant common people and old wives tell many ridiculous stories, and represent to have been not only harmless, but very useful, and that they were such servile spirits that they did not stick at the meanest drudgery if they were but civilly used. These, they say, were very frequent of old, but now, I cannot tell how, are become exceedingly rare, so that scarce one is to be found, so much as to tell us the reason of their name. All that we can conjecture about it is that their hard labor and mean employment made them of a swarthy or tawny color, whence they got the name of brownies; as those who move in a higher sphere are called fairies from their fairness."

Ruddiman was of the scientific type of scholar to which the creatures of the

fancy do not make a very successful appeal. It will be noticed, for instance, that he wholly overlooks the legendary sensitiveness of the domestic spirit. Then, in spite of the trouble he takes over the reputed color, he cannot restrain an expression of scepticism on the whole subject. One is not surprised to find that a learned antiquary and grammarian should have but little sympathy with floating legends and whimsical chimeras. The full development of the romantic revivals, with chances of appreciation for Brownie as for other creations of fancy, was not just yet, although rapidly approaching. Meanwhile, Ruddiman had done Brownie a measure of service by helping toward some understanding of what others had believed him to be. The annotator's main interests took him to philology, and his reputation was gained by his "Rudiments of the Latin Tongue."

If superstition does not attract the grammarian, it arouses interest in the student of folklore and the romantic poet. Collins, a younger contemporary of Ruddiman, had read of the people of Northern Scotland, probably in Martin's fascinating "Description of the Western Isles," and in his great Ode, addressed to John Home, he gives a sonorous and memorable setting to his convictions. Dr. Johnson said of Collins that "he loved fairies, genii, giants and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." In a word, the genius of Collins was largely antipathetic toward the prevalent literary fashion of the early eighteenth century. The themes of his odes—Pity, Mercy, the Passions—sufficiently indicate this, and his manner of handling, his turn of thought, his illustrative method, all show his detached and abstracted point of view. The poet who delicately personifies chaste Evening, and welcomes with a certain realistic alertness the elves that have slept all day in the flowers, and the nymph "who wreathes

her brows with sedge," will not fail to be stirred with what he had learned of the lively Scottish fancy. Thus he dwells with expansive relish on the large and tempting field open to Home for illustration, giving him Brownie in these terms among the earliest of his enchanting details:

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
 'Tis fancy's land to which thou set'st thy feet;
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
 Beneath each birken shade, or mead, or hill.
 There each trim lass that skims the milky store,
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots;
 By night they sip it round the cottage door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.

Sir Walter Scott's variously accomplished friend, William Erskine, afterward Lord Kinnedder, wrote three supplementary stanzas to make Collins's "Ode on Highland Superstitions" more nearly exhaustive, and these stanzas Scott gave in an appendix to the first volume of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Erskine treats of the wraith, the Brownie, and the infant kidnapped by fairies. It was a perilous enterprise to attempt the grand movement of Collins, but his imitator had no reason to be unduly modest over his achievement, especially when the friendly editor of the "Border Minstrelsy" considered it "worthy of the sublime original." Erskine fancies the true Scottish poet recalling Brownie to haunts that have missed him, and then breaks into warm apostrophe:

Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much-loved sprite!
 Thou friend, the lover of the lowly, hail!
 Tell, in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,
 Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.
 Where dost thou deck the much-disorder'd hall,
 While the tired damsel in Elysium sleeps,
 With early voice to drowsy workmen call,
 Or lull the dame while Mirth his vigil keeps?

'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,
 Thou plied'st the kindly task in years of yore:
 At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid
 Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store:
 Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains more.

But for the manifest difficulty of verbal adjustment represented by the stiff, unyielding phrase "of viands store," this work is distinctive and praiseworthy. Scott mentions that Erskine first published his verses in the "Edinburgh Magazine" for April, 1788, the year in which Collins's "Ode on Highland Superstitions" appeared in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh."

This was about thirty-four years after the author had shown his poem to Thomas Warton at Chichester. Those were fruitful years in the development of English letters. The period claims the direct expression, the first unsullied impulse, of such absolutely new and stimulating forces as Chatterton, Cowper, Blake and Burns. Each of these names is indicative of rare, extraordinary and quite distinct individuality, as well as of a vitalising influence on the form and character of English verse that is hardly short of phenomenal. Percy's "Ballads," published in 1765, quickened enthusiasm for the beauty of the old romances, and prompted a fresh outburst of sentimental and heroic narrative in verse. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe helped the great onward movement in their treatment of fanciful and mysterious themes.

In 1799 Matthew Gregory Lewis, in some ways a follower of Mrs. Radcliffe, published his "Tales of Terror" and "Tales of Wonder," including in the latter, besides poetical narratives of his own, such stately products as Scott's "Glenfinlas" and "Eve of St. John." Lewis himself attempted ballads on Scottish subjects, without achieving results of conspicuous brilliance. Sometimes, indeed, he fell into strange banalities and blunders, both in text and notes. His "Bothwell's Bonny

Jane" has a certain fascination, due in some measure to its weird conception, and also to its somewhat ingenious development and its mysterious culmination. The fair maid of the story, being rebellious against parental authority, will not be restrained, even by the pointed warning of the domestic spirit. The crisis, in a movement strongly reminiscent of a passage in Mickle's "Cumnor Hall," is intimated thus:

She cares not for her father's tears,
She feels not for her father's sighs;
No voice but headstrong Love's she hears,
And down the staircase swift she hies.

Though thrice the Brownie shriek'd—
"Beware!"

Though thrice was heard a dying groan.
She oped the castle gate. Lo! there
She found the friendly monk alone.

Lewis, as may be seen by a reference to "Clerk Colvin" in his "Tales of Wonder," was inclined to write wayward and even ridiculous notes on Scottish subjects. It will be well, therefore, for the English reader not to take him too seriously here, when he explains that the Brownie is "always heard lamenting when any accident is about to befall the family to which she has attached herself." It will be noticed that in his attribution of sex to Brownie he gives single-handed support to what is probably an Aberdonian heretical tenet on the subject, but this may be due merely to imperfect information. Lewis was clearly not an expert in the legend of the domestic spirit, though the prominence thus given to the presence he conjures up is significant enough to merit attention.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose Kilmeny shows his unrivaled grasp of what is most effective in fairy mythology, also utilizes Brownie with conspicuous success. One of the tales in his "Shepherd's Calendar" is entitled "The Brownie of the Black Hags." At first sight, this appears to be not a beneficent interloper but a malicious fiend. He seems to be rather the "Brown Man of the Moors" (celebrated in Leyden's spirited and pic-

turesque "Coat of Keeldar") than the laborious domestic drudge.

Close examination, however, shows that the part he has to play is due to the evil which it is his lot to encounter. He tackles domestic tyranny and cruelty, ultimately leaving tragic ruin in his wake. His period of service presents him as "jottery-man" or scullion in a country mansion, where the owner is a hopeless simpleton and his wife a termagant. The story is a variant on the record of hardships endured by the Border Covenanters, and its motive is the overthrow and ghastly doom of the mistress, who is intolerant of religious views among servants. She suspects from the first the "jottery-man," with his puerile figure and his "features of one hundred years old." After trying vainly to compass his undoing, she ultimately falls his victim in the waste, whither she has followed him in revengeful mood. Her mangled remains were found by some of her former servants, who buried her like a dog, and then "rolled three huge stones upon her grave, which are lying there to this day."

There is a Hebrew realism in the writer's descriptive method which gives a measure of verisimilitude to his record. His story is extravagant, but he vouches for its legendary character—his informant's great-grandfather having been, he states, "one of those that found the body and buried it"—and he revels in local coloring and minute detail. His final word on the Brownie is wholly admirable. The creature had done his work, and his services were not further needed. "He was never more seen or heard of in this kingdom," says the faithful chronicler, "though all that country-side was kept in terror for him many years afterward; and to this day they will tell you of The Brownie of the Black Hags, which title he seems to have acquired after his disappearance."

In his "Brownie of Bodsbeck," his chief contribution to prose fiction, Hogg gives literary dignity to the last of the legendary Brownies. The tale

handles the persecution of the Covenanters by Claverhouse, and the author gives a vivid delineation of the troubles of the time, with the haunting supernatural mystery constantly at the heart of his movement. A party of the suffering remnant finds shelter in the wilds of Moffatdale, the secret of the safe retreat furnishing material for the fascinating plot. Hogg is by no means skillful in construction, and he is often perversely diffuse and wayward in discursiveness, but his delight in the twilight glamor that invests the outposts of knowledge contrains him to advance with his winning and portentous narrative. In his course he depicts various strong rural characters. The old housekeeper at Chapelhope, with her striking, and sometimes very poetical hymns, is a notable if perplexing sibil, and Walter Laidlaw is a worthy addition to the sturdy tribe of Dandie Dinmont. Katie Laidlaw, the heroine, attracts not so much for what it is given her to say as for what is strongly suspected of her. Evidence of witnesses, after considerable doubt and delay, proves her to be in league with Brownie.

Here we have the conception of the domestic goblin as one whose aims are evil, although his immediate services may be beneficial. He may in a single night cut acres of grain or dip scores of sheep only to lure victims into his snare, and thus the neighbors commiserate Katie in her reputed plight as one who has voluntarily placed herself on the way to ultimate perdition. This element in the story is admirably advanced and illustrated. Ultimately everything is elucidated. It turns out that the heroine has been protecting the fugitives, one of whom—"crooked, swart, prodigious," as the result of early and terrible wounds in the conflict—has been content to encourage the peasantry in believing him to be the veritable Brownie of Bodsbeck.

The tale, no doubt, represents a phase of seventeenth century superstition. For historical facts Hogg used the Church historian, Wodrow, while

his folklore is from direct and almost immediate tradition. "The local part," he says, "is taken from the relation of my own father, who had the best possible traditionary account of the incidents." Thus came forward from early days to the nineteenth century a deeply-rooted belief in the direct contact of supernatural beings with the affairs of earth. Buckle's picture of the superstitious Scottish peasant, while exaggerated to the point of caricature, is thus not altogether groundless. The explanation of the idiosyncrasy is to be found rather in the waywardness of a nimble fancy than in dense ignorance or hopeless stupidity.

"The Brownie of Blednoch," in which the prodigy is named "Aiken-drum," is a ballad by a younger contemporary of Hogg's, and is the most considerable poetical treatment of the theme which it illustrates. "Aiken-drum" seems to be one of the legendary "overwords" variously used in old ballad refrains, and intelligible only to the extent of presenting a rolling and resonant reverberation at the close of a line or stanza. Probably its use in this lyric was suggested by a traditional song which begins thus:

There was a man cam frae the moon,
Cam frae the moon, cam frae the moon,
There was a man cam frae the moon,
And they ca'd him Aiken-drum.

The author of "The Brownie of Blednoch" has appropriated the myth once and for all by the fullness and charm of his poetic setting. It is all there, vivid, impressive, intense. The sudden arrival of the "strange wight"; the effect of his appearance on nervous and excitable witnesses; the arrangement for his services (a development of the legendary situation); his extraordinary and inevitably certain achievements; and the thoughtless generosity that drives him forth forever, are all fitly realized and portrayed. The abrupt opening of the ballad gives an effect similar to what would be produced if a full-length portrait were suddenly to walk forth from its frame. It is the

event that might never have happened, or that might have befallen one generation as well as another. People have lived amid vivid memories of Brownie, and when he suddenly glides into their presence they straightway recognize him. This represents perfection in the art of opening an awesome and supernatural tale:

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
And the flent a body did him ken;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben,
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glare like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlie cloud has it half o'er-cast;
Or the strugglin' moon when she's sair distress—
O sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

Even the moment of his approach is carefully selected, for he "staukit in 'tween the dark and the light," just at the mystical hour when "good things of the day begin to droop and drowse." Here let it be said that in the version given in Dr. Brown's "Black Dwarf's Bones" this scene is weakened by a faulty reading. The children, according to Brown's text, "skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light," which, of course, may have been true, but such is not the reading of the poet's official editors, and it completely deprives the passage of the weirdness suggested by the unceremonious and portentous entrance. It was in this case as it was with the figure of Burns's Tam Glen on Hallowe'en—"his likeness cam up the house staukin." Brownie came in a way that betokened more than mere mortality, and there was an immediate scampering to shelter of children, servants and even the watchdog. The alarm was excusable, for this is what they saw:

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his e'e nae bard hath exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
But a phillabeg o' the rashes green,

And his knotted knees played ay knoit between:
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

This is somewhat of an exaggeration on the Brownie of antiquity, but the detailed portrayal is admissible as an elaborated variant of what had exercised the fancy of many generations. It is also somewhat in the nature of poetic license to describe, as the poet immediately does, an interview between the heads of the house and their mysterious visitant. He successfully meets, nowever, the incidental difficulties, dexterously adjusting an imposing array of marvels on the groundwork of his theme. He is classic and consistent, if again slightly given to detailed picturesqueness, in his delineation of the services rendered by the sprite, and the cause of his departure from the scene which it has for a time pleased him to favor with his presence. The poet closes, as he begins, with graphic and impressive realism:

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
And mony a wife and mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now light loons that jibe and sneer,
At spiritual guests and a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill ha'e swat wi' fear,
And looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

And guldly folks ha'e gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gled nae light,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughes like Aiken-drum.

The poet whose setting of this captivating myth at once gained a standard position was William Nicholson (1783-1842), a native of East Galloway, who utilizes the legends of his own district of Scotland. He is practically a poet of one poem, although he is the author of other lyrics that have both form and quality. But his ballad is so

much above everything else in his literary record that it overshadows a fair amount of creditable work. Nicholson is of himself a standing refutation of the pragmatic assumption that no Scottish poetry has been produced since the death of Burns. He has reach and vigor of imagination, strength and persistence of inventive impulse, a sure sense of lyrical fitness and ample grasp of his expressive mother-tongue. He was a scantily educated and somewhat improvident pedlar, wrote sufficient for his editors to arrange as his "Poetical Works," and died obscure and in comparative neglect. His collected

poems have gone into their third edition, having in 1878 been edited finally and with perfect appreciation by the poet's compatriot, Mr. Harper, of Castle Douglas. Through the efforts of this capable editor and others a monument to Nicholson's memory was erected in 1900 at Borgue, the chief village of his native parish, in the county of Kirkcudbright. Thus we find him placed at length according to his deserts. He is honored in the house of his friends, and his work (if not himself) is heartily recognized as a distinct and permanent force in letters.

A TOAST.

By HERBERT J. B. STAVERT.

(From *Chambers's Journal*.)

Flash out the wine, and let it shine
 Deep down within the glass;
 No measure thin, fill to the brim
 Ere we the flagon pass.
 A glass of wine.
 "For Auld Langsyne."

Touch glass with mine, and let them chime—
 A chime of cheerful lays;
 Touch rim with heel, and let them peal
 A song of youthful days.
 Touch glass with mine
 "For Auld Langsyne."

My hand in thine, thy hand in mine;
 Though summers die and roses fade,
 Though vines are wither'd and decay'd,
 Yet friendship lasts, remains the wine
 And fragrance born of sunny clime,
 Old friend of mine,
 "For Auld Langsyne."

Pessimistic Politics.

By WILLIAM HEMSTREET.

A GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people and for the people has perished from the earth. This country has not redeemed its pretensions to the rest of the world, where provincial and town governments are better than ours. Our national government is a success because more removed from the people; its officials are more able and faithful than those of our cities and so-called States, which are failures. This writer has no foreign prejudices, for he is an American of the seventh generation, fought for his country five years and is of known blood patriotism. The Brooklyn "Eagle," in its characteristic terseness, said this:

"The lack of public spirit and civic pride in Brooklyn has often been blamed as the source of all our bad government and of most of the woes from which we suffer."

This text may be extended, not in holding up that city borough as an exception, but rather as an exponent of all our cities, that are now bulking to a balance of power but are declining in the old American spirit, which, however, is sometimes fanned into a flickering at momentary and peculiar goadings. The multiplication of luxuries, and the opening avenues to private wealth, with its infinitude of baleful examples, have sent the country upon the downward road to materialism so fatal in history.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The business and social substance of the land has become practically destitute of local political interest and its conscience long since dead of inanition. The fine American is politically anaemic. Here and there a place is sought and well filled by a worthy aspirant; but in the main the pursuit of the honors, emoluments and opportunities for speculation, over-pay and easy service has been surrendered to a small special class of self-seekers whose system and organization are invincibly intrenched. In the general decline of individual conscience and old-fashioned altruism the public crib has become a veritable placer mine for unrestrained grab, searing the entire public conscience. This leaves a suspicion that after all popular government is not, under the present moral evolution of man, the proper thing. In all that pertains to the immediate comfort and security of the inhabitant, through local governments, democracy has already passed its tests and been found wanting. But what else can we do? Democracy is political hard-pan, and the people will allow nothing else. This dog-in-the-manger practice applies to our better classes—to successful business men, to those of smug and secure independence, to the I-am-holier-than-thou churchmen who let down their gate of exclusiveness athwart not only democracy but manly society. The national government elects only its representatives in legislation and its chief executive, but our nearer governments elect every-

thing in sight with an annual scramble, making us a nation of frantic office-seekers. We are not a great deal better in that respect than our miserable little ward, Cuba.

In the forties Hawthorne said, "The consciences of politicians are as black and elastic as India rubber;" Thoreau said, "Politics is so inhuman that it don't concern me at all," and in the fifties Park Benjamin wrote:

"The possession of office becomes a badge of either imbecility, cunning or insolence. Every man has his price. Government, in short, is converted into a vast conspiracy of placemen, managed by the adroit villains who control elections, dictate legislation, defeat reforms and infuse their muckworm spirit into the very body of the community."

With all the reformers from those days down to this are we any better off? They are yet denouncing and croaking, but never have thought to go to the caucus and primary, where the politicians get all their power.

What matters it if the government at Washington be always called a republic whilst the city man has his fences and fruit stolen nightly, his flowers and shrubs daily eaten by goats, dust in every closet and chest of drawers, snow banks piled upon his crossings by trolley sweepers, packed cold cars that are not stopped except in puddles, the insolence of office, the politician's contumely, property taxed one-third its income, prices high, strikes and boycotts dominant, street indecencies universal, etc., all this in spite of frequent formal remonstrances to each and every department. Who are to blame? Our so-called better people who won't govern and are more despicable than the politicians who will govern and are only, like nature, abhorring a vacuum. This political indifference reflects its effect upon every sphere of life. Crude administration, accidents of fire and travel, explosions and crime may be traced to the general decline of individual sense of obligation. A railroad employe, being pointed to a loosening spike and splitting tie, answered, "Aw, let de bloke 'tend to his

own job." A grocery clerk, being told to shut a garden gate after himself, sullenly said, "I ain't paid for shuttin' gates." This is the growing spirit. A captain of a pleasure steamer spent his time in curling his mustache and parading in his band-box uniform while his crew was undisciplined and cowardly and his ship equipments were rotten. So, in emergency, he lost what little head he had and a thousand passengers. Boards of directors are over-fed, dull and sometimes senile, and presidents are too pompously high up to attend to details. In this same city above cited, political indifference has brooded a civic desert where the people are as helpless as babes in their grievances. They can cry and be stilled by a jouncing, a bon-bon, or a bottle of dyspeptic promises, but they are utterly helpless as to commanding redress or reform. They have civic leagues galore, who never apply their holy potentialities in the right place, the caucus. We sterilize the reservoirs and lakes, but neglect the watershed. We have cloistered, highly paid specialists with their microscopes and cigarettes, while politicians are pasturing their cattle in the feeding streams. In that great matter so essential to business, comfort and health—inter-transit, there is never a single car trip without vexations and dangers that are not seen in any other part of the world. All these things are because the citizens will not get good administrators through the initiatives—the caucus and primaries. The American citizen has deliberately decided that he will not bemean himself to the level of politicians, for when the cataclysm comes he can betake himself to his mountain preserve, or across the water, and then return to sue his country for damages.

There is only one remedy for our political remissness and its results, and that is a renewal of the American town-hall practice in the cities through the local party caucuses, which should be made majestic by the law; the parties are here and must be reckoned with. Right here, in the caucus, is the making

of laws and of lawmakers. It is said in monarchies that the king is the fountain of honor; but the American king has abdicated, so we have no fountain of honor. If asked to put a finger upon the precise spot of American defect and political disease, the answer would be the simple fact that in the cities there are no places of neighborhood gathering and discussion. Every polling district should have a free one under charge of the commissioners of elections. There, upon every subject of public interest, the citizens could easily assemble and inform one another and make known their will. The party caucus should be managed by the officers of the law, as the primary now is, and all citizens should be compelled to go there and cast a ballot under penalty of disfranchisement, or worse.

But this voluntary government won't do, any more than would a voluntary payment of taxes or jury and military duty or volunteer fire department. The power and safety of a government are measured only by its conscription. Draft a man for military service and place him upon the line, then he will shoot, if only to prevent being shot. If he be compelled to go to a caucus he will vote for whatever little conscience is in him, and then between the two parties we shall get the voice of the whole people, which is always right.

"When people undertake to do their own kingship they enter upon responsibilities as well as privileges."—James Russell Lowell.

Taking all the literary tomes of reformers, they do not come up to this natural system of a great people—the caucus, primary and convention. Direct nominations might do as an entering wedge-point to break the machines, but they would not last; they might at first show whether nominations should be made by dollars or votes, but they would finally lead to personal ambition, dark-lantern methods and back "deals" with the machine, and then we would return to the boss. They would be only voluntary and

sporadic and not bring out all the people. They are the first, but not final, step which would be in a universal draft under the authority of law. The system is all right, but the people will not adopt it, while the bosses and their followers line up like the regular army and are as effective against the mob. The political apathy of our people amounts to a stupefaction. Borough President Bird S. Coler said at a recent notable gathering, "The politicians have chained the people down long enough." So did the Lilliputs tie down Gulliver with threads. The people are like a giant booby lying upon his back and crying under the whips of street urchins. The politicians have neither divine legitimacy, constitutional authority nor hypnotic power. They rule only through the caucus, which is open to everybody. Until the people do this, politicians will rule, legislatures will be corrupt, money will dominate the national senate, taxes will be high and local governments crude. But in politics as in other spheres the natural instinct replies, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. When a good man is asked to go to a caucus, he asks, "What is there in it for me?" If an honest reformer spends his money, time and energy he is asked what he is after. Even reformers are envious of one another and carefully patent their ideas. Come now, Messrs. Cutting and Parkhurst and Abbott and Schurman and Peters and Slicer and Deming and Quincy Adams, etc., go to your home caucus and try your hand or shut up. This is the meaning and corollary of your boasted popular government. Not until the whole community can be seized with a religious revival will it be seized with a universal sense of civic duty, or until some great calamity shall penetrate their civic conscience, now besodden with luxury.

Then, "I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh."

Down to this time the American elec-

toral system has been only voluntary. All other public functions are compulsory. We must begin back to constitutional bottom. In every polling district must be a political temple, free to all. A leading reformer said, "I own up, I will not build a hall; anyway, there is none in my neighborhood; neither will I go to war if I am certain of being killed, although I am willing to take chances. When I want to go to a convention, or want an office, I will get a few fellows in a back-bar and they will do the work. I had them once in my parlor and next morning found five tobacco cuds under the sofas." It is this first caucus before the caucus where the fate of politics is now made. There the "heelers" augment their bank account and say, "The devil take the hindmost." This has bred and organized bureaucracy with sealed books and technique that the public cannot handle. So the politicians rule us as an audacious oligarchy instead of a democracy. (But the ruffled and slippered reform patriots will go on decade after decade buzzing and fanning the public with their protests and theories while the politicians go to the caucus and win.

To come to the concrete, Stop writing and howling, oh patriots, and go either to your present home-caucus or get the legislature to erect a new compulsory caucus system and control it, throwing it open to all and counting every ballot. Such caucuses would magically solve all problems and bring about all re-

forms, like a vernal sun over a winter-locked land or like the Alpheus through the Augean stables, for the people, not hoping for bribes, honors or emoluments, would choose disinterestedly and the office would seek the man. But our government is now upon the sands of volition and not founded upon the rock of law and responsibility. We have capitols and court houses, but no forums to uphold them. They are but idle play or experiment and not upon direct authority. The whole people must get together or there will be anarchy. Mr. Carnegie might build a caucus house to every three thousand population, instead of libraries that will never reach a tithe. Then this land would become a political paradise and "Democracy triumphant." The people must assemble voluntarily or be compelled to. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." Look to your crown, O American sovereign. Our glory has come less from our political virtue than from our acres. By and by there will be no more acres; then the deluge.

In this proposition of an official caucus there is neither innovation nor complexity; it would bind only what the people are already familiar with. It is an old tried system which is open and aboveboard, that cannot be improved upon, and the only way to get a nomination and a majority government, wherein only lies the strength of a republic.



A Little Book.

By HUMPHREY NOEL BRADFORD.

(From the *Idler*.)

"Alas, that love should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"—Omar Khayyam.

To you this volume only seems
A much-thumbed book of poetry:
The book of my forgotten dreams
Its time-stained pages are to me.

I turn the leaves: between them lie,
Like faded petals, fragrant yet,
The memories of all that I
Grow dull to—lay aside—forget.

To me, who treasure it, it stands
For that sweet-scented manuscript
I closed with such unwilling hands,
When life past youth's brief season slipped;

And if I read the high romance,
The poet's deathless verse enshrines,
It chiefly is that I may glance
At what is writ between the lines.

Oh, if there be, as we are told,
A day to come, on some far shore,
When all that we held dear of old,
Shall be to have and lose no more,

I pray that, when that morning shines,
The scattered petals bloom anew,
And what is writ between the lines,
Be ev'n as prophecies come true.

The Editor's Miscellany.



MOTHER GOOSE rhymes live for more reasons than one. The fables of Aesop owe their immortality to the kernels of true sayings they contain, rather than to their entertaining quality or their often flippant dress. And so it is with the nursery rhymes. Their jingle attracts the ear of childhood. Memory of their pleasing recalls the mature attention. To the grown-up, browsing among the once treasured rhymes, comes the aptness, the significance of the hitherto apparently meaningless jingles, and it comes in the guise of a revelation. The rhymes have much in common with the sort of hard-headed observations upon human life usually classified as proverbial philosophy. A few examples will illustrate the force of this similarity.

* * *

Many realize that clothes do not make the man. One law for the rich and the poor alike is a vote-getting platform. The man who steals a loaf of bread and the man who uses trust funds to obtain personal control of a railroad in an open stock market have a mutual basis of fellowship, even though they do not know it. The disinterested detect the resemblance easily. Physical conditions do not alter moral states of being. Mother Goose expressed it in her own way:

"Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

* * *

Some men rise above the level of their abilities or their deserts. If they do not die young, they ultimately lose

their balance, and the law of gravitation completes the exhibit. Simian ancestors are at home in trees, but the branches of those trees are an unsafe depository for the cradle of a human.

"Hush-a-bye baby upon the treetop,
When the wind blows the cradle will
rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will
fall,
And down will come cradle, baby and
all."

* * *

Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann founded homoeopathy upon his doctrine that the cure for a disease is the very drug that would in a healthy person produce the symptoms of such disease—the "similia similibus curantur" of Paracelsus. Mother Goose had her own version of the principles of Paracelsus and Hahnemann. Witness:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

"And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."

* * *

A man, who goes up to the city from the modest town of his residence and dines at the most select restaurant of world-wide reputation, returns to his admiring and, mayhap, jealous neighbors with the air of one who has fared on canvasback and burgundy. Careful inquiry might entrap him into the confession that in the famous restaurant he only knew how to order beefsteak, and so had dined on what he might have had at home. Why did he go to London?

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a mouse under a chair."
* * *

Whether it was Grover Cleveland or Thomas Jefferson or some other and more obscure person who first enunciated the doctrine that "honesty is the best policy" is not beyond controversy. But merchants know the value of a reputation for reliability. Upon that quality rests the success of the Chinese in many trades in many lands. Reliable houses, known to be such, are often able to weather commercial squalls because of their manner of dealing.

"There was an old woman who lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies."
* * *

Carlyle introduced his essay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson" with the following paragraph:

"Aesop's fly, sitting on the axle of the chariot, has been much laughed at for exclaiming: 'What a dust I do raise!' Yet which of us, in his way, has not sometimes been guilty of the like? Nay, so foolish are men, they often, standing at ease and as spectators on the highway, will volunteer to exclaim of the fly (not being tempted to it, as he was) exactly to the same purport: 'What a dust thou dost raise!' Smallest of mortals, when mounted aloft by circumstances, come to seem great; smallest of phenomena connected with them are treated as important, and must be sedulously scanned and commented upon with loud emphasis."

Mother Goose was more concise:

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas plum.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'Oh! What a big boy am I!'"
* * *

Most men are loyal to their employ-

ment, even though it may exhaust their vital energy in their best years for the sake of sometimes scarce a livelihood. Demos loves his first tyrant, idolizes him. The negro slaves of the South furnished many examples of personal devotion to the masters, whose very ownership of them was their degradation. Gladiators were proud to please the Roman thousands who were ready to make their death an incident of a holiday. So did Mother Goose recite how the blackbirds sang for the king, whose feast they were to be:

"Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
And wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the king!"
* * *

An easy way to deal with the difficulties of life is to evade them, but when did that method win respect for its devotee?

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed."
* * *

It is easily demonstrable that in algebra the product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means. But the truths of algebra are not always catholic. Grant that proverbs are to men as nursery rhymes are to children. It does not follow that the influence of nursery rhymes upon men argues in children a taste for proverbs. A single appeal is that of proverbs and it is an appeal to the intelligence of the mature. Nursery rhymes of the living sort have often a double appeal—a superficial pleasure for the juvenile and an underlying significance for the adult who is patient in reflection. It might be urged that Mother Goose was one of the earlier transcendentalists.

An Open Page.

HERO worship is a natural passion. Idealism has its greatest triumphs when it finds its expression in personality.

An international peace conference arouses the sober interest of the more serious-minded in their hours of reflection. But the reception which is always ready for the man of deeds unifies public attention on an instant's notice. The visit of Gen. Kuroki to the United States appeals, however, to more emotions than one. There is, of course, undoubted admiration for the hero of the Yalu River and of Lao-Yang. But in a broader sense he makes an appeal to American pride. He is the living embodiment among us of that civilization which responded so marvelously to modern influences when Commodore Matthew C. Perry opened the ports of Japan to the world. Thus in a degree America may view the achievements of modern Japan as her own. Lacking the opportunity to honor Admiral Togo, America may well shout "banzai" as a tribute to the military hero of the late war between Russia and Japan. Pride in the development of Japan need not be tempered by fear of a yellow invasion. It seems probable that the Asiatic will remain Asiatic and that his sphere will continue to be bounded by the Orient.

LEONARD CHRISTOPHER.

* * *

It would be idle to foretell the party nominations of 1908, but it may be well to illustrate the contrast in tendencies which a contest between Taft

and Bryan would bring. Those who shout are fewer than those who vote, and shouters carry caucusses and conventions more easily than they do elections. The shouters are the careless and superficial; the breakers that lash the shore in frothy fury. Beneath, silent, unseen, may be the strong undertow that destines the bark for another shore.

Mr. Taft's candidacy would mark a doubtful departure in the political practice of the republic, the like of which has not been seen since the days of Jackson and Van Buren, of the doubtful propriety of which some inkling has already penetrated to the inner center of political activity in Washington. For a President to name a political heir apparent and devote the powers of his office and the energies of his mind to vesting that heir with the title and the seat is as novel as for a President to continue as a mere politician instead of becoming President of the whole people upon his inauguration—almost as novel as for a President to assume the function of making and interpreting laws in addition to executing them. A great many old-fashioned people may register their resentment by and by.

Another handicap on Mr. Taft would be the fact that his achievements during a lifetime of office holding are not of a character to warm the public imagination. His travels in the Orient and the Caribbean make good copy for the press claue which he cultivates, but they distinguish him simply as Roosevelt's handy Andy and chief

trouble inspector,—pleasing and generally satisfactory to be sure, a very useful man in any administration. But what is Mr. Taft's choreboy work in Manila and Havana beside John Hay's statecraft and Elihu Root's genius? Havana and Manila are too far from the hearts of the American people and the service too commonplace for the day's work done there to lift Mr. Taft upon the shoulders of his applauding countrymen as a popular hero.

Incidentally, he has declared that our cherished jury system is a nuisance and an evil, and that it was a mistake to introduce it into Porto Rico, where it worked badly, and he was wrong as to major and minor premise and his conclusion. The American people will never take kindly to fashions Mr. Taft learned in Manila.

Mr. Bryan would stand before the people as a representative American, a man representing the life, the habits, the struggle for a livelihood of the average citizen, the life that the man leads who is not freed by inherited wealth from the handicap of earning a livelihood, before entering upon a life of chronic office holding and continued appeal for the suffrages of his fellows. His candidacy would check that growing tendency to menace the republic with an oligarchy of hereditary office holders, which Mr. Taft's candidacy would typify. His success would demonstrate that the republic was still sound at core, when it summoned to be its chief ruler a man from the bosom of the people as Cincinnatus was called from his farm, instead of lying at the mercy of expert manipulators of the pretorians and proletarians. Highest administrative efficiency comes, it is true, from experience only, and, save for Grover Cleveland, it is more than fifty years since the country committed the government to a Democrat. But Mr. Bryan is no novice in public affairs, and the country would be better off to-day had all its Presidents

served, like Bryan, an apprenticeship as representative in Congress. That he led his party to defeat during two consecutive campaigns makes more for maturity of judgment and disciplined statesmanship than as though he had never run at all. Such of his party as refused to follow his banner in 1896, when a change of less than 50,000 votes distributed in the proper States would have elected him, and did not return in 1900, would be for him next year, or for any candidate named by his party, with an ardor second only to the white-hot aversion they hold for the undisciplined statesmanship now rampant in Washington. But neither his strength nor that of his opponent will lie in party discipline and loyalty. The sins of commission of Republicanism will put it on the defensive, and Democracy, as a party, will be on the defensive because it has done nothing, achieved nothing in government within the memory of a living man. The battle will go to him who makes the stronger appeal to nearly a score of million of voters. They will determine whether the republic shall journey along the same road for another quadrennium, or whether the course and bearings be changed before it grows too late and too difficult. Some of them will be disposed to emphasize the fact that this nation is a democracy as well as a militant republic, and that their apparent making and hereditary office holding are innovations. The gyasticutus show will still be open in a side tent, and the people will be invited to hear corporations "cussed" and railroads lambasted, and the rival side shows will blare for "labor" and endeavor to array class against class. But the main issue would be whether the chief ruler of the country shall be of the people and for the whole people. After twelve years Mr. Bryan may be trusted to keep out of the side shows.

FRANK H. RICHMOND.

Chile con Carne.

THE ecclesiastical parish of Chipperfield—where I acted as locum tenens for nearly a year—lies for the most part within the manor of King's Langley. This was once a royal manor, and some remains of the royal manor-house are still to be seen on the top of Langley Hill. There is also a royal tomb in Langley church, and there is a tradition, which is acted upon to this day, that the lord or lady of the manor has the special privilege of raising the Royal Standard on all national festive days. All these things have, as it were, clothed King's Langley parish with an atmosphere of royalty. Now, among the traditions, there is one to the effect that during the royal residence at this manor-house there was a decree passed that the widows of the village of Chipperfield in the manor of King's Langley should not be allowed the usual dowry from their husband's estates, be they large or small. That some of the villagers believe this law to be still in force is shown by the following incident. The late lord of the manor, a few years ago, was condoling with a widow who had just lost her husband, when the old crone greatly surprised him by saying, "Yes, sir, it is hard, but the worst is, I can't keep any of his things if his children" (who were also her own) "wants to take them." "But why not?" asked the lord of the manor. "Why, sir, don't you know there is a law that no woman in Chipperfield can claim anything that belonged to her husband?"

"I know there is an idle tradition to

that effect, but it has never been a law so far as I know. But what makes you think there is such a law?" "Well, sir" (I give the substance of her words), "I have always heard that once there was a king with a hunchback, who came to see our beautiful Chipperfield Common. The women of the village all turned out to see his Majesty, and when they saw his hunchback they all laughed at him. This made the king very angry, and he then and there decreed that no Chipperfield woman should ever inherit a dowry from her husband."

The lord of the manor had lived at least for sixty years in Chipperfield, and, whilst he was familiar with this tradition, he had never before heard anything about the special circumstances connected with the origin of this royal decree. And yet this very picturesque bit of history—for history it appears to be—had been passing for five centuries, by word of mouth, from one generation to another, and from one villager to another. Could anything better illustrate the unintentional secrecy and persistency of English oral tradition?

The story of a visit to Chipperfield by a hunchback king is strangely corroborated by the fact that Richard the Third was at least once in residence (between the years 1483-85) at King's Langley manor.—The Rev. G. Monroe Royce in the *Nineteenth Century and After*.

* * *

Regarding the wisdom of using boycott and Swadeshim as weapons to obtain political objects, Mrs. Besant

said: "Boycott is perfectly justifiable as a political weapon for a time, but the attempt to exclude English goods altogether is a mistake unless you can put better locally made goods on the market at a lower price. This the Indians cannot do at present. Swadeshism as an economic movement should be universal. Each nation should provide for its own needs. India should not export materials and import them again as ready made goods. The difficulty is that the very poor Manchester goods do not last, but they are so cheap that the poorest people cannot be expected not to buy them. Indian princes should set the example; fill their houses with foreign goods."

Mrs. Besant went on to speak of the rapid progress now being made in Indian education in conjunction with Hindu religion, and the National Council of Education should take the Hindu text book each year and have more schools to affiliate themselves with the Central Hindu College at Benares for examination.

Finally, being asked, What are your hopes for India, which country you have made your home?" Mrs. Besant said: "I look on India as the world's savior. I hope to see her rise to great power and influence. I hope India will show what a nation can be that has a spiritual ideal. This spiritual life comes first from great intellectual activity—great national prosperity. It must follow where the spirit reigns. All great religions are here. They are branches, but of one tree. I believe they may learn to know one another and love one another here. I am working here for the world, not only for India. I believe in concentration and consolidation in spiritual as well as temporal matters. As to India, for the sake of good government, Hindus and Mohammedans will learn

to get on together."—From the *Mah-ratta* of Poona, India.

* * *

Father: "You are very backward in your arithmetic. When I was your age I was doing cube root."

Boy: "What's that?"

Father: "What! You don't even know what it is? Dear me, that's terrible. Here, give me your pencil. Now, we'll take, say, 1, 2, 3, 4, and find the cube root. First you divide—no; you—let me see—um—yes—no—well, never mind—after all, perhaps you're too young to understand it."

The art of satisfying customers that the article that they have been sold is precisely what is best for them is a great and valuable gift.

John Dubbs has made a big fortune out of it, and while he continues in his present methods it will become larger. A word as to these methods may become useful to those who want to get on.

One day a woman came into his shop.

"Look here," she said, angrily, "that rocking-chair you sold me yesterday was no good."

"How so, madam?" Dubbs asked.

"Why," said the woman, "the rock-ers aren't even. As you rock, the good-for-nothing chair keeps sliding sideways all over the place."

Dubbs threw up his hands.

"What!" he said. "I'll discharge that stupid assistant! If he hasn't gone and sent you one of our new patent rockers, warranted not to wear the carpet out in one place. That style costs ten shillings extra."

But the woman had turned and was already out of the store.

"Mistake or no mistake," she cried, "I won't pay the extra ten shillings, and I won't return the chair, either, so there!"—From *Tit-Bits*.



In the Market Place.

GRAVE danger confronts the entire civilized world. The unusual and remarkable situation has arisen when a large part of the wheat crop of every grain-producing nation is threatened with failure. Not war nor pestilence would more deeply affect the economic conditions of the population of the civilized continents. Should the price of wheat, the chief food of several hundred millions of people, rise far above the point which it has already reached, not only in the speculative markets but in the cash markets of the world, its price would be prohibitive for many of the poorer strata of people everywhere, and a serious state of affairs would then present itself, especially in view of the unrest which already permeates the so-called lower classes, not only in European countries, but in these United States also. Taking a narrow view, it is fortunate for the United States that its season of a crop shortage will apparently be contemporaneous, with not much better conditions among the wheat growers of Europe. Men that argue not further than the morrow will find therein a basis for optimistic predictions regarding the future of the security, the money, and the business marts. They will argue that there still remains in the hands of farmers a large supply of wheat which was not marketed last year because of the prevailing low prices. Dollar wheat, it will be said, will call out this grain. Thus a part of the loss, because of a small crop, will be made up by the higher price that the farmers will realize. If much

of the grain will be exported at high prices, this argument will be true to a limited extent. But this offset should not be regarded as a creation of new value, any more than the San Francisco earthquake could properly be so regarded, although reconstruction of the city by the erection of better buildings was to some extent an offset to the damage done by the disaster. The wheat now remaining in farmers' hands was part of the large crop which was harvested last year and the value of which was discounted in the high prices prevailing in the stock market last summer. That the present crop will be short means that at this time next year there will be no surplus holdings in farmer hands, and if perchance another bad crop year should follow, the outlook would be serious, because then there would be nothing wherewith to offset the shortage, and high prices then would hardly be an equivalent to small supplies. In the mean time railroad men, especially those whose companies have plenty of new securities for sale, are displaying much shortsightedness. They hail the prospect of smaller crops as a deliverance from the traffic congestion which has taxed the railroads so heavily during the past year. But they forget that, while this congestion is not desirable, it is nevertheless much to be preferred to the opposite extreme, an extreme which might easily become a reality, should more extended crop damage cause a reaction in business enterprise.

* * *

It is unusual that damage to crops should be so pronounced at so early a

stage in the development of the plants. Usually the most serious crop damage occurs later in the summer. But the fact that the damage was done so early enables the farmers to do some replanting and seeding of other crops in place of the damaged fields. The situation in the spring wheat country really appears to be the more serious because any further delay in seeding there would mean practically no crop on account of the shortness of the growing season. The continued cold weather in all the western States is also beginning to hurt the chances of the growing corn. It is, however, too early to express any opinion on that crop, except to say that it is getting into the ground at least a week late. Next to winter wheat, the crop that has suffered the most severe actual damage is cotton. It seems certain that the large crops of the past few years will be followed by a small crop season. For this reason there is much talk of higher prices for this staple. In fact, the slogan of the cotton speculators has become fifteen-cent cotton just as the wheat pit is talking dollar wheat. The latter price was actually reached in the Chicago market, where the September delivery sold above the dollar mark for the first time in some years. Nevertheless, higher prices for spot cotton seem unavoidable, especially in view of the enormous demand for that staple.

* * *

The speculation which has started in the cotton and wheat markets has evidently attracted a large public following, and especially in the wheat pit the strength of the buying of this outside public is commented on as truly remarkable. It would seem, therefore, that much as speculation in commodities and necessities of life is to be regretted the wheat market has not been confronted with that bane of the stock market manipulators during the past few years, namely an utter absence of a public following. Perhaps a lesson may be drawn from this. While there is undoubtedly manipulation in the wheat pit, yet that manipulation, in

order to be successful, cannot long run counter to the conditions created by a being, stronger than the strongest combination. The big speculators in wheat have to deal with weather conditions and crop conditions, and their only advantage over the public lies in their greater familiarity with the grain business and their superior means for obtaining reliable information. In the stock market many manipulators are dealing with marked cards. They not only control all actual information about the properties in the stock of which they are interested, but they often resort to the expedient of deliberately deceiving the public as to the real state of a company's finances. A certain prominent financier has been a particularly vicious example of such stock jobbing tactics. No wonder that the wrath of many of his victims is now being added to the contempt in which a large part of the people have held him for many months.

* * *

The death of David Willcox, president of the Delaware and Hudson, may be ascribed to his misguided faith in the policies of E. H. Harriman. Entirely aside from whatever personal financial losses the late president of the Delaware and Hudson may have suffered by investment in Harriman stocks at a high level, it is now generally believed that he did not like the criticism directed against him for having given way to the advice of E. H. Harriman in the purchase by his road of certain trolley properties at what is alleged to have been excessive valuation.

* * *

It is exactly against this kind of thing that the report of the counsel who conducted the examination of E. H. Harriman for the Interstate Commerce Commission is directed. The buying up of stock in eastern railroads with moneys which should be used to develop the West, and the Union Pacific's lines especially, is severely criticized. On a rising market such speculations by a railroad may have been

profitable, even though they were none the less reprehensible. On a falling market they entailed losses for the road for which Mr. Harriman must take the blame if he took the credit for previous profits. The confession on the part of the Union Pacific that within six months of the publication of a balance sheet showing more than \$50,000,000 of cash, it needed money for some undisclosed object, is striking. The money probably must be used to margin up the stocks which were bought at so much higher prices and which now show losses that must have reduced the margins on which these stocks were carried to rather slim proportions. The Union Pacific has been degraded almost to the level of an ordinary speculator, whose losses have almost eaten up his profits and who is called upon by his broker to furnish more margin or close out his lines.

* * *

The disclosure by the Delaware and Hudson that within the last six months it had bought additional coal lands raises the question of how far the coal-carrying railroads expect to obey the law which says that they must go out of the business of mining coal, or of owning coal companies. It will be interesting to see how far the rights of the minority stockholders will be observed in the segregation of these coal companies from actual railroad control. If the old familiar practices are adhered to, we may expect to see the stocks of coal-carrying roads depressed to give the insiders a chance to load up at low prices. Then they will be advanced sharply on rumors of a distribution of coal company stocks to railroad stockholders. When that distribution shall have been accomplished, the

public will be permitted to buy the railroad stocks minus their valuable coal properties.

* * *

At this writing, the passage of the Public Utilities bill by the Legislature of the State of New York, practically in the form demanded by Gov. Hughes, seems assured. The bill is designed to make striking reforms in the conduct of the business of public utility corporations, which heretofore has been especially void of consideration for the public. Few outgrowths of financial manipulation have been more vicious in the effect on public morals than these companies. That this bill was forced through against the combined opposition of the corrupt legislators and the corrupting financiers is not only a tribute to Gov. Hughes, but a testimonial to the continued strength of the public feeling against misconduct by railroads and other corporations. Nevertheless, there is a good deal in the current agitation which can be classed with that kind of spite that would cut off its nose to get even with its face. Any and all propositions to reform railroad management should not be accepted *viva voce*. Railroads that give rebates are not much worse than shippers that take them. There seem to have been placed on the statute books of most of the States during the past year sufficient laws to tax the capacity of the State governments to enforce them. Perhaps it would be well to rest a while and watch the outcome of the methods so far adopted. And incidentally let every watcher transact his own business with the same strict righteousness that is to be demanded of the railroads.

EDWARD STUART.



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Answered

by MR. EDWARD STUART, author of the monthly contributions to this magazine under the heading of "IN THE MARKET PLACE." Anonymous inquiries will not receive consideration.

Would you advise buying new Union Pacific bonds for an estate?

M. H. MacL.

I presume you are referring to the new issue of 4 per cent. convertibles. I cannot advise their purchase for a trust estate. They are too speculative in nature for such a purpose. Besides, the Union Pacific is likely to be something of a storm center of legislation and litigation. It is difficult to foretell what effect this will ultimately have on the railroad's finances. At the same time the bonds appear to be amply secured. Unfortunately, past experience has shown that appearances are deceptive in the case of Harriman properties.

I hold Amalgamated Copper at 115. Shall I average?

R. H. G.

It would not seem to be advisable to take on a speculative line of this stock under present conditions. The future of the copper market is uncertain. Your original purchase, if amply protected, may in time work out satisfactorily, but unless your resources are large I would caution against further purchases.

I read a great deal about coming higher prices for wheat and cotton. What do you think of an investment in either?

W. J. O.

While higher prices for wheat and cotton are generally expected, the purchase of either

commodity for future delivery is purely a speculation, surrounded by great danger. Even the buying of wheat or cotton outright in the expectation of selling at advanced prices is by no means a safe transaction, and cannot be considered an investment.

Are industrial bonds a good purchase?

A. C. V.

It depends entirely on the bonds. The class is too large to generalize. United States Steel sinking fund fives, for instance, I consider attractive. The objection to many industrial bonds is that the plants they cover are not of permanent value, except as to the real estate they cover, and even the value of that depends in many cases on the existence of the plant.

What is your opinion of Reading common at current prices?

H. VAN E.

Reading's earnings are a matter of dispute among experts. Those with optimistic inclinations assert that the company's reports conceal its real earning power. I believe that the price of Reading is largely a matter fixed more or less at will by those in control of the property. From an investment point of view the stock at 107 would appear high priced. From a speculative standpoint it is not cheap. The main card to be played in the future by the Reading management is the separation of the coal company's stock from the railroad company.

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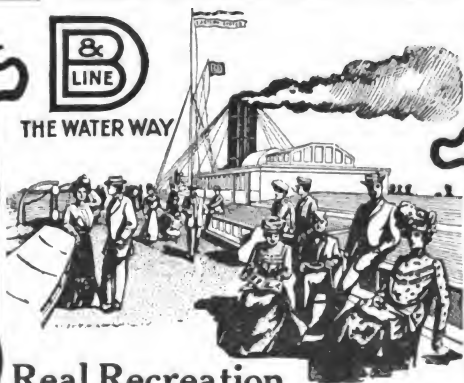
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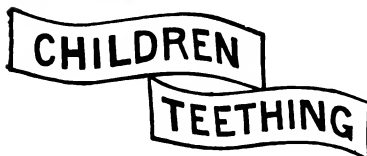


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